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Douglas

MEMOIR

OF

GEORGE HOPE.

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GEORGE HOPE

OF FENTON BARNS

A Sketch of his Life

COMPILED BY HIS DAUGHTER

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran;
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

J. G. WHITTIER.

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS
1881

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PREFACE.

THIS volume was originally printed for private circulation, and in its present form has been but slightly altered. It consists principally of extracts from my father's letters to one of his brothers, with whom he kept up a steady correspondence for more than forty years, and whose care in preserving and kindness in sending the letters have made it possible (by letting my father tell his own story) to give a more vivid picture of his life than could have been done by any other means. The volume also contains statements, in his own words, of his opinions on those subjects in which he took the deepest interest. Whether this record of his life—the life of a tenant-farmer, spent almost entirely in his native county—can be of interest to any beyond those to whom he was personally known is a question of which I have not felt myself qualified to judge, and it is now published in consequence of the opinions of others as to the probability of its being of interest to a wider circle. To his friends I hoped that it might

serve to recall him, but to those to whom he was unknown I fear that it can, after all, convey only a comparatively faint impression of his character. That that impression should at least be truthful has been my earnest endeavour.

C. HOPE.

EDINBURGH, *December* 1880.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

> What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
> Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
> Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
> A man's a man for a' that.—BURNS.

GEORGE HOPE was descended on his father's side from a Dutch officer who came to England in the army of William of Orange, and who afterwards settled near Edinburgh. Of the descendants of this Dutchman every alternate generation made money, and the intermediate generations spent it. The great-grandfather of George Hope, who was the great-grandson of the Dutchman, belonged to the spending generation. He was a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and he died in such extreme poverty that his son Robert, then only fourteen years of age, took advantage of any intervals in which his horses and carts were not required on his farm to turn them to account in another manner. At those periods he carried on the trade of a coal-carter, driving the coals himself, and dining meanwhile on a penny roll and a drink of water from the pump. This youth belonged to the money-making generation, and for many years his affairs were most successful. In 1773 he became tenant of the farm of Ferrygate, on the Dirleton estate in East Lothian. He is renowned for having, at a sale, made the somewhat

remarkable purchases of a pulpit and a hearse; and he bought these articles not because he had any special need for them, but simply because they were going cheap. He contrived, however, to make them of use. The pulpit was converted into a cattle-trough; a cart was put upon the wheels of the hearse, the upper part of which was transformed into a species of box-bed. The driver of the cart shortly afterwards gave notice of his intention to leave his situation, and on his master inquiring the reason for this, he replied: "It's thae wheels; they aye put me in mind o' mortality."

The East Lothian of those days was very different from the East Lothian of the present time. The produce of the grain crops was 50 per cent. less than it now is, and the number of sheep and cattle sent to market was fewer by two-thirds than it is in the present day. The grain was then sent to market on horseback, and farmers had a large four-wheeled wagon with which four horses and two men were sent to bring home coals, the men taking with them a hedge-bill and spade in order to cut whins and to fill up any holes in the road larger than usual. The public road, which passed through Robert Hope's farm (a part of the high-road between North Berwick and Edinburgh), was annually ploughed so as to make it passable, and to prevent travellers from trampling on the sown ground. In 1796 Robert Hope left Ferrygate, and took the farms of Fenton[1] and Fenton Barns on the same estate. These farms were about 670 acres in extent. The cultivated portion (about two-thirds) was composed mainly of a stiff, retentive clay, very difficult to work—the remaining third was at

[1] Another ancestor of George Hope's—his maternal grandmother's father—had, a generation earlier, been tenant of Fenton.

that time a moorish sand, the whole of which was yellow in colour and unsuitable for the growth of wheat. The subsoil of this portion was boulder clay, which at some places came to the surface. It was then entirely uncultivated, and was covered in great part by furze bushes. The character of the soil was afterwards, to a great extent, changed by means of tile-draining, subsoiling, and manuring heavily for a long series of years. Robert Hope brought the waste land into cultivation, but he failed to make much either of the sand or of the clay, and in 1801 he died, at the age of fifty-two, heart-broken, it was said, by his struggle for existence upon the barren wastes of which he was tenant. He had been twice married, and by his first wife had two sons, the second of whom, Robert, occupied the farm of Fenton. The second wife of the elder Robert Hope survived him, and she, along with her family, remained in the meantime at Fenton Barns.

In 1809, Robert Hope, the tenant of Fenton, married Christian Bogue, daughter of George Bogue, farmer, Stevenson Mains, East Lothian.[1] They had a family of seven sons and one daughter. Two of their children died young, their eldest son at the age of seven, and their youngest son at the age of four. George was their second son, and he was born on the 2d of January 1811. When three and a half years of age he was sent to Dirleton parish school along with his elder brother.

[1] A relative of his mother's was on one occasion discoursing to George Hope on the antiquity of the Bogue family, who had been landed proprietors in Berwickshire. To this he replied that he supposed he had been in the ark on his father's side also. He was more proud of the energy and ability of his grandfather who had carted coals than he could have been of any possible antiquity of descent.

Before entering school he took the precaution of filling his pockets with stones, in order to be ready to make some effort at self-defence should the schoolmaster lay violent hands upon him; but no attack being made upon him on the first day of his appearance in school, he emptied the stones from his pockets without having mentioned the matter to any one.

Although he was of a most industrious and persevering disposition, and was possessed of a good understanding and a mind eager for knowledge, his school-days were to him a time of great unhappiness. Not having a good memory for words, he did not find it easy to learn by heart. He had the thirst for information common to most children before entering school, but which is generally so speedily strangled by the system of education pursued by the instructors of youth in this enlightened age. The principal subjects of study in Dirleton parish school at that time were the Shorter Catechism and the Latin language, and he was not very successful in acquiring those branches of learning. He enjoyed mathematics and algebra, which were within his comprehension, but the Shorter Catechism was beyond it; and he was accustomed to say that the unpleasantness of his early associations with that publication laid the foundation for the zeal with which he afterwards opposed the doctrines which it contains. He does not appear to have had at this period of his life quite as much indifference to what any one said of him as he afterwards attained to. Whenever it happened that he or one of his brothers had been ill, and had been in consequence absent from school, the youth whose office it was to drive them there invariably said, on the re-appearance of the invalid: "Here comes the

no-weel man," and this was considered by all of them to be a trying ordeal through which to pass.

In 1814 Robert Hope took a new lease of his farm, and agreed to pay an increase of rent, under the expectation that prices would continue as high as they then were; but this being speedily found to be a delusion, it became necessary for himself and his family to practise the most rigid economy. Butcher-meat was a luxury which they enjoyed but once or twice a week, and a single tallow-candle was deemed a sufficient light for the family sitting-room. Robert Hope was in the habit of reading his newspaper by putting it round this solitary candle, a proceeding which had the effect of considerably obscuring the light from the other occupants of the room. His sons sometimes attempted, although without much success, to read by the small amount of light which filtered through the paper. Fortunately he did not get a newspaper every day; for only once a week did he send to North Berwick, a distance of four miles, for his letters and newspapers. Mrs. Hope, with her own hands, baked all the bread for family consumption, and weighed out every loaf of the large supply which was baked for the field-labourers during the harvest months. During the year following the wet harvest of 1820, this household, like many others—for these were the days of the Corn Laws—lived upon bread which was almost uneatable, there being round every loaf a thick black streak. George Hope retained a vivid recollection of the difficulty of swallowing this substance; of the haste which was made after the next harvest to have the new wheat threshed and sent off to be ground; and of the pleasure of once more getting bread which it was not a painful effort to swallow.

Robert Hope being a great reader, his sons had access to a larger number of books, newspapers, and periodicals than is usual in a house where even the necessaries of life are not abundant. His son George, who was a keen politician from a very early age, was accustomed to read the *Examiner* newspaper with great delight; but even in the first decade of his life he could not stand *Blackwood's Magazine*, the Tory sentiments of it going against the grain with him.

In the year 1822, when all Scotland rushed to its metropolis to see that wise and virtuous monarch, George the Fourth, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hope were, like every one else, desirous to see the wondrous spectacle, and drove to Edinburgh, a distance of twenty miles, for this purpose. They invited their son George to accompany them; but he was very far from having an admiration for George the Fourth, and equally far from having any wish to behold royalty, and he declined to do so; thus early giving promise of becoming "the man of independent mind."

Times became harder and harder, and Robert Hope was forced to decline even to visit his neighbours, telling them he could not afford to entertain them in return. At last he made up his mind that he could weather the storm no longer, and one day he informed his family that he could still pay all his debts, but that this would not be long the case if he continued to try to struggle on: he therefore intended to give up his farm and go to America. On the following Friday he returned from Haddington market with the tidings that his rent would for the future be on the scale of the price of corn; and this alteration from a money to a corn rent caused him to abandon his intention of emi-

grating, and determined him still to remain tenant of Fenton. In 1820, his half-brother, who occupied the farm of Fenton Barns, died; and his landlord, Mr. Nisbet, declined (with some reason) to have his remaining half-brother, John Hope, for a tenant, but begged Robert Hope to take Fenton Barns himself, in addition to Fenton. To this he replied that he had not sufficient capital to take so large a farm as Fenton Barns; but Mr. Nisbet, having a high opinion of his skill as an agriculturist, insisted that he should take the farm, saying that there was no hurry about the rent. But "there is a certain amount of capital proportioned to the size of the farm (whether that consists of 10 or of 1000 acres), without which no man, be he ever so industrious, and prudent, and skilful, can possibly farm land with advantage to himself or any one else;"[1] and the result therefore of Robert Hope taking Fenton Barns was that he never, to the end of his life, succeeded in making a single sixpence. That is to say, he never was beforehand to that extent; he made enough to exist upon, and to carry on his farm after a very unsatisfactory fashion. This is an illustration of the so-called benefit which the law of hypothec has enabled landlords to confer on tenants with capital insufficient for the size of their farms. Many years after becoming tenant of Fenton Barns, Robert Hope writes to one of his sons:—"You will no doubt rejoice to see that, after many long years of anxiety and difficulty, I have lived to be mentally at ease, although with nothing as yet beforehand; but to be able to pay every man is one of the highest points of human

[1] Letter of Mr. Wilson, late of Edington Mains, to the Earl of Airlie.

felicity, at least so far as money matters go." His difficulties were increased by his being afflicted with numerous relatives who were always in distress for money, and who never ceased to drag him down. His poverty was certainly not due to any extravagance in the expenditure either of himself or of his family.

Of George Hope's earlier years there is little to say which could be of interest to any beyond his own family. It may, however, be mentioned that his grandfather's purchase of the hearse once came near to proving fatal to him. The bed into which it had been turned was made with a door which could be fastened from the inside, and into this he shut himself and fell asleep. His father, discovering that the door was shut, was, as may be supposed, afraid that he might be suffocated, and, unable either to unfasten it or to make him hear, at last broke it open with the poker; but even this failed to arouse the sleeper, who was surprised on the following morning to see the door of his bed broken to splinters.

After leaving Dirleton parish school George Hope went to school in the town of Haddington for a year or two. At the age of fourteen he entered the office of Mr. Donaldson, a lawyer in Haddington, but he continued to attend classes in the evenings. He remained in Mr. Donaldson's office for four years. During his residence in Haddington he struck his first blow as a political agitator by signing a petition, and, I think, attending a meeting, in favour of the removal of Catholic disabilities—a measure in the passing of which he took the deepest interest, although it was generally regarded in Haddington with much dislike and suspicion, as tending to encourage Popery. On

next going home he asked his father what was his opinion of Catholic emancipation, and he was surprised to hear that it was no other than his father who had written the draft of the petition which he had signed.

Haddington is six miles from Fenton, and he usually walked home this distance every week to spend Sunday; but when he remained in Haddington on that day, as he occasionally did, he went, turn about, to the different churches,—a good deal disposed to criticise what he heard at all of them.

During the years which he spent in Haddington pecuniary matters at home did not improve. His mother writes to him :—" My dear Son,—I have at last got sales [of her butter and eggs] effected to the amount of the Misses B.'s account, which I beg you will pay without delay. I have not been able to procure a single shilling from your father." It was a great object of Mrs. Hope's ambition to possess a table large enough for all her family to sit round at once, and year after year she saved up for this the small sums of money which she made by selling butter and eggs, but always, as she had saved nearly enough for her purpose, the money was required for some more pressing need, and the table was never got.

It was not George Hope's wish to be a farmer, his experience of the profession of agriculture leading him to believe that it was well-nigh impossible to live on the pittance which could be made by it. He had seen his father struggling for years against difficulties which often threatened to overwhelm him, and his mother's health had already begun to break down under the pressure of constant hard work combined with anxiety.

But after he had been four years in Mr. Donaldson's office it was thought desirable that he should go home; and not very hopefully, and at the call rather of duty than of inclination, he went home to the farm which he was afterwards to render famous. He never regretted the years he had spent in a lawyer's office, and always considered that the training he had there received was of great value to him through life. Mr. Donaldson's opinion of him may be gathered from the following note:—

"HADDINGTON, 25*th April* 1829.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—As the time has now arrived when our connection has to cease, I think it right to say that it is with feelings of much regret on my part. During the time you have been under my charge I have witnessed your steadiness and attention with sincere pleasure, and if you carry into after life the same qualities which I have observed when you have been with me, I can have no doubt of your success in the world.—Believe me to be, with best wishes for your future welfare, your sincere friend,

"ALEXR. DONALDSON."

CHAPTER II.

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!—BURNS.

ON commencing life as a farmer (as he did at Fenton Barns, his parents having removed there a year or two before his return home) George Hope set to work with great energy. For many years he did himself the work which is generally performed by a bailiff, of personally superintending all the farming operations, getting up for this purpose at five o'clock every morning. He even found it necessary frequently to get up at one o'clock in the morning and to breakfast at two, in order to ride to Edinburgh to attend the cattle-market, which was then held at six A.M. He had not been many months at home before he seems to have been left for a time to take the entire superintendence of the farm, his father having accompanied his mother to Innerleithen, where she had gone to try the effect of the then famous waters upon her health. They drove there (sixty miles) in their own gig, this being the cheapest and easiest mode of conveyance.

His father writes to him from Innerleithen:—

"INNERLEITHEN, *July* 2*d*, 1829.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I received your letter this morning, by which your mother and I were happy to

learn that you were all well, and, we make no doubt, happy. Your mother is beginning to derive benefit from the waters here. We are just returned from a pleasant drive in the gig down the Tweed as far as Galashiels, one of the pleasantest, most thriving, and cleanly places I ever saw; it is twelve miles from this. We took two and a half hours on the road, but we dined there, which allowed your mother time to rest, so as to enable her to return without much fatigue. I was much pleased to hear your accounts of weather, wheat, turnips, etc., and I flatter myself matters will go on equally favourably till we see you all. . . . If you write again, say how the market is with you to-day, with all about the weather, wheat, crops, fallows, etc., and especially how you and all your brothers are. This, nor anywhere in the neighbourhood, cannot be considered a *corn* country, so of course I have nothing to say on the appearance of crops, as the little grown is but indifferent. . . .—I am affectionately yours,

"ROBERT HOPE."

Within two or three years of the period of his leaving Haddington, George Hope received an offer of a good situation in Australia, which, so far as pecuniary remuneration was concerned, would have been a remarkably favourable opening for him. He rather wished to accept of the offer, and his father said he might do what he pleased; but his mother, whose health had by that time completely broken down, being very averse to him leaving the country, he declined the situation. He was often much discouraged at the apparent impossibility of raising average crops on Fenton Barns. He had frequently occasion to ride through different parts

of the country; wherever he went he saw crops far superior to any of his own, and on returning home from these expeditions the contrast of the miserable crops on Fenton Barns with those he had seen elsewhere was sometimes almost more than he could bear. The soil was much the same as it had been in his grandfather's time. The farm was still undrained, the clay unsanded, the sand unclayed, and Peruvian guano unknown.

Of the state of Parliamentary representation in the county previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, George Hope has given the following account. "In this county," he says, speaking in the town of Haddington, "there were some 150 or 160 freeholders, but many of them merely paper voters, having no interest in the land of which they were the nominal superiors. In the burghs matters were even worse. Then, as now, this and the four sister burghs returned a member amongst them, but he was then elected by five delegates, one from each of the town-councils. In this burgh and Jedburgh the councils were tolerably open, though the members did elect each other, but at Dunbar and Lauder the council were the nominees of the Lauderdale family, and at North Berwick of the Dalrymples. The compact was that the Lauderdales nominated the member twice and the Dalrymples once. Three delegates being the majority, Haddington and Jedburgh might do as they pleased. I was a very young man when the Reform agitation commenced. It was first proposed to give members to the city of Manchester and one or two other places. This was resisted by the Tories as a breaking down or upsetting of the constitution of the country, and I recollect feeling first indignant and then pleased when the proposal was

negatived. If it had been carried perhaps the Reform agitation might have been stopped, but it was certain that as long as such a place as Manchester was unrepresented the contest would be continued, and we in Scotland likewise might be ultimately successful in obtaining our fair share of the government of the country."

In May 1831 he writes to one of his brothers: "There was a great talk" [in Haddington market] "of the election of a delegate at Lauder. You would hear that Steuart" [the Liberal candidate] "has gained, and what a mob there was, and how Mr. C. Simpson, the Laird of Threepwood, was carried off per force from the election."

"The burghs of Haddington, Jedburgh, and Lauder," says the Haddingtonshire Register in *Oliver and Boyd's Almanac,* "voted for Mr. Steuart at Jedburgh, 23d May 1831, but owing to the abduction of one of the voters in a riot at Lauder on the choosing a delegate, 4th May, the election of Mr. Steuart was nullified by the House of Commons."

Mr. Hope continues his account of the Reform agitation as follows:—"The struggle was continued, and throughout the whole of 1831, and up to the 7th of June 1832, the country was in a very excited state. I attended the great meeting in the Queen's Park at Edinburgh, and several meetings in this town. To one of the latter we marched to the hustings with the beating of muffled drums, and with black flags, skulls, and cross-bones, for had the Tories not yielded our freedom would have been achieved with blood. But even the great captain of the age quailed before the united demand of the British people, and peace and wisdom ultimately prevailed."

So great was George Hope's enthusiasm that he felt quite ready to fight if the Bill did not pass, for he knew that the interests of those who do not possess the suffrage are inevitably postponed to the interests of those who do, and that no laws, however barbarous, however unjust, which relate to the former, have much chance of being amended. He therefore considered that no means by which the weapon of the suffrage could be obtained were too strong to take. The following is an anecdote which is illustrative of the contempt with which those who have enjoyed a monopoly of political power are apt to regard the unenfranchised :—"During the Reform Bill agitation a landed proprietor in East Lothian was one day giving instructions to his overseer, when the latter remarked that the people in Aberlady thought so and so about the Bill. Mr. —— sprang from his chair in horror, exclaiming, 'Politics in Aberlady! Good God! do the people in Aberlady talk politics?'" Is not this a good deal like the spirit in which a certain order of minds look upon an attempt to extend the suffrage in the present day?

The few letters which remain written by George Hope at a period so far back as this are short, and relate principally to prices in the different markets, but a few extracts from them may be here quoted. They are all addressed to his brother Adam. In a letter written during the spring of 1832, he says, after referring to the cholera :—"It is said that camphor is an article for keeping away infection not to be despised, but whatever you or Charles may think of it yourselves, it is your mother's wish that you both provide yourselves with a portion of it to carry about on your person; if it does you no good, it can do you no harm.

A number of people died at Haddington yesterday. . . .
—Yours affectionately, GEORGE HOPE.

"*P.S.*—If ever you are any way ill you must send immediately for Dr. Lewins; you must take no spirits; brandy, etc., only adds fuel to the fire. G. H.

"*2d P.S.*—As a proof of your mother's anxiety about you, I have to add a second postscript. You ought to drink no water unless it has been boiled and then cool again. Boiled water alone is drunk here. G. H."

[*Autumn* 1832.]

"We have sustained very serious damage by the rains. Our barn-yard was a scene of perfect confusion yesterday; we took the tops off thirty-three wheat stacks, and took the wet parts again to the fields, and then made them up again with dry corn. Previously we had had no straw to thatch them, but if it is dry to-morrow we shall have the most of them secure. Purchase for me Harris's sermon on the Reform, together with the account of the Thousand Churches of America, provided the two are not above a shilling; if they are, then purchase one of them, and send it to me. I return Smith's Appeal. Send out Cobbett's America.

"My mother sends in a piece of ham, but take care you don't indulge in too much of it at a time, as it is indigestible stuff."

The next letter appears to have been written a few days later:—

"We got all our crop safe into the barn-yard last night, and this day it was put under 'thack and rape,'

and we intend celebrating our harvest-home on Saturday first. You mentioned in one of your late letters that Mr. D. wished to come out to it; my father says he will be happy to see Mr. D. then or at any time. Do you know if Mr. D. is aware of the nature of the ploy? If he is not, you ought to inform him that the only *ladies* present are our shearers, and that the men take their coats off and dance as if on piece-work.

"After leaving you on Wednesday last I went to Mr. T. Moffat's, junr., who asked me to stay all night with him, and he would go and hear Cobbett with me, which I did, and I assure you I was much gratified.

"I return Bentham and the Magazine.

"The sacks have come to hand; they are dear enough at 9d."

CHAPTER III.

O Thou, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore Thee!—BURNS.

GEORGE HOPE early began to dislike many things which he heard said in orthodox Churches. His mother came of an extremely orthodox family, her father even thinking it sinful to shave upon Sunday, and she herself never so much as permitting a clock to be wound up in her house on that day. Robert Hope was, however, by no means orthodox, and when questioned by his son George as to the meaning of certain pulpit utterances, would readily admit that he thought these utterances to be nonsense; but he justified himself for remaining a member of the Established Church by quoting something, which he said was in the Westminster Confession of Faith, to the effect that it was only necessary to believe the contents of that volume if it were possible.

But George Hope's was not a nature which could rest satisfied under a quibble of this kind. A God whose "tender mercies are over all his works," and who could yet create a hell and doom to everlasting torments the great majority of the human race, was incredible to

him. The following words are written on a scrap of paper in his handwriting!—"One, two—another soul in hell: 'God is love.' One, two—yet another in torments: 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.'" Equally abhorrent to him with the Presbyterian hell was the doctrine of "the Atonement." That the innocent should suffer for the guilty, and should thereby "appease the wrath of the Deity," seemed to him to be contrary to the eternal laws of justice. These beliefs, he said, "attributed a character to the Almighty which he would hesitate to attribute even to the vilest of mankind." He says, in reference to "the Atonement:"—"It is said that the infinite loving Father cannot, on account of His justice, pardon the sins of His frail and erring children without inflicting the penalty on the second person of the Trinity. This, it appears to me, would be gross injustice, and there is no more warrant for it in Scripture than there is for first, second, and third persons in the Godhead. But this is not all: first we are told that Adam's sin—eating an apple—has been imputed to us, which condemns the whole human race to eternal torments; but then the righteousness of Christ is also imputed to us—provided we believe on him. This seems to me a perfect juggle, founded altogether on erroneous ideas of true justice, and of the loving service we owe to God. Then what becomes of the immense majority of the human race who never heard of Christ? Verily, men think the infinite loving Father altogether such an one as themselves. Can anything be more plain in the New Testament than that Christ taught us 'God was

our Father in heaven'? Think what the word Father implies. If a human parent could treat his children as our heavenly Father is said, in spite of Christ's teaching, to treat his human family, would he not be execrated as a bloodthirsty monster? What can be more touching, more consoling, than Christ's parable of the prodigal son, who, 'when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him;' and in replying to the elder son, who was angry, he said: 'It was meet we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found'? Is there the slightest hint here of atonement being required? Nay, Christ says, 'If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.' We are also told to 'love our enemies,' and to 'bless those that curse us,' that we may be the children of our Father, who 'maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good,' and 'sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' This indeed is truly the gospel, or *good news*."

"With doubt, and difficulty, and much labour," he escaped from Calvinism, and rejoiced that he had been "able to repudiate a faith so agonising." "I can scarcely credit," he says, "the struggles I once had with myself before I took firmly to my heart the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. . . . I cannot even understand how I ever believed the things I once did, or how I could sit with patience listening to the frightful doctrines enunciated from orthodox pulpits." He did not listen with patience for very long. One day, while sitting in Dirleton Church, he was so much horrified at the words used by the Rev. Mr. Stark, in

what is called "fencing the tables of the Lord's Supper," that he could with difficulty restrain himself from getting up and walking out of the church. He resolved never to enter it again, and on going home stated his determination. His mother on hearing this burst into tears, and said it was what she had always expected. He was grieved by her distress, but his opinions were not of a kind which could be altered at will; and to assume the appearance of believing one thing while he really believed another was to him simply impossible: he never in his life sailed under false colours. It was never given to him to wear his beliefs (whether theological or political) loosely, as things which could be thrown aside when likely to prove inconvenient; they were part of his life.

From reading Evans's *Sketches* of religious denominations, he found there were persons with whose opinions he agreed, and he requested one of his brothers, who then resided in Leith, to try if he could find in Edinburgh any church wherein there was preached a faith in accordance with what they both believed. His brother, after trying various places of worship, at length discovered the Unitarian Chapel, then in Young Street.

About this time George Hope met with a sermon of Dr. Channing's which greatly delighted him, and he spoke of it to a friend, who thereupon showed him all Dr. Channing's works, carefully concealed under lock and key. He read them with a pleasure which he never forgot, and to the end of his life he entertained for Dr. Channing an enthusiastic admiration. "When I first," he says, "came across Dr. Channing's writings I was electrified by them. I felt that he gave a clear and articulate expression to the dim thoughts that had

previously floated through my own mind. By his assistance I looked higher up the blue vault above us, and obtained a clearer view of the infinite Father. I felt more strongly the great wrong which Calvinism inflicts on his character, and the evils which accrue to God's children from this blighting error. But it is not alone in religious sentiment, exactly so called, that I have been educated by his instructions; from him I have obtained juster views of the rights and worth of the human race. Who that reads his writings can be insensible to the sin and misery of war, to the great curse of slavery, to the guilt of ambition, which makes murder the trade of thousands, subjugating men's souls and breaking them to servility as the chief duty of life! How he stripped the robe of glory from the back of the first Napoleon, and made us thankful that the ocean had a rock on which to chain such tyrants!"

Writing of one of his expeditions to St. Mark's Chapel he says:—"I left here at eight A.M., and was home again at half-past seven P.M. . . . I assure you I did not grudge my ride. It was a truly intellectual feast to listen to the strong appeals to your reason and your conscience. It was shown too that man was not a wholly depraved and malignant demon, as taught by a withering superstition, but that he possessed godlike faculties, capable of illimitable expansion." He writes again:—"I never leave St. Mark's Chapel without being deeply impressed with the importance and duty of increased vigilance and renewed activity in the discharge of every moral, social, and domestic obligation, as the only means of obtaining solid happiness either here or hereafter." He had a strong objection to entering any Trinitarian place of worship, and looked

upon the attending regularly at such, by those holding Unitarian opinions, as "a practical denial of the faith." He adopted Unitarian opinions before he had ceased to believe in the inspiration of the Bible, and, although he of course did not continue to consider the Bible as a supernatural revelation, he always leaned to the more conservative side of Unitarianism. Yet up to a certain point he had greater sympathy with those whose opinions diverged from his own on the heterodox side than on the other, with Theism rather than with even the mildest description of Trinitarianism. But beyond Theism his sympathies did not reach, Positivism or Agnosticism being almost as incomprehensible to him as orthodox Christianity itself.

CHAPTER IV.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty 's in every blow !
Let us do or die.—BURNS.

FROM MR. ADAM HOPE TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

[1833.]

"A public meeting in Edinburgh has been for some time in agitation, as you already know, for the purpose of endeavouring to effect a separation of Church and State. The Radicals became apprehensive that the Whigs would make an attempt at a compromise. They therefore wisely sent notices to all the trusty friends to be at their post to-night for the purpose of thwarting any half-and-half measures which their more timid friends might take it into their heads to propose. The meeting to-night was for the purpose of considering the time when a public meeting should be called, and the nature of the resolutions which should be embodied at that meeting. The number present in Rose Street Chapel was about fifty; Councillor Duncan M'Laren in the chair. Adam Black spoke about waiting to see what extent of reform the ministry would grant, as by our commencing operations we might EMBARRASS the Government!!!

"The meeting came to the resolution of calling a public meeting as soon as possible, and to petition Parliament for a redress of grievances under which Dissenters labour, and that redress to be an immediate, total, and eternal separation of Church and State. Dr. Ritchie of the Potterrow, in alluding to a remark which the Lord Advocate [Jeffrey] had made at his dinner in the Waterloo Rooms, when he had stated his determination to support the Established Church, and which remark, being received with cheers, a gentleman in the meeting to-night expressed his doubts if the public mind was ripe for a meeting *versus* the Church, —'I was at that dinner,' observed Ritchie, 'having been presented with a ticket (I think he said by the Lord Advocate), and I heard Frank Jeffrey's observation on the Church with burning indignation, but, situated as I felt myself, I refrained from taking any notice of the matter, and I speak from fact when I say that dozens around me were as much displeased as I was; but let Frank Jeffrey catch me in the same trap again!'

"I suppose the public meeting will come off in a fortnight."

Mr. Adam Hope, who was then thinking of going to America, writes to his father, advising him to do likewise. "Were I you," he says, "I would leave their upper muirs and their lower muirs,[1] to those who liked them, resolving, in the language of the prophet, that as for me and my house we will eat the bread of independance on the banks of the Genesee." His father did not take this advice, but Mr. Adam Hope sailed for

[1] Many of the fields on Fenton Barns were formerly called muirs —an indication of the original nature of the soil.

New York in April 1834, and from thence proceeded to Hamilton, Canada.

FROM MR. G. HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, *July* 1834.

". . . *The Hamilton Express* arrived on the 11th. If this newspaper be a fair index of those printed in Canada, as I am inclined to think it is, there is a wide field for improvement. It could not well be more barren of news. If instead of filling it with silly stories they were to give an account of the trade of the port, the prices current, and a great deal more of both foreign and domestic news, it would surely be made far more interesting. You might write to the editor and tell him so. . . . I think it would be better for this country to be on a different footing with the Canadas; it may be all very well for Canada as long as this country continues to spend there more money than what it actually raises in it, but the moment they cease doing so, Canada will shake us off, whenever infatuated John Bull shall gain his senses to open his eyes and shut his pockets. . . . This country is in a ticklish state. The Radicals cry 'Get on;' the Lords say, 'Remain as you are;' the Whigs say, 'Have patience and their Lordships will yield.'"

"*9th Sept.* 1834.

"Your letter of the 4th July reached us safely on the 7th of last month. We had only commenced our harvest on the 4th August, and our apology for not sooner acknowledging the receipt of your letter must be the continued state of exertion which you know our harvest brings along with it; managing thirty-four and thirty-six rigs of shearers is, I assure you, a pretty

tiresome job. The shearing lasted four weeks; the weather throughout the whole period was delightful. In the course of a few days the whole country whitened as if by magic. By the time we got our barley cut we had 200 acres of wheat dead ripe; a sough of wind made one quake, but we got it all cut down and safe in the barn-yard without a particle of loss. Shearers were not so numerous as for some years past, and the demand for them was great; wages were consequently high,—from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per day. The expense has certainly been great, but the fine weather was a compensation, and we had none of that miserable humiliation of able-bodied men and women begging for food or employment. . . . All the most celebrated men of Britain, as well as many from different parts of the world, are at present congregated in Edinburgh attending the meeting of the British Scientific Society. A great many Unitarian ministers belong to it, and are at present in Edinburgh attending. I was in Edinburgh on Sunday last; Mr. Turner from Newcastle preached in our chapel in the forenoon. He is an old gentleman, upwards of eighty, remarkably stout for his years, possessing in full vigour all his faculties. . . . Mr. Stannus preached himself in the afternoon, though Mr. Yates, the opponent of Dr. Wardlaw, and Mr. Wellbeloved, the Principal of York College, were both in the chapel, but they were anxious to hear Mr. S. preach himself. You will be happy to learn that the present chapel is disposed of for £700, reckoned by the members a good price, and a new one is to be built in the Lothian Road. The granting a site for such a purpose was objected to by the late Provost Learmonth, but he was overruled by the rest of the Improvement

Commissioners. The fine road round the back of the Castle Hill makes the place chosen not so bad as one would at first imagine."

Robert Hope, in writing to his son Adam, says:—"You will no doubt be anxious to hear about the [new lease of the] farms. The truth is, nothing decisive is done yet, but it is understood we are all to remain,—that is East Fenton, Queenston, and ourselves,—and I believe at the old rents. Mr. J. Thomson, however, has advertised his land that you know George is tenant of, but we are indifferent. . . . Your Canadian editors are really scurrilous fellows; if ever you write them, you should tell them nothing attracts the notice of a person from the mother country so quickly as the difference in the tone and language of their public writers, and nothing in the new world shows so strongly the ignorance and gross vulgarity of their readers who tolerate such a style of writing."

Robert Hope's two youngest sons were at this time living in Leith, where they do not appear to have been very plentifully supplied with money:—

FROM MR. JOHN HOPE TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

"LEITH, 11*th August* 1834.

"I here offer my father my whole honey at 5s. the pint. If he does not like to give that, James Leith had better try what he can get for it here. I am *desperate* hard up for money just now. I think you must halve your second hive betwixt us."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"LEITH, 20*th August* 1834.

"I received your much esteemed favour by James Leith, and it is not with a little astonishment and sur-

prise that I observe what you say regarding the honey. You surely must not have read my letter with your usual attention. Well, here attend to what I am going to say: I hereby sell all my honey to my father at the rate of 5s. per pint, but if it should happen that the current price of honey should be rating above that amount, my father, being informed of the same, immediately to pay the difference; if 5s. is above the mark, my father is still liable to pay the full amount, his agreeing to which is by your letter received yesterday. I would have supposed that the money could have been at once sent in for the three pints. It will be as well to send in the produce of the hive at Fenton here, but not until we see what yours brings,—that is to say, if money is to be so dilatory in coming forward. I don't like to plague my father, so see and attend to the above. Now about your second hive: do you intend to halve it? In justice you should; therefore at your convenience please state so."

In the first election which took place in East Lothian after the passing of the Reform Bill, the Whig candidate, Sir David Baird, was defeated, Mr. Balfour, the Tory candidate, having a majority of 39. But another struggle was to be made to rescue the county from Tory thraldom. An account of the East Lothian election of 1835 is given in the following letters:—

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, *9th Decr.* 1834.

"You will have heard, no doubt, long before this reaches you, of the change of Ministry that has taken place. Nothing as yet appears to be settled. The

Duke continues dictator; but nobly has the country and nobly has the press done their duty. It is perfect insanity to think that the Duke can govern the country. 'We will have none of him!' has been re-echoed through the land. Many of the addresses to the King have been most pointed and admirable, for while praying for the Duke's dismissal, they also tell his Majesty in no unequivocal terms, how his conduct is calculated to bring the monarchy into contempt, if the country is to be thrown often into such a state through the imbecility of the individual swaying the sceptre. A dissolution of Parliament is immediately looked for, as it is the only chance for the Tories, and a very small one too. Already honourable members are paying their respects to their constituents, and this county is at present the scene of an active canvass. Our landlord, Mr. Ferguson, has started on the Reforming interest, to put down Wellington, and he is opposed by Mr. Hope, younger of Luffness, as the Tory candidate; but Mr. H. is too liberal by far, for, as his father expresses it, 'his conduct will always be in unison with any Ministry which his Majesty may be pleased to form.' [Mr. J. T. Hope had displayed his sagacity and foresight by stating, in 1831, that the Reform Bill 'would never again be heard of within the walls of Parliament.' He had the hardihood to ask George Hope for his vote, the only occasion on which any one ever ventured to do so, and no veteran politician could have considered it a greater insult.] About ten days ago Mr. H. issued an advertisement, stating that Mr. Balfour having intimated his intention to resign in the event of a dissolution, he offered himself as a candidate, while at the same time he set off to Harewood in Yorkshire to

be married, not anticipating an opposition. Great anxiety was felt by the Liberals, as Sir David Baird declined standing, but Mr. Steuart of Alderston, M.P. for Haddington, etc., and Mr. Donaldson, set off for Raith, and stated the case to Mr. Ferguson, who at once came nobly forward to endeavour to snatch the county from the Tories, and as matters are far better managed than at the last election, I anticipate a very different result. . . .

". . . My mother desires me to say that she continues to spur us on to write to you, and also that she has sold 106 lbs. of salt butter at 9d. per lb. She has fifty dozen eggs keeping in salt. She could get 11d. a dozen for them from the carrier at the door, but is waiting to see and get 1s."

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON ADAM.

"11*th Jany.* 1835.

"When Mr. Ferguson, to the delight of the Liberals, consented to come forward, the consequence was that every exertion was made to secure his return by the formation of central and parochial committees, and by every other means, fair and honourable, that could be devised. George is one of this parish committee, and we are in hopes of success, although the enemy is strong, and stick at no means to accomplish their ends. Wednesday is the day of the nomination; Friday and Saturday are the polling days, and they will fix the fate of this county, either as free, or doomed to Tory thraldom, for ages to come.

"As to our own affairs: about the farms, nothing is done, Mr. Ferguson being so much occupied with public matters; but I had a note the other day from Mr.

Donaldson, to say that everything will be settled to my entire satisfaction whenever this terrible bustle and crisis is over; indeed, we are drawing lime, and doing everything like settled tenants. Mrs. Ferguson was here yesterday in high spirits; it was her influence that induced Mr Ferguson to start, otherwise the toil, anxiety, and expense would never have been encountered by him. We all go to Haddington on Wednesday, with ardent hopes, not unmingled with anxiety and fear.

"Learmonth and Lord Ramsay have started as opponents to the late members [in Edinburgh]. Lord Ramsay is eldest son to Earl Dalhousie, a smart boy just from school: the result of that as well as other elections will be noted before closing this, next week."

"*Saturday Evening*, 17*th Jany.* 1835.

"Well, on Wednesday was the nomination at Haddington, and yesterday and to-day the polling days, and a GLORIOUS TRIUMPH we have got! Mr. Ferguson has carried the county by 36 of a majority, beating the Tories and aristocracy in the most aristocratic county in Scotland. Our voters were actually stolen from their houses on Thursday night; one was carried from Garvald, but found out, concealed, and confined in a house at the back of Traprain Law; rescued by your cousin, J. B., and others, and brought to-day to the poll. But the most extraordinary thing was a chaise and four coming at full gallop to be in time for the poll, carrying a gentleman and a feeble old man—the voter—actually found at Habbie's Howe, in the Pentland Hills. A chapman reported to a farmer that he had seen (yesterday it was) an old man, drunk, in the

hands of two post-boys, who were pouring, ever and anon, into him quantities of rum, and the old man was crying out as he was able, 'Ferguson for ever! Ferguson for ever!' The circumstance was carried to a farmer, a Mr. Finnie, who had the day before seconded, at Edinburgh, the nomination of Mr. Gibson-Craig. Mr. Finnie instantly suspected that the man had been kidnapped, and that the contest here must be close and keen to tempt to such a prank. The rascals in whose possession he was were to be subdued by force, and the old man carried to Edinburgh and brought here as stated. He belonged to, and had been stolen from, Prestonpans. Well, Mr. Ferguson has carried the county. I need not say what my feelings are, to see the principles triumph that I have advocated for thirty years.

"Abercromby and Campbell, by about a thousand each, have carried the town of Edinburgh. . . ."

After mentioning the results of some other elections, he continues:—"This blow is quite stunning to the Tories; we anticipate their speedy downfall. Scotland is really doing her duty."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"I see my father has told you what a state of excitement we have all been in for some time. You can have no idea of the enthusiasm of the people in favour of Mr. Ferguson. It is a terrible mortification to the Tories, as Hope thought he would walk the course.

"Mr. F.'s majority is 37, not 36, as my father has said by mistake. The Sheriff is to declare Mr. F. duly elected to-morrow (the 20th), when we are to have processions, illuminations, etc. I was the first that polled

for Mr. Ferguson, being determined to start him with Hope against Hope."

FROM MR. JOHN HOPE TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

"LEITH, *Monday night*, 19*th Jan.* 1835.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—Sincerely, most sincerely, do I rejoice at the victory you have gained over Tory ascendency in East Lothian. You have now overpowered the proud and vile aristocracy who have held the county so long in woful degradation. . . . The glorious victory which the independent electors of East Lothian have obtained will wreathe for them a crown of laurels that will redound to their honour throughout the habitable globe!!! We will expect you in on Saturday night. If you don't come, you will have to rack your intellect in describing most minutely every circumstance regarding the election: if there were great variations in the state of the poll, and through what train of circumstances Mr. F. was returned by so large a majority. C. H. was telling us how happy you and my father were when viewing with unfeigned satisfaction the going victory of Mr. F. I send this by post, to testify my happiness on hearing the welcome news, and I hope you won't grudge it, as it conveys the sentiments of Charles also.—Your most affectionate brother,

"JOHN H. HOPE."

"34 is a good majority. Ferguson for ever—hurrah!! I knew on Saturday night at nine by express to Edinburgh."

George Hope possessed a large card, on which there was stated—after the names of the candidates and the result of the election—that he was "one of 268 electors

who appeared at the poll and assisted in achieving the Political Emancipation of East Lothian." He had this framed, and always regarded it as one of his most valuable possessions. Mr Ferguson presented a similar card to each of those who voted for him.

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 14*th April* 1835.

"MY DEAR ADAM,—My father has left me this and the following page to fill up to you, but prefixed you have most of our domestic news. You would probably see by the papers that Lord Ramsay (son of the Earl of Dalhousie, late Governor of Lower Canada) was a candidate for the representation of Edinburgh. On the last day of the polling for this county, and just an hour or two before the polling closed, he drove up two of his father's tenants to vote for Hope, although they were previously pledged to Mr. Ferguson; yes, he drove them up like two cattle, and I heard the men declare they were flogged to the poll! Shortly before this, Lord Tweeddale had proposed Lord Ramsay as a member of the Agricultural Society. He dined with the Society that day (the week before Christmas), and delivered a speech as full of vanity and aristocratic insolence as it ever fell to my lot to listen to, when he returned thanks, on his health being drunk as proposed by Mr Steuart, M.P. These two circumstances determined a number of the tenantry to black-ball his Lordship, which was accordingly done at the meeting of the Society on Friday the 3d curt., to the no small mortification of the Tories. Lord R. is only the third individual who has been black-balled since the commencement of the Society sixteen years ago. . . One would imagine

from your newspapers that Canadian politics occupied some space of attention *here*, but the truth is that not one in ten thousand cares a fig about them; they are very seldom alluded to in the public prints, and in company never;—a reason, you will probably say, for relieving Canada from the baneful domination of the mother country. . . .

"Wm. Young was quite delighted at your mentioning him in your letter; he wishes you to come home with £10,000 and a gold watch in every pocket! . . .

"This will be closed when we hear the latest news of the formation of the Ministry.—Your most affectionate brother, GEORGE HOPE."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"FENTON BARNS, 20*th September* 1835.

"You will probably have heard before this reaches you that the citizens of Edinburgh did invite Mr. O'Connell to a public dinner, styled the 'O'Connell Festival,' upon his accepting which invitation the inhabitants of Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, and other towns did the same. The Edinburgh Festival came off last Thursday in a most triumphant manner. A grand procession of the trades met O'Connell at Newington, from whence they marched to the Calton Hill, where a hustings was erected. Of course I attended to pay a tribute of respect to the great Agitator, the friend of liberty and mankind. On riding into Edinburgh that day, when I reached Musselburgh I thought I had hardly ever seen so few people about that town; at Portobello scarcely a creature was to be seen, but on getting a little nearer Edinburgh I could descry masses of people on the Calton Hill. I put up

my horse at the old place, Dods's, South Back of the Canongate. Not a soul was to be seen in St. Mary's Wynd, but on turning up the High Street I beheld at the Tron Church a great crowd. On getting there I saw the Bridges were covered with a dense mass of people, while every window was filled with ladies, and on the steps up to the Register Office, as well as on the elevated part in front, the people were literally as thick as they could stand. The crowd continued as dense along the Waterloo Buildings to the Calton Hill, where it was impossible to number them. From the Register Office along west Princes Street not a soul was to be seen. O'Connell made his appearance shortly after I got to the Calton Hill. On the appearance of the procession coming along the Bridges a simultaneous movement was made to the place where the hustings were erected, each endeavouring to obtain a good situation. Already a great many were on the hustings, to obtain a place on which a shilling was the price. I have not yet seen a newspaper with an account of it, but I never saw anything like the number of people; I should think there would be 40,000; the whole hill was literally covered. Of course not a tenth part of the crowd heard : I could not hear at all myself, but John was on the hustings, and he was much pleased with O'Connell's address. O'Connell appears to be between fifty and sixty; he is stout, firmly built, has long black hair, and a firm determined countenance; he was dressed wholly in green, bonnet and all. John was standing at his elbow, and he told us how, on seeing the reporters, he, O'Connell, asked what gentlemen were these with the books, and on being answered he politely bowed to them. There were a great many ladies on the hustings, some of them

standing pretty near him, and he remarked, loud enough for them to hear, 'How pretty! how handsome!'

"James Aytoun, advocate, presided at the dinner, and, in my opinion, he acquitted himself most admirably. There were between 1400 and 1500 at the dinner, and everything was conducted in the best possible manner. O'Connell's oratory came fully up to my expectations; he showed the Lords up, with their dishonest House, as he called it. W. D. Gillon, M.P., made a good speech in proposing the health of the Earl of Durham. When he said that he hoped to see O'Connell and Durham form a Ministry, there was a simultaneous burst of applause, almost every individual in the room rising off his seat and cheering with an enthusiasm which I have seldom seen equalled, certainly never surpassed."

"23*d September* 1835.

"Since writing the above I have seen the *Scotsman* of Saturday, which is filled with an ample description of the O'Connell Festival. The *Scotsman* thinks that there would be on the Calton Hill from 30,000 to 40,000, and admits that there was never a more respectable company at any public dinner in Edinburgh, with *perhaps* the exception of that to Earl Grey. There was neither Sir J. G. Craig nor Sir T. Lauder, nor any Whig gentry (whatever the Whig press may say), at which I was much pleased. The more I reflect upon this Festival, the more I am convinced of the beneficial effects that must result from it; it will not only give a mighty impetus to the growth of liberal opinions amongst the class denominated 'the clippers and pairers,' but such a display must strike an unwelcome flash of conviction even upon the minds of the aristocrats,

that their days are numbered, their power is gone, their reign is over. The individual with whom I was most delighted (next to the great O') was Dr. John Bowring, M.P. for Kilmarnock, the poet, the philosopher, the lover of his species. He has a mildness of manner, a benignity of countenance, a sweetness of voice; and when he talked of the goodness of the Creator in placing man on this fair earth, I was completely enraptured with him. But I must be done with this dinner business."

FROM MR. ADAM HOPE TO HIS FATHER.

"15*th November* 1835.

"George's account of the O'Connell Festival was highly interesting. I send him a newspaper to let him see how it reads in print. It would have been a pity not to let our Canadian friends know what our George was thinking about State affairs. I asked B., the editor of ——, if he would print an extract from a letter of my brother's, which he at once agreed to do. He told me that he would not alter a word; as for the Radicalism it smacked of, that was nothing, as he thinks the people are all turning Radicals. Now this same B., some two or three months ago, was the man who wrote the Toryism of the ——!!"

At this time Robert Hope had not yet attained to that "highest point of human felicity, so far as money matters go"—the being able to pay every man; but he now saw reason to hope that "all scores due by him might be cleared off by the ensuing spring." Referring to the conditions of the new lease of Fenton Barns, he writes: "I am disposed to think that our bargain offers

a reasonable prospect of affording a fair remuneration for our toil and care; and at any rate, beyond all comparison, it is more promising than I ever considered our bargain at the beginning of the last lease twenty years ago."

George Hope still thought "the prospect of a farmer in this country poor indeed," and he continued to be desirous of trying either farming or mercantile pursuits abroad. His father, however, was now averse to him even talking of leaving the country "at present." In November 1835 he writes to his brother: "It is eighteen months till you complete your three years in America, . . . and by that time we shall have reaped another harvest; let me know if you have any objections to a partner with say about £300." In the following May he writes: "It [going to America] continues to be to me a subject of serious consideration, but I do not intend making up my mind finally till after harvest. I am getting a little anxious to try something for myself; what that something may be six months will determine." Although objecting to his son leaving the country, Robert Hope seems to have been aware that following the profession of agriculture in Great Britain is attended by even greater drawbacks than the difficulty of making by it sufficient to exist upon, for he writes: "—— will prefer farming in this country to working hard in America, although being tenant of —— implies no sentiments, at least no politics, but what the laird dictates; but subserviency on that score confers relief from bodily toil, and that goes far with some men, especially when their opinions on any subject unconnected with self-interest sit lightly on them." And again: "We may soon expect that NO man can

pretend to independence of character in this country who has a farm to make his living by, and I believe the Reform Bill will not raise the farmer class in independence of character, but otherwise."

Some letters, bearing the date of 1835, indicate that George Hope was then corresponding with some one in reference to the getting up of a petition for alterations in the Game Laws, so that his labours in this cause must have extended over a period of above forty years.

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON ADAM.

"21*st November* 1835.

"With respect to the political world, matters continue much the same as for months past. There is now no expectation of a dissolution of Parliament this season, although it is again surmised that next summer may see a change. You will see by the papers that there is often at most political meetings, strong language about the necessity of a reform in the House of Lords. That opinion is certainly gaining ground, and is not objected to where a short time since it would have been thought little short of treason. Our Church too is labouring prodigiously; they seem sadly perplexed, they are obviously conscious that there is something rotten in the system, that their days are numbered; but where or how they are to find a remedy appears beyond their comprehension. But it is the stipends in danger that distresses them. Permanent place and pay for life, however worthless the occupant, is comfortable and valuable to all who enjoy such situations. But all their straining will ultimately fail, because every official who labours, or pretends to labour, for the people, and who is paid, in one way or other, by the people, must submit

to stand by, whenever the people are sufficiently informed neither to employ nor to pay any one but such as they require, and are satisfied with as being fit for their business.

"I sincerely hope that matters will soon be put in such train as will speedily lead to a satisfactory and permanent settlement of all disputes in the Colonial Governments, by leaving the appointment of the members of your Upper Chambers to the people as well as the election of the members of the Lower House.

"In Charles and John's letters you would have the accounts of the opening of the new Chapel. I was there, and felt it a deeply interesting and solemn business. I had gone to Edinburgh the evening before for the express purpose, and was truly happy that I had attended a service so grateful to my feelings and also to my judgment. I had to be on a jury last Monday, and I again availed myself of the opportunity of attending service in the Chapel on the Sunday afternoon, when I heard a brilliant discourse from Mr. Stannus.

"You have heard of Jessie having gone to a boarding-school at Haddington, an excellent situation for her, we think, as there are numerous day-scholars, thus enabling Jessie to associate with others. She is happy, I think, poor girl, and I hope may yet become strong, like others of her age."

He is here speaking of his only daughter, who was partially paralysed from her birth, and was thus an object of great care and solicitude to her parents and brothers. After this time she only returned to Fenton Barns for occasional visits.

In April 1836 Robert Hope went to London to be examined by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, which was then sitting upon "Agricultural Distress." The members of the Select Committee do not appear to have been more overburdened with courtesy towards their witnesses than members of similar committees occasionally are in the present day. Robert Hope was asked to give a debtor and creditor account of his farm for a number of years back, to which he replied that he "could not do that at present." *Question.*—"Do not you keep books?"—"Yes." "Could not you give in to the Committee an account of all your outgoings and all your incomings for the last ten years?"—"No, I could not do that, and at any rate it is out of the question, I am so far from home." "Perhaps you are afraid of showing your landlord how prosperous you are?"—"Not in the least; we have no reason to be afraid of that." They certainly had not.

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON ADAM.

"TAVISTOCK HOTEL, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON,
21*st April* 1836.

"You will no doubt be a little surprised both with the place from which this is addressed, and also by the channel through which I hope it will reach you. It is possible you may, before this comes to your hands, have heard, by the packet sent by the Leith vessel some weeks ago, that I expected to go to London. If you have not yet received that packet, you will please to understand that there is a Committee of the House of Commons sitting on Agricultural Distress, and that Mr. Andrew Howden, Lawhead, Mr. Brodie, Amesfield Mains, and myself, were—through Mr. Ferguson, our

Member, I presume—summoned to appear before the said Committee. We left home last Wednesday, arrived in London here last Saturday, and are still, for causes to be stated, living in this hotel. Well, on the Sunday we, by appointment, waited on our excellent Member, who introduced us to Mr. Loch, the Member for the Caithness Burghs, and who is a member of the Committee. Mr. Loch introduced us to Mr. Lefevre, who is Chairman of the Committee, and we were ordered to be in the lobby of the House by twelve o'clock on Tuesday last. We were not ten minutes in the lobby when I was called in, first of our party, before said Committee, when for upwards of two hours I was questioned on many points relating to our condition as farmers, by first one, then another, and others, that you could hardly have expected I would have had nerve to stand up against the business. But nevertheless I passed the ordeal in a manner beyond what I ever expected. My account of our situation was quite new to them, when . . . I informed the Committee that all the farmers with us on corn rents were in comfortable circumstances, and that, were the system of grain rents common, we could (that is, all such with grain rents) make a fair shift, even although wheat should not exceed 40s. per quarter. That I may have made some mistakes I believe is likely enough, yet I certainly have had compliments paid to me that are far beyond whatever I dreamt of. If ever I can get a copy of my own replies to the questions of the Committee, it will be a pleasure to me to send it to you, my dear Adam, that you may see what I really have said. After me Mr. Howden was called in, and yesterday Mr. Brodie passed his examination. . . . Well, next to

what we have been seeing:—On Tuesday, after my trial, Mr. Ferguson made his appearance, and took us first into the body of the House of Commons, and afterwards into the body of the House of Lords, merely for a few minutes, to see how matters were conducted. We have also attended the committee-room of the Dublin election, as you may have heard of the attempt to unseat Mr. O'Connell. We saw also all the Courts of Law in Westminster, and yesterday evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, where we met his brother Sir Ronald, Mr. Loch, and Mr. Steuart, our Haddington Member. We met with great kindness, and were gratified with Mr. Steuart, one of the Lords of the Treasury, pressing us to dine with him to-morrow evening in the House of Commons, when, as an inducement, he would make it a point to introduce us to Mr. Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer: and Mr. Ferguson also said he would join us on the occasion. You will observe that we are to be under the gallery of the House by the order of the Speaker, through Mr. Ferguson's kindness, so you see what attention we have met with. And further, Mr. Steuart insisted that we shall wait in London till Saturday, which is an idle day with him, when we are to be shown all that he, as one of the Lords of the Treasury, can show us, such as the Mint, Treasury Chambers, etc. Now, the thing that induced me to accede to Mr. Steuart's very kind invitation was the opportunity it afforded me of writing this letter to you, as the excellent General, Sir Ronald Ferguson, told me, when I spoke of sending a letter to you, that if I would send it to him under cover, he would forward it to you along with despatches to his

regiment in Canada, and that is the channel through which I hope this will reach you.

"We saw the crops through the whole road from home much chilled with the continual rain that has distinguished this spring. Vegetation about fifty miles north from this is further advanced than with us, but the rest of England is not materially different. We were all well when I left home, as I expect to find them on my return, although your mother, I am sorry to say, does not gather strength very fast.

"I was this day in Guildhall, and saw the Lord Mayor and Council engaged in Court. . . . I have also within the last three hours been in the Thames Tunnel, fully half-way across the river. It is a most splendid undertaking. They are throng with the work, making, as we were told, about one yard a day. . . .

"*Saturday morning.*—So we were in the body of the House of Commons, and heard the debate on what I may call Mr. O'Connell's second trial for the same offence. We dined with the Chancellor, Mr. S., Mr. F., and Mr. Fox Maule, within the time of the debate. The Chancellor is a beautiful speaker, but Sir R. Peel is, without doubt, an extraordinary orator. The business was made a mere party question. We left when the House was to divide, so I did not see the result, although I think Ministers would carry it, as they appeared to be more numerous than their opponents. We are to start for home to-morrow morning by Glo'ster, Chester, and Liverpool. I have no time or room for more. . . ."

Alluding to his father's examination by the Committee, George Hope writes: "It is quite current in

the county that my father did well, and floored cross-questioners."

Whatever was the result of the Committee's deliberations, it does not seem to have had any effect in lessening agricultural distress.

In the summer of this year (1836) George Hope paid his first visit to England, and judging from the extent of ground which he got over in a short space of time, he must have travelled night and day. Starting from Haddington by coach at nine in the morning of the 7th June, he arrived at York in time for breakfast on the following morning. Thus far he thought the land poor and badly farmed, but between York and Doncaster (to which town he next proceeded) he considered the land good, and, upon the whole, well cultivated, although, he says, "occasionally we saw from three to five horses in a plough, all in a string, doing the work of a horse and an ass. The carts were all very ill-constructed, being large and clumsy, with wooden axletrees; no single horse is fit to drag them. However, they always yoke from three to six horses, the one before the other. We saw a man spreading manure out of a cart, and his horses all standing till he got it neatly shaken out." After leaving Doncaster he speaks of passing "the infamous town of East Retford, which procured for us the passing of the Reform Bill;" and from thence he proceeded to Newark; but there his description of his journey ceases. He promises to give an account of the remainder of it in his next letter, but he had either omitted to fulfil this promise or the letter had gone astray.

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON ADAM.

"27*th September* 1836.

"Your kind and every way gratifying letter of the 14th August reached me on Friday last. I believe I am rather in arrears with my writing to you, but my mind has been much occupied of late with anxiety and painful anticipations. First, your mother has been extremely ill for the last three weeks. . . . I am greatly afraid there is but little prospect of a speedy amendment, but a wise and merciful God rules and orders everything for the best, and with his blessing your poor mother may yet again cheer our hearts by taking her place at the fireside as usual. Secondly, I think I lately told you that your uncle Adam was seriously ill, and it is now painful indeed for me to tell you that he is no more. His death makes a heavy blank in society here, as few men stood higher in public estimation, and none deserved to occupy a higher position. Such being the case, you will not be surprised that it is with a heavy heart I sit down to communicate our actual condition, and my consequent feelings to you, my dear Adam; for, as your letters are ever a source of unmixed happiness to all of us here, so it is something like a relief to my mind, after two very melancholy days, to inform you, who I know will sympathise with us in all our afflictions, what has been, and still is, our actual position. Yesterday we attended the funeral of your uncle, and to-day George and I have been again at Linplum, as we are two of the trustees appointed by your uncle's will to attend to the interests of his young family. There is much important business to settle, and it will require both time and labour, as well

as judgment, to do it correctly; but if I am spared health it shall have my most zealous endeavours to bring it to a satisfactory termination. I was glad to see you were pleased with my *Notes and Manufactures, etc., of England.* I have gotten a copy of my own examination before the Committee of Parliament, but as not one word of it has ever been corrected, either before or after it came through the press, it is anything but satisfactory.

"You know George is tenant of Linkhouse. He, after a struggle, is enrolled on it as a voter in the county."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"*27th September* 1836.

"I have been much to blame in not writing you according to promise. I intended giving you a full description of the meeting of the Scottish Unitarian Association. Dr. Drummond from Dublin preached twice — excellent discourses. Mr. Martineau from Liverpool, a brother of Miss Martineau's, preached once—one hour and twenty-five minutes. He is eloquent, but he preached far too long, and upon a subject not agreed upon by Unitarians. [It was said that Mr. Martineau preached for this length of time under the impression that the Scotch liked long sermons.] On the Monday evening the meeting was held in the chapel. . . . 'Our ain man' was the cream of the whole. I asked Mr. Harris to come out to Fenton Barns. He stayed a night with us. He is dignified and grave, and his mind is wholly occupied with the cause of Unitarianism. Very great have been his sacrifices for the cause of truth. On the Sunday he preached in Edinburgh the chapel could not hold the people."

On the 8th of October 1836 Mrs. Robert Hope died. Her life had been one of much hardship, and her troubles and anxieties had been many and great. She had been an invalid for six years, during which time her son George had attended and watched over her with unwearying care.

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON ADAM.

"You will, no doubt, long before this reaches you, have gotten my last two letters, by which you would learn my painful bereavement, and your and the rest of the family's irreparable loss of your dear and ever affectionate mother; as also of your uncle's death at Linplum, which leaves me comparatively alone, deprived of the disinterested affection and regard of the two on earth to whom, with the greatest confidence, I could ever turn for consolation or advice under any or all of the anxieties and ills to which, in this transitory scene, we are liable. Yet, after all, it is in one sense only a memento to me to be ready in my turn, as a few short years, at most, will lay me beside the remains of your now departed excellent mother."

To George Hope his mother's death was a great grief, and it was a lifelong regret to him that she had been forced from poverty to do without many little things which she would have liked. Twenty years after her death he wrote: "I often think how our dear mother used to toil and save, and wish to get trifling things for the house. You may recollect how anxious she was for a new dining-table, and never got it. I am certain had she been spared till now her wishes would have been gratified to the full."

CHAPTER V.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Looked upward, and bless'd the pure ray ere it fled.
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.—T. MOORE.

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 3*d December* 1836.

"IT is the general opinion that there must be an election, a general election, next spring or early in summer. Lord Ramsay is spoken of as the Tory candidate for this county; indeed, by attending and speechifying at Mason Lodges, etc. etc., he evidently is doing what he can to be popular. Yet it is the opinion of many of the Tories themselves that he will not do, as he is somehow or other not a general favourite; but I feel apprehensive even should he be their candidate, as they, the Tories, have left no stone unturned to secure a majority in the county, by making fictitious votes and otherwise. That they have a majority of supporters of Tory principles is, I am afraid, certain; but some of them are said to be men who will not oppose Mr. Ferguson; others dislike Lord Ramsay; still, if a popular candidate on their side starts, the result will be very

doubtful. It is vexatious to think of the manner in which the independent voters of the county have been, or at least are threatened to be, swamped by a set of fictitious voters who are fraudulently imposed on our constituency. . . . I try not to allow my mind to rest too much on my now comparatively lonely condition, for which purpose I use my pen frequently. . . . George is well, and we go on from day to day quietly enough, seeing nor meddling with neither one nor another. I am wearying for a newspaper from you. . . . A letter from you is ever as a day of sunshine without a single cloud.—Your ever affectionate father, ROBERT HOPE."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"*5th December.*

". . . I believe you know I got registered on Linkhouse" [a tract of sandy land close to the sea]. "I was two days at the registration court about it, and would have failed had J. Anderson and F. Blair not been there —summoned by the Tories to disprove my claim. I took them to prove my possession. From what my father says you will see that Lord Ramsay is expected to be the Tory candidate. I am not in the least afraid of him. Many people that voted for Mr. Hope won't do the same for him; but there is just one thing,—Mr. Ferguson is too liberal for his constituency. I am sure you would be much pleased with his speeches.

". . . I was kept on a jury trial for three days on Hallow Fair week. I got £2, however, for my trouble, and I stayed in Edinburgh over Sunday, which allowed me to hear three sermons from Mr. S. in St. Mark's Chapel."

The jury trial to which he here alludes is probably

the same in which he had for a fellow-juryman one Charles Runciman, a carrier from Dirleton. Every night Charles rode home (twenty miles) on a cart-horse, and he returned to Edinburgh in the same manner in time for the next day's proceedings. As riding forty miles upon a cart-horse occupied the greater part of the night, the equestrian had no time for sleeping, unless during the trial; and the rather fatiguing mode of travelling which he had chosen probably added to the duration of his slumbers; but he had made up his mind that whatever was George Hope's decision in the case should be his decision also, and as he daily settled himself to sleep he would say, "Mind I trust to you, Mr. George, I trust to you." He would then slumber peacefully until the close of the proceedings.

In the letter just quoted, George Hope also mentions that the last number of the Journal of Agriculture contains some remarks on his father's improved method of placing the scutches of the threshing-machine. Robert Hope obtained a silver medal from the Highland Society for this invention. His inventions in the way of machinery were numerous, but they were not often very successful, in consequence, he always maintained, of the stupidity of the country tradesmen in not making the articles which they fabricated under his directions sufficiently strong; at any rate the machinery which he invented generally broke on being put to use.

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, *8th January* 1837.

". . . The county has been for some time back going through the fiery ordeal of an active canvass. The Tory candidate is found in the person of Lord Ramsay, whom

you may probably recollect I assisted in black-balling on his wishing to become a member of the Agricultural Society, he having, at a dinner of our Society, told us that he considered himself and the other landlords our superiors, the tenants being their dependants. This individual, however, is backed up and supported by many of these same dependants. I do sincerely pity them; nothing can relieve them from their degrading bondage but the Ballot, and that, thank God, there is now some prospect of our obtaining. Our present benevolent and enlightened representative has been for some time back a declared advocate for it, and it is now pretty generally believed that it will be made a Government question on the opening of the Session in the end of the month, when you will see petitions poured in from all quarters of the island for that mode of voting, and the Lords compelled to pass the Bill. It would be curious enough were the voting at the very next election to be by ballot. I would not then have the least fear for Mr. Ferguson's election, were not another individual to vote but those whose names are at the requisition to Lord Ramsay. I know the private opinions of so many of them, that I feel sure that nothing but pressure from without could have made their names be adhibited to that document. At the Christmas meeting of our association Lord Ramsay was again proposed as a member, and it is not intended at present to make any opposition to his Lordship being admitted; not but that he could be easily served in the same way again, but simply from prudential motives with regard to the interest of the Society, for were such a thing again to take place it might be the means of breaking up the Society, which I have no wish to see even tried.

"I daresay in almost every letter you receive from this you get intelligence of our efforts in the way of tile-draining. I am inclined to think we pay 100 per cent. more than prime cost for drain-tiles, and having a bed of the finest clay ourselves, lying at the east end of Fenton Barns Muir, and across the whole of the Puddenbutts, we have resolved to erect a kiln and burn the tiles ourselves. Mr. Donaldson approves of our intention, but thinks my father should apply to Mrs. Ferguson herself for leave; her permission I have not the least doubt of obtaining."

This winter, of 1836-37, was remarkably long and hard. Writing in January, Robert Hope says: "You would hear of our snow-storm in October; we had another in November, and at present the ground is covered, the fall of a fortnight ago being continued, with a gloomy atmosphere, most dreary and threatening. Coals are scarce, a necessary consequence of such weather, and that and the high price of provisions together gives ominous promise of a hard winter for the poor."

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 23*d April* 1837.

"I was truly delighted last Sunday by the receipt of your kind and interesting letter. George had gone to Edinburgh on the day mentioned, to hear Mr. Harris, from Glasgow. Your letter arrived when I was by myself, and to me it was a feast beyond what perhaps any other circumstance I could look for in this world at the time could have afforded. Before this reaches you, you will in all probability have fixed on the place of your future residence, but I earnestly hope,

nay, I advise, urge, and beg of you, to beware how you think of settling without a reference to the healthiness of the situation, as beyond every other consideration is that of your health, as without it what is wealth, however abundant? You have not, however, said anything about cash to enable you to begin business on your own account. I am sensible of your truly independent feelings of every sort, and your kind, considerate, and affectionate regard for my feelings, in not troubling me for money when you know of the difficulties in that respect I have long had to encounter. My most affectionate regard in return is, in some degree, all I have to give, . . . yet I flatter myself that before harvest I may be able to give you, my dear Adam, some small assistance, to the extent, at least, of a couple of hundred dollars. I admit the sum is trifling, still, if such will be of service, and if I can spare it, you may let me know, and it will be hard indeed if I cannot make a shift to send it out to you.

"It is of comparatively little consequence what papers you send, as I do not agree in opinion with either of your party politicians, but it is more on account of their giving me regular intimation of your welfare,—being all addressed by yourself,—that I prize them so much, than for any other cause, although I certainly feel a deep interest in all your political concerns also. I hope, therefore, you will continue to employ that cheap means of telling us regularly how you are.

"We have had the most extraordinary weather ever remembered: frost and snow, even here, without intermission till last week, and up at Lammermuir there was not a black spot to be seen for months till within these few days. The deaths from starvation, amongst

stock, are said to be prodigiously great. For ourselves, we have about fifteen score of lambs, and all the flock of ewes, dependent entirely on linseed-cake for two months past; we never had any experience of the thing before, but only for the cake and our whole stock would have been starved. You may judge of our state when I inform you that our consumption of the article is a ton in three days. We have gotten within the last six weeks no less than twelve tons, at from £8, 10s. to £10, 10s., and we have not ten days' provision on hand! We have done nothing to the building of our tile-kiln as yet, in consequence of the terrible weather preventing the making of the brick for the work.

"You will have heard of the recent convulsion in the money market here, and it is said the prospects on your side of the Atlantic will soon be more alarming. This day twelvemonths I started from London; the whole commercial and manufacturing world were then in the greatest apparent prosperity. Now, dear markets for the necessaries of life, and men thrown out of employment, are the constant themes. . . .

"I feel my letters are filled with a good deal of trifling matter, yet, as your letters afford me such unmixed happiness, perhaps you will not grudge mine to you, that also afford me a pleasing, yet in some degree a melancholy, few hours' employment, in telling you all our little affairs, when, with the exception of George, there are few either to hear me, or care whither or when I come or go now in the world."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"My last letter would tell you of our elections and political prospects. [The county election had resulted

in the defeat of Mr. Ferguson, Lord Ramsay winning by a majority of 93. The 'political emancipation of East Lothian,' over which there had been such rejoicing, had, alas! endured but for a short space, and the Tory thraldom into which it had once more sunk, has been destined to last for many long years.]

"Our Registration Court sat lately, and much wrangling and debate ensued. The Liberals, for the first time, have made a number of fictitious votes; but it is a bad system, although *self-defence* compels even those that object to it on principle to adopt it, so long as it is the law of the land. You will have seen by the newspapers how parties stand in this country. England is Tory, but Scotland and Ireland will, notwithstanding, give a working majority to Ministers. We have, however, been more engaged about our harvest of late than with politics. . . . I have repeatedly mentioned our tile-work to you; it still goes well on, as we are in the regular practice of burning a kiln every week, which holds about 11,000 tiles, and all of which are readily sold as we can spare them."

The enterprise of draining the farm was done at the tenants' own expense, £300 excepted. Reckoning the tiles used in the drainage at the sale price, the sum expended on tiles and cutting the drains was upwards of £2500.

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 21*st September* 1837.

"We have settled down, so far, after the hurry of the elections. The registration at Haddington was held ten days ago. My name was used as an objector against the Tories: I am what is called Objector-General. I

was three days at Haddington about the business, although it was harvest. You would see that Mr. Steuart, the M.P. for the Haddington Burghs, was rather closely run, and as every effort was and is making to unseat him, my father and I have purchased a property in Haddington, from Mrs. Hislop, which gives us both votes, although we cannot get on the roll till next year. North Berwick was the only burgh in Scotland where the electors were unanimous, the whole, twenty-five in number, voting for Steuart.

"I do not know how it is, but here we always keep from hand to mouth; the tile-work, indeed, has swallowed up a great deal of money, and our farm is much improved; but so much remains to be done, there is room for such an immense sum being profitably expended on it, that I see but small prospect of any accumulation being made to enable me to 'try my hand' myself. However, there is nothing for it but to submit. If the tile-work continues to pay as well as it is doing *we should get rich.* Our crop this year is, I think, a fair average."

In a letter written about this time, Mr. Adam Hope expresses strong objections to O'Connell, who, he avers, had, after denouncing Ruthven, the candidate for Kildare, as "a perjurer and a swindler," endeavoured to induce him to retire from the contest for that county, by promising to do everything in his power to obtain for him a *colonial* appointment. That O'Connell should consider "a perjurer and swindler" good enough for an official appointment in the colonies did, in the opinion of Mr. Adam Hope, "unmask him as a man utterly destitute of everything like a single idea of correct principle." To this his brother George replies:

"There must be some mistake; he must have wanted to send Ruthven to Botany Bay. I feel confident you have seen a partial or one-sided account of the business; for my part, I only heard that O'Connell had denounced Ruthven for standing, and thus trying to split the Liberals, but that from O'Connell's influence he had not succeeded. I have no fear that you will ever join the Tories, but I cannot conceal from myself that you are getting more Conservative than you were wont to be."

The Canadian Rebellion occasioned considerable anxiety at Fenton Barns, on account of Mr. Adam Hope, who had joined a volunteer corps and marched against the rebels. He, however, escaped scathless from the campaign, for the enemy was found to have fled on his corps reaching the spot where it was supposed to be encamped, a result at which he expressed satisfaction. George Hope writes: "I do not see why all the grievances complained of by the insurgents should not be redressed, yet I see no reason to fight. The grievances are not of a character that I would be fond of risking my life for a chance of having them redressed: nothing but absolute desperation should drive people to redress grievances by civil war, and then they should be of that kind that civil war is the least evil." Again he writes: "I hope that a general amnesty and healing measures, under the auspices of that friend of liberty—Lord Durham—will soon cause a complete recovery from that brain-fever which has so unfortunately paralysed the energies of your adopted land. It is difficult to say when an appeal to arms is at all justifiable. I should say in the present stage of society that there is no period, as long as you have a free press, and can act on all men with the power of reason and

the strength of moral energy, as long as you recognise in man the image of his Maker, capable of being operated on by the force of truth and Christian love."

In 1838, Lord Ramsay being called to the House of Peers on succeeding to the title of Earl of Dalhousie, a new election for the county of East Lothian took place. Of the proceedings at this election George Hope gives the following account: "The Tories were not a little astonished to find part of the hustings in possession of the Whigs, with Sir D. Baird at their head. After the Tory candidate [Sir T. B. Hepburn] had been proposed and seconded by two of the feeblest of their party, Sir D. Baird asked Sir Thomas if he meant to support the Melbourne Administration. 'You are stopping the proceedings,' quoth Sir Thomas; 'elect me first, and I will tell you afterwards.' I then stepped forward and said that Sir Thomas had sent me a circular saying he was to call and explain his sentiments, and answer any questions that might be put to him, but that he had never done so. As this was the first time I had seen him, and as I wished to know his sentiments on some points, I begged to put a few questions to him, and I said it *might* depend on his answers whether another candidate was proposed or not. I asked him, Would he support a bill against bribery and corruption, and the intimidation of voters; in other words, a bill for vote by ballot? On this he turned quite pale, and got much agitated. He turned round and consulted his friends, but Sir D. Baird shook his head and said it would not do; upon which Sir Thomas gathered courage, and appealed to the Sheriff, who said that I could ask him as many questions as I chose, but he had no power to compel him to answer. Some of

the Tory papers, in their leaders, say it was a piece of impertinence in me to presume to frighten the Honourable and learned Baronet. We afterwards had a good deal of stuff from him about America. Sir D. Baird followed with a splendid speech, delivered with such oratorical skill as won him the admiration of all present. I never saw such a melancholy group as the Tories were while Sir David was delivering his speech; it exhibited such a striking contrast to Sir Thomas's attempt. Yesterday, in Haddington market, many of them were quite angry at the Whigs making their appearance on the hustings." Although the Liberals made this demonstration, they permitted Sir Thomas Buchan Hepburn to be elected without opposition. "It is folly," writes George Hope, "to expect that counties are to return Liberal members unless we get the ballot, or in some way release the poor tenants from the domination of the Tory lairds."

Robert Hope frequently advises his son Adam to have as little to do with politics as possible. "Politics," he says, "generally speaking, are alike harassing and unprofitable. A Liberal in politics is almost certain of merely making enemies by attempting to beard those who are in possession of the loaves and fishes, and merely gets credit for a desire to fill their places. . . . To be aiming at reform in the midst of a community wholly given up to selfishness is at all times a bootless task indeed."

"You will pretty regularly get the agricultural report. In the last, allusion is made to several farmers' sales of their stocking. Amongst others is Mr. A. Brodie, who has been, I may say, dismissed from Coalston Mains as if he had been some useless mortal, when

the truth is he has managed his farm in a style equal to the best in the county, and as he paid his rent, his having followed the foxhounds in a scarlet coat might have been passed over without exciting the bile of any Tory landlord whatever. Our present M.P., Sir T. B. Hepburn, likewise dismissed his late tenant of Harperdean because of his politics. Were matters to continue as they have hitherto been, we had better, as farmers, never have had the franchise without the ballot, as the system would, to all appearance, render the tenants mere tools, as a body, while those who might attempt to have and to avow a sense of honour and a feeling of conscience, will have to leave their occupations altogether."

In June 1838, Robert Hope writes: "You will no doubt remember the circumstance of me getting the stock on the farm of Fenton Barns when I entered to the farm; I have now the pleasure of saying that the thing is now fairly settled, as only last Friday I got up my bond of obligation for said stock, and am now free and clear of all claims and encumbrances."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"*4th June* 1838.

"I see my father has told you that he has got clear of the bond for the stocking; in fact, when he settled with Mr. Donaldson last Friday, and got his counter claim for building, etc., all adjusted, Mrs. Ferguson was found owing my father £20, 7s. 6d., which Mr. D. paid him. That this business has been at last settled has made us all very happy. My father asked Mr. D. to dine with us on Saturday, which he at once agreed to do, and we expect a number of our neighbours also.

"John delivered a capital sermon at Fenton last Sunday. Almost every inhabitant of the village was present, and they were much pleased. On Sunday eight days he intends to deliver a lecture on the Trinity at West Fenton in the mill barn.

"You must contrive to send a letter by the steamers which have so successfully crossed and recrossed the Atlantic. They have again set sail for the western world, but I will endeavour to let you have a letter by the next. It has created more sensation among all classes than you could have imagined."

FROM MR. CHARLES HOPE TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

"Our men had their supper last night; you recollect they got the premium for the neatest stackyard. The brickmen were there as well. Richard Fowler proposed Adam's health, and that he might 'be quite safe in these critical times.' We thought it very good for Richard. H. Bertram proposed your health, and that you 'might have a clear understanding and a sound judgment.'"

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, *7th March* 1839.

"Our crop of wheat has not turned well out, and our rent is iniquitously high. . . . To-morrow is our rent-day; it is true we are ready for it, but I am not so sure about the next half-year's rent, which falls due at Lammas. I think we should be able to meet it, but we shall not do more; our farm expenses have been *dreadful*. . . . This constant expenditure keeps us, so to speak, with our noses at the grinding-stone. You are better off with your business than if you farmed half

this parish. As to when I may get something better than Linkhouse to call my own I know not; there is very little prospect at present. It is now within a month of ten years since I left Haddington, and there is not much more appearance of such a thing at present than there was then. I was a fool to have had anything to do with the business at the first.

"You may have seen from the newspapers that there was a meeting at Haddington in favour of the Corn Laws. I wrote a letter to Samuel Smiles, who is now editor of the *Leeds Times*, with an account of the same, also with some strictures on the meeting and on the Corn Laws generally, and Smiles published it, but the paper not being generally read here, few people knew anything about it."

George Hope had, throughout his whole life, to take an immense amount of trouble with other people's affairs, for he was burdened with many relations who were constantly in pecuniary difficulties; indeed every relative both of his father's and mother's (of their own generation) became at one time or other bankrupt. For eight or nine years he superintended the farm of one of these relatives who had died insolvent, and for whom he was a trustee. In this matter, as in others of a similar nature, he seemed to have had all the trouble, while some at least of the other trustees did nothing but find fault with what he did. At this time he sincerely wishes he was done with the business, and declares that he will "never act in such capacity again unless paid for it." This resolution he was very far from keeping, as he continued all his life to perform a great deal of the same kind of thankless labour. Referring to his insolvent relatives, Robert Hope writes:

"Through life I have ever found it a strong proof of well-doing in individuals when I have found a readiness on their part to speak of their private business. Yes, often have I seen, nay, I may say always, that such has been the case with our unfortunate friends, that little intercourse, and not one word on their affairs, have invariably marked their conduct before matters came with them to extremity. . . . My father used to tell me that he had seen the most industrious and steady men frequently sore beset and overtaken with difficulties, but never in his life had he known an instance of a man being fairly overcome if he resolutely persevered, with honesty, industry, and economy, aided by health, as such principles in active operation invariably overcome all obstacles in the long-run."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, *6th August* 1839.

"A page has been left for my news. . . . In my last I gave you an account of my journey through Fife to Dundee, Carse of Gowrie, and Perth. . . . C. Shireff and I agreed to start for Islay to see George Chiene, so on the Wednesday morning I left this, rode to Edinburgh, and sold my cattle, lodged the money in the bank, and went by the coach to Glasgow that night, then took the steamboat to Tarbert, walked little more than a mile across the isthmus, and got the Islay steamer, waiting for passengers, which landed us on the island of Islay. We arrived at George Chiene's house at nine o'clock at night, and got a hearty welcome. We rode daily about thirty or forty miles, and got through the most of the island. It contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants. I was, on the whole, much pleased

with the island. There were capital crops where the land was farmed at all; Swedish turnips meeting on the drills, superb potatoes, and strong oats and barley. There was only one field of wheat on the island. There are plenty of stones to drain, sea-ware and shell-sand, which latter is a most invaluable manure that I never saw before. . . . Friday first is our rent-day, I am happy to say that we can meet it."

In June 1839 he writes to his brother Charles (who had gone to Canada in the spring of that year) an account of a public meeting which took place in Edinburgh during Macaulay's candidature for that city. He says:—"As I had to go into Edinburgh on Tuesday at any rate, I thought we might as well take the gig, and go away earlier and see what was going on. There was an immense concourse of people, and a number of Chartists, who had placed themselves directly before the hustings, made such a noise that it was not easy hearing what the Whig party said, although Mr. Fraser and little Tommy Grant, coffin-maker in the Cowgate, were listened to with all politeness. They were frantic when the show of hands was in favour of Macaulay; the people round about me endeavoured to hold down my hands, but I was not to be put down in that way. I was in Edinburgh the week before, and heard Macaulay deliver his first address in George Street Assembly Rooms. I never heard anything finer; the calmness, ease, and fluency were very remarkable. He is rather short, stout, and swarthy, his face beaming with kindness and intelligence; he has not a very high forehead, but it is remarkable in breadth, projecting very much above the eyebrows."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 22*d August* 1839.

"By this day eight days we expect to be busily engaged in the labours of the harvest; although the crop looks well on the ground, I have doubts of its giving so well, there has been such a want of sun and heat, but I hope fervently to be mistaken. John writes you he has delivered a sermon at Haddington. The room was quite crowded; some went away unable to get admittance. John seemed to make a considerable impression; he has that essential requisite for an orator, a good delivery. The second last number of the Anti-Corn-Law Circular took notice of my father's evidence before the Parliamentary Committee to show the iniquitous effects of the law. As we have two numbers of the last one, I send you a copy to let you see what it is."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Monday*, 16*th September*.

"The weather has not been very favourable for harvest operations. It rained in torrents all Saturday, and up to some time last night. To-day it is fair, although not looking well, and we are busy shearing, though the corn is quite wet, and the land as soft as it can be. I am thankful we have got a few wheat stacks in the barn-yard, but by far the larger half is in the fields. I am much pleased with the way in which the wheat we have threshed has turned out, but you must understand it is from our best fields. Our bad wheat is all after beans. . . . We intend going to the October Tryst, and expect to be able to have cash to purchase

both cattle and sheep, but we shall have to be diligent in the threshing.

"John and I were at Haddington last night. He then finished his four discourses on Unitarianism. The room each time has been quite crammed; it holds about 140; it has been a successful campaign."

These letters from George Hope and his father to his brothers in Canada are closely written on enormous sheets of paper, and are generally "crossed" all over in red or green ink. They always contain minute accounts of the state of the crops on all the different fields on Fenton Barns. Those who knew George Hope only at a later period of his life can scarcely imagine the intense anxiety with which, for many years after he commenced farming, he watched the weather and the crops. He has often spoken of his feelings of nervous terror when he fancied he heard the wind rising after the corn was ready for cutting. In after years he took the weather and the state of the crops very calmly; scarcely any amount of rain would disturb him, and no possible duration of drought. In the remarkably dry summer of 1869, when farmers throughout the country were universally calling for rain, and saying that there had not been a drop for months, he would remind them of a shower which had taken place one afternoon, and never would admit that rain was required; grass and turnips he allowed would be improved by it, but corn, he said, was "much better without it; if fields were properly manured they could stand a great deal of dry weather."

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON JOHN.

"1*st February* 1840.

"My dear John,—After returning from Haddington market I sit down to write you this short letter, and in the first place I have to express something like surprise that we have not heard from you by carrier for these two weeks past. Your packet with Adam's letter came to hand as I wrote you, last Monday, as also your post letter, but nothing by Charles Runciman. In my note of Monday I said there were £3, but on the back of said note I wrote *two*, as you would notice. The truth was, when I came to the desk I found two all that could be spared. However, you will find a pound enclosed, which I trust will make you independent for the present. You will have got to hand the pair of fowls by coach, and before this reaches you a visit from —— will have afforded you unqualified satisfaction. In your last you spoke of the newspaper quoting what you thought was part of my article to the New Statistical Journal; you were right in the conjecture. I have been comparatively well since you left us; still, I am often admonished to be on my guard. In three weeks I flatter myself with the prospect of again seeing Adam; I need hardly say what my feelings are on this matter. —I am, my dear John, your affectionate father,

"Robert Hope."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"Fenton Barns, 14*th March* 1840,
Saturday evening.

"My dear Adam,—We only received your letter of the 10th from Birmingham this forenoon, and it has, at

all events, put our minds at rest as to the time you will probably arrive here; because from your previous letters we almost imagined you might arrive here some days ago. I certainly was not so sanguine about this as my father, who tried to persuade himself that you would arrive every night by the North Berwick coach; and out, and looking over the 'Chapel's Wa's' to see if we could descry your figure, has been the business of more than one evening this week. We were next certain that you would be in Haddington yesterday, but we were doomed to disappointment. However, your letter of the 10th has put us out of suspense. Most sincerely do I congratulate you on your having again set foot in Britain's isle, but I shall not attempt to describe the pleasure and joy I shall feel when I shall be permitted to see you face to face. I hope it will not be many days before that happy event takes place. Jessie [his sister] and Mrs. C. are with us. J. was quite determined to be down to-day, so satisfied was she that you would be here; however, she is coming back when you do come."

Mr. Adam Hope arrived a few days after this, but did not remain long in Scotland, sailing again for Canada in April.

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

"*August* 22*d*, 1840.

"I see all the previous letters have trumpeted forth to you my visit to the Emerald Isle. I left this on the 28th July and was absent fifteen days. I went from Glasgow to Belfast, and spent a day in Belfast and neighbourhood. There is a railway from Belfast to Lisburne. I took a ride on it the length of Dun-

murry. . . . I took the coach to Castle-Bellingham in the county Louth . . . I daresay I was through every corner of the county Louth. In general the land appeared very good. . . . There are a great many Scotch stewards, and one or two Scotch farmers, who have good farms and heavy crops, but the bulk of the land is in narrow ridges not more than three or four feet in width. Almost one-half of the county is under potatoes. . . . Ireland is a fertile country with a poor people. In fact I saw villages as large as Fenton without a house having a pane of glass in it. In Meath the population is very thin, the land being almost all in grass, and very fine grass it appeared to be. Cattle that had no turnips last winter were fat on the grass. Iron gates seem to be in great vogue throughout Ireland, as I saw many fields without any fences that had nevertheless fine iron gates. [At Fenton Barns the gates were probably hurdles fastened by pieces of rope.] . . . Mr. Filgate came to Dublin with me on the Saturday. . . . On Sunday afternoon I went to Kingston on the railway, where all the beauty and fashion of Dublin were congregated, and a band of music to amuse the people. There was nothing to be seen but the crowd of people who came down by the railway, the steamboat, and carriages and cars innumerable. It was very different from anything to be seen in Scotland. I wish Sir Andrew Agnew had seen the scene.

"On the Monday I heard O'Connell hold forth for Repeal in the Corn Exchange. A copy of the *Freeman's Journal*, containing a full report of what was said, was sent you. O'Connell is a most extraordinary man. Though I did not agree with what he said, I could not help crying hurrah! Dublin is a fine city,

but not to be compared with Edinburgh. Sackville Street, which they say is the finest street in Europe, is long and broad, but crooked and ill-built. Many of the public buildings are certainly finer than any in Edinburgh. I left on the Tuesday morning, and got home on the Wednesday evening."

The following notes, written by George Hope and his father to his brother John, then resident in Edinburgh, show their great anxiety over letters, and the value which they set upon them. More than once, when some basket or parcel has gone astray, they express anxiety for its recovery, only because it contains "a letter from America."

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON JOHN.

"FENTON BARNS, 23*d November*.

"I earnestly hope this will meet you in the evening returned safe and well from your labours yesterday at Greenock. We no doubt shall hear from you by to-morrow's post, when I trust you will be particular in mentioning all that happened yesterday; and if anything should escape your memory regarding the congregation you have been addressing, you will again take up the subject when you next write. There are not the least accounts from America; we are getting very anxious. Should anything be learned, you shall know immediately."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

"My father sends you £2, which should more than take you to Greenock and back. What was it you said about not taking your expenses? If you said so positively, of course you will not take them, but if you

could, you might offer it to Mr. ——, as, poor man, he must require it, with a wife and five children on £50 per annum. There is another book you must buy for me, Mantell's *Wonders of Geology;* you should have cash enough for it till I see you. I am summoned for a jury trial on Monday, the 6th December, and shall go in on the Sunday and get a preaching, and stay all night. We have heard nothing from America; I am much disappointed."

FROM MR. JOHN HOPE TO HIS FATHER.

"EDINBURGH, *December* 1840.

"I started on Saturday at twelve for Glasgow; took inside seat to ——, and then by railway. About three miles from Glasgow the engine went off the rails, over the bank, and fell on its side. The next coach went a little way down the bank, the next, which I was in, merely went off the rails a little way. The stokeman was hurled away among the snow and injured. All the passengers walked in to Glasgow. I started for Paisley at eight o'clock, and was taken there by railway in fifteen minutes. I got through the forenoon and evening discourses much to my satisfaction. . . . I left Paisley to-day at nine o'clock, started by coach from Glasgow at twelve, and reached here at five.

"Why is there never anything sent in the trunk in the eating line? Betty Congalton should lay violent hands upon a chanticleer. . . . George says I should not prepay Mrs. T. Now I do so out of pure economy; when carrying money in my pocket, I feel tempted to spend, whereas, when empty, spending is out of my power."

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON JOHN.

"10*th December* 1840.

"I regret to say that as yet there are no letters from America: we are truly anxious to hear. It is longer I think than at any previous period that we have been without letters from Adam ever since he left us; however, I sincerely pray the news may be satisfactory, come when it may, respecting both my dear sons, so far distant from their father's home. You would see by the report what was said about the distemper prevalent here among the cattle, and George, of course, told you that nothing of the kind troubled us; well, on Monday morning, after I had been through the yards without seeing anything wrong, just when I had breakfasted, I got a message from the boy that he thought one of the cattle was ill; accordingly I went out, and to my amazement I saw a stot turning his tongue as if a turnip had stuck in his mouth. I instantly saw it must be the epidemic. While I looked, another showed signs of illness, and before one o'clock in the day all the twenty-one cattle in the yard were ill. Not one in the adjoining yard is taken ill, nor the cows either."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*December* 18*th*, 1840.

"You will perceive from the enclosed that we have at length had the pleasure of hearing from your brothers in Canada. We had another letter at the same time, dated 18th October, but which had been detained till the same mail brought them both together. We have fifty cattle, two cows, 280 fat sheep all diseased, although the cattle are mostly getting better; besides 240 ewes

at Linkhouse, where the malady has just appeared. It is no trifling affair. Our pigs too have begun to show symptoms. Enclosed you have £2; I thought one was what you wished, but George rather thought that two would be required. However, there is no need for unnecessary waste, although you have it, as it will easily keep. I shall expect to hear from you before Thursday."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

"FENTON BARNS, *December* 21*st*, 1840.

"I am glad to inform you that our stock is again almost free from the distemper. The cattle, I may say, are wholly better, and the sheep (that is the wethers, for they only, as yet, have had it) are again taking to their meat. Some of the pigs are still ill, but they are doing as well as we can expect. I remain unchanged in opinion regarding the disease; just let the animals alone, and it will do them little harm. So far as I can learn, it does no harm to the milk; calves fed upon it thrive well. In general the animals get as well as ever in eight days, many in four. I again insist we have been more afraid than hurt, and as to people not eating meat in case they should get a piece of an animal that had had the distemper, it is truly ridiculous, although they may be all the better of the fast.

"We are going to send the L.s and Mr. M. a turkey each; they have been very kind both to you and to my aunt. Make inquiries about the box, as it contains Adam's letter."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 26*th December* 1840.

"I can scarcely convey to you by letter an idea of the pleasure we experienced on the receipt of your last

letter. We were quite enchanted at the description you give of our sister to be (I hope she is so already). From the bottom of my heart I sincerely congratulate you on your prospects of felicity. . . . When we got your letter it was just before dinner, so I went into the cellar for a bottle of port, and my father and I, after dinner, drank to the health and happiness of sister H. The same evening, after supper, we had a tumbler of toddy, which we discussed to the same pleasing theme.

"I am competing for a premium for draining. The Darney-potts is the field we are experimenting upon."

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON JOHN.

"FENTON BARNS, 13*th February* 1841.

"Your letter of the 11th came safely to George this day. We shall send to Haddington to-morrow for cloth for your trousers, since you have unfortunately lost the last pair. . . . We sent to you, per C. Runciman, a jar of jam, which I hope you have now got. I am really distressed at your dilemma regarding Tillicoultry; yet there is nothing like being candid in the matter: I therefore think you should write to Mr. H., and tell him plainly that you believe Mr. M. has his mind fixed on the place, and that you once said (though in a jocular way) that he would not find you to stand in his way: and therefore that unless Mr. M. was fairly off, that you do not see how you could with propriety appear as a candidate for the situation. Such is also George's opinion about the business."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

"I quite agree with what my father says in his prefixed remarks. I am sorry for it, as I had made up my

mind that Tillicoultry was just the place for you starting in your ministerial labours; but I would not for ten times the emolument that you should obtain it by a sacrifice of anything like candour. I think you should write to Mr. H. immediately, to say that he should not mention your name to the Tillicoultry folks until he is perfectly satisfied that Mr. M. is completely off. Depend upon it, there is nothing like being perfectly straightforward: your every action must be above suspicion. If you always act so you need not be afraid of losing the friendship of any man whose mind is anything like fairly biassed. A truthful and loving heart; a mind deeply imbued with the strongest conviction of the great reality of things unseen; a mind with the most perfect faith in the good providence of our Father in heaven, of the high destiny of all His children on earth, and of the illimitable powers of expansion of both their intellects and affections; a perfect faith that the time will come when we shall all comprehend the power that has made and sustains a universe, and when our affection shall be able to take within its ample folds, not only the brotherhood of man, but from the smallest insect that crawls, up to that power which called all things into being: speak these things from the *heart*, and *hearts* will respond to you. It is your mission. If you want faith in them yourself, you never can impress the idea on others. Possess a living faith, and you may enter upon the sea of active life with the most perfect security."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"28*th January* 1841.

"I can hardly express to you the disappointment I felt at the non-arrival of your letter by the packet of

the 3d,—I had so confidently expected its arrival by the 16th or 17th at the latest. It is true we got a couple of newspapers; they are ever welcome; yet they were a poor substitute for the rich treat with which I had fed my fancy.

"We had a large meeting in Haddington last Friday, for the purpose of taking steps to erect in this county a monument to the memory of our deceased landlord, Mr. Ferguson. You know well the many obligations we are under to that good man, and, since he is no longer with us, it is fit and proper that we should testify our regard to his memory as well as we can. The tenants on the estate are subscribing £5 each. My father and I both gave that sum, and we propose also to give £2 for you, £1 for Charles, and the same for John. I thought that the tenants might have given £10 each, but it will not do for us to give more than the rest."

TO THE SAME.

"*February 27th.*

". . . We got the glad intelligence [of his marriage], first by the *London Inquirer*, sent by way of New York. Upon its arrival we got all the men here and at Fenton convened in the kitchen, and gave them several bowls of toddy to drink health and happiness to you and sister H. . . . I mean to write to A. H., and tell him the gibes you throw out against him and me; you are really too severe."

After the middle of February no letters from Canada arrived at Fenton Barns till the end of May. This was occasioned by the loss of the steamer "President," by which letters had been sent. As usual on the non-

arrival of letters, Robert Hope became very anxious. George Hope writes:—

"You can hardly imagine the many disastrous reasons which my father was constantly conjuring up to account for your unprecedented silence; in fact, had we been much longer in hearing he would have been off to see what you were doing.

"Affairs in this county, both political and ecclesiastical, are in a very critical conjuncture. Mr. Stark, had he been alive, would have been fully justified in his usual remark,—'these portentous times.' . . . The feelings of the people are completely roused. Every town and village has its meetings and petitions in favour of the *abolition* rather than the modification of the three great monopolies, of corn, sugar, and timber. Their fate is sealed, whatever party in the State holds the reins of government. On the disclosure by Lord John Russell of the Ministerial projects, the consternation and rage of the Tories knew no bounds; it was amusing in the highest degree. This day week there was a public meeting in Haddington to consider the subject. Resolutions in favour of the abolition of the monopolies were carried against cunningly-worded amendments by the Tories by a large, enthusiastic, and almost unanimous meeting. I was present, and moved the first resolution. I confined myself almost entirely to the Corn question. The Tories proposed to reduce the scale to a shilling when wheat reached 60s. per quarter, instead of 72s., as at present. This is what we proposed last year, and got up a petition for; but I asked, 'Did one of those who now advocated that measure sign that petition?' The compromise we would have accepted as a boon last year we now scorned.

"The deposition of the Strathbogie ministers . . . has shaken the Church to its foundations, so that I am beginning to hope that ere long we may get rid of a nuisance in the Established Church;—its days are numbered."

In the general election, which took place in this summer of 1841, the county of East Lothian was not contested; but a Tory candidate (Mr. Balfour of Whittingham) came forward for the Haddington burghs in opposition to Mr. Steuart. George Hope writes to his sister-in-law:—

"1*st July* 1841.

"We are at present in the midst of the din and turmoil of a general election. The excitement is as great as during the passing of the Reform Bill. The contest in the Haddington burghs is most severe. The nomination took place yesterday; I was on the hustings with the Whig candidate, Mr. Steuart, for whom my father and I vote. He asked me to second his nomination in consequence of a gentleman from Jedburgh not making his appearance; but he arrived during the proceedings, which saved me a speech on the Corn Laws and Ballot. It is hard to say who will win; the Tories are so unscrupulous of their cash. I think Steuart has the majority, but it will be a small one."

The Tory candidate, Mr. Balfour, won by a majority of nine out of a total vote of 537. County and burghs were now alike given up to the enemy.

FROM MR. JOHN HOPE TO HIS FATHER.

"ABERDEEN, *July 5th*, 1841.

"I bite my nails in utter grief at the defeat of Steuart. County and burgh are now sunk in the

depths of shame and disgrace. The important interests of Haddingtonshire to be represented by two boobies! It is more than flesh and blood can bear. Liberal principles have triumphed in this town. Mr. Bannerman has gained a victory over the full play of Tory influence and power—majority 267. A man, pale and emaciated, was brought by the Tories to the poll in a sedan chair. He voted for Mr. Bannerman amidst loud shouts of laughter. His patriotism lost him his easy carriage home."

Pecuniary matters had at last begun to improve at Fenton Barns. In May 1841 George Hope wrote: "We have still twelve wheat and six oat stacks, 300 sheep, 200 lambs, and thirty cattle, and our Lammas rent is ready in the bank; so as far as worldly concerns go we are prosperous, and I trust thankful. You remember when it was very different."

At this time he also writes in great spirits concerning the crop of '41, which promised remarkably well, but before harvest it fell off a good deal, in consequence of a prolonged drought, and the harvest months proving wet, great difficulty was experienced in getting it secured.

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, 1*st August* 1841.

"In a few lines I wrote you on the 1st of last month, I mentioned that we were going to have a strawberry party in the Castle Gardens at Dirleton, and that I would tell you in my next how it came off. The weather for some days before it took place had

been wet and cold; however, the evening selected turned out most propitious. As a manager, I opened the ball by leading off a country-dance with Mrs. William Ker, the youngest married lady present, and I was not a little astonished myself, and I daresay surprised some of my friends, by tripping it every dance the whole evening. You must know I am a very sober, sedate personage, not in general given to cut capers, but conceiving it to be my duty, I was anxious to discharge it to the best of my ability. We danced in the open air, on the bowling-green. We had tea and coffee and cake, then strawberries and cream, followed by a glass of brandy; then we had brandy-toddy and wine-negus for those who liked it, and lemonade for the teetotalers."

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO ONE OF HIS SONS.

"31*st October* 1841.

"We have not for many years past had such wet weather. Peffer has, during the month, had its banks thrice flooded at least. You may have heard that if once flooded, then we may be sure of having it three times; now such has really been the case in this month of October, which has gone far to confirm the old saying or prophecy. We are expecting soon Mr. Mace, a young man from Kent, to learn our system of husbandry; the state of my own health makes me rather averse to take a stranger into the family, but it may be a source of pleasure to George."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO MRS. ADAM HOPE.

"Do you read Dickens's works with you? Everything he has written bears the impress of genius. I

again read *Nicholas Nickleby* lately with increased pleasure, and am getting *Humphrey's Clock* as it appears. I have read another book, or books, which I have just finished to-day, *Palmyra*, and *Rome and the Early Christians.* I have perused them with no common delight. They are written by Henry Ware, junr., a Unitarian minister in Boston, U.S."[1]

He speaks of having sent off to be shipped for Canada a box containing, among other things, a fifth volume of Channing's works. "This," he writes, "will complete your set. There are, it is true, three small articles published lately which you want. Though I bought several copies of each, I regret much that I had none left to send to you, as I lend them to whoever will read them, because I think the reading of Channing is the opening up of a new mine of wealth, or a new world of pleasure, to the uninitiated, revealing to them, in burning language, the end and object of their existence and the glorious destiny of our race. I never tire reading his pages; his elevated sentiments are truly a moral medicine, well qualified to purge the mind from all earthly dross and to fit us for the mansions above, when we bid adieu to this sublunary scene." A few months afterwards he alludes to the death of Dr. Channing. "You will have heard," he says, "of the death of the immortal Channing. Yes, the light that illumined two hemispheres is quenched, but even in his death he will benefit humanity."

[1] They were written by William Ware, a brother of Henry Ware's.

CHAPTER VI.

To your duty now and ever,
Dream no more of rest or stay,
Give to Freedom's great endeavour
All thou art and hast to-day.
J. G. WHITTIER.

A CONFERENCE of ministers and members of Dissenting Churches was held at Edinburgh on the 11th, 12th, and 13th January 1842, "to express their opinion of the injustice and immoral tendency of the Corn and Provision Laws." George Hope writes: "At the Conference Mr. H. and I represented John's congregation.[1] I had a letter from Duncan M'Laren on the Saturday before the meeting, stating that, as chairman of the committee, he was requested to inform me that I had been appointed one of the speakers. He said I had been recommended, amongst others, by Councillor Gray and Mr. Ritchie of the *Scotsman*. I replied at once that I accepted. I had a second letter from Mr. M'Laren, telling me that Mr. Dawson of the *Kelso Chronicle* was to speak on certain points, so that I might not interfere with him. Mr. M'Laren asked me to dine with him to meet the M.P.'s who were to be present, but on the Tuesday when I got into Edinburgh I found he had lost a sister, and that he could not make his appearance or see his friends. Mr. Wigham, who

[1] John Hope was now a minister in Aberdeen.

was our first chairman, told me this, but that he, Mr. W., would be most happy to see me that day to dinner. In delivering my speech I made use of my notes, so was quite at my ease; it appeared to give satisfaction from the way in which I was cheered throughout, though the last clause, about 'no monopoly in heaven,' rather staggered some people. I have been much praised and much blamed in some even of the London daily papers. At Mr. Wigham's I met George Thompson the Anti-Slavery lecturer, Mr. Marshall of Coupar-Angus, Mr. Lowe of Forfar, and some others of the speakers. On the Wednesday I dined with Mr. Charles Maclaren of the *Scotsman.* He kindly pressed me to stay with him when in town. He is fifty-five years of age, and was married only on Thursday last. I breakfasted one morning with Mr. Ritchie, who is a long-headed, shrewd man, with a great deal of fun and humour. On the Wednesday morning I breakfasted with Mr. Harris; he had the Unitarian ministers of Glasgow and Tillicoultry with him. Besides these three ministers there were eight or ten Unitarian laymen at the Conference, so we were pretty fairly represented. . . . Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole proceedings of the Conference was the soirée; the whole of the speeches were first-rate. The large room in the Waterloo buildings was crammed. I was following the crowd into the room, with Mr. Ritchie, when a gentleman touched me on the shoulder, and said I had a right to the platform, to which there was access by another door. Mr. Ritchie said, 'I will go there too.' 'You cannot get,' was the reply. 'Do you know who I am?' said Mr. Ritchie. 'Yes, you are Mr. Ritchie,' said the gentleman. 'Well, sir,' said Mr. Ritchie,

'unless you allow me to go to the platform not a word of your proceedings shall appear in the *Scotsman*.' This carried the day. Most comfortable we were, and our comfort was heightened by seeing the *crowd* below. . . . Altogether, I was much pleased with my stay at the Conference."

In his speech delivered at the Conference, he said that he was anxious to give expression to his opinions on the Bread-tax from being a practical farmer, gaining his livelihood by his profession, and thus identified with a class generally, but most erroneously, supposed to have a deep interest in keeping up the present monopoly of furnishing food for the people of these realms. As a grower of grain, he wished to proclaim to the public that he had no fear for the ruin of his order from the working classes of our manufacturing towns being permitted to exchange the produce of their industry for food raised in foreign lands. In showing that high prices for grain were not so necessary to the farmer as was imagined, he mentioned that in 1836, when wheat was selling at 36s. per quarter, farmers in East Lothian did well; but that since then, in 1839 for example, with wheat at 72s. per quarter, they lost money. They did not grow grain sufficient for their rents and expenses. The landlords in England, by refusing leases and preventing the improvement of the soil, showed themselves regardless of the welfare of the people; practically saying that no more inhabitants should dwell in the kingdom than they chose to raise food for; compelling emigration of both capital and labour, which would otherwise have borne its share of the burdens of the country; thus crippling the resources of the nation; for what constituted the strength of a

country but a numerous and well-fed population? "It is a glorious truth," he said, "that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and that we are all brethren, and that the varied distributions of the bounties of His providence are manifestly intended to knit nation to nation in the bonds of Christian love; but man has found out many inventions, enabling the strong to crush the weak—ay, compelling the poor to support the rich, and allowing the few to lord it over the many. But man's right as man is getting better understood; God's blessings are found to be intended for each and all. It is to be hoped that the knell of Monopoly hath rung, and I earnestly trust that all will be disappointed who claim it either here on earth or who anticipate it in heaven."

The following account has been given of this meeting:—

"In addition to the 801 members of Conference who alone could take part in the proceedings, about 150 tickets of admission to witness the proceedings were issued to friends who subscribed to defray the expenses incurred in promoting the objects of the meeting; and about 500 'family tickets' of admission were presented to those families who so hospitably lodged and entertained the ministers and members who had come from a distance to attend the meeting. The two classes of tickets were used with great avidity, . . . and there were from 1400 to 1600 persons constantly present. If the public generally had been admitted no church in Edinburgh could have contained one-half of those desirous of being present.

". . . It may be mentioned that, although nearly all the ministers and members who attended the Conference

from a distance were provided with accommodation in the houses of their Dissenting brethren in Edinburgh, the offers of additional apartments made to the committee were so numerous that there is reason to believe a very large additional number could have been accommodated with very little trouble to the committee. . . . Altogether the meeting was perhaps the most interesting and successful ever held in the city.

". . . Every member [of the Conference] is bound to give the most uncompromising opposition, not only to the present Corn Laws, but to every proposal having for its object the levying of *any* duty, great or small, on the bread of the people." [1]

Robert Hope writes: "You will have seen from our public papers in some measure what has been going on here. George's speech, so different from what his interest was considered to be, in regard to the Corn Law, has made, I understand, a singular sensation amongst his acquaintances. It has been greatly commented on through almost every newspaper in the island, some condemning, others praising.

"In the public newspapers you may have seen the name of a gentleman, a Mr. Christopher,[2] who has made himself conspicuous on the Corn question. Are you aware that his wife is Mrs. Ferguson's eldest daughter? He and George may meet as landlord and tenant, but what his opinion of the course followed by George may be is doubtful."

On the 4th of March a meeting was held in Hadding-

[1] Introduction to the Reports of the Speeches delivered at the Conference.

[2] Afterwards R. A. Dundas Christopher Nisbet Hamilton, who in 1872 turned George Hope out of Fenton Barns.

ton for the purpose of petitioning for the total repeal of the Corn Laws, and for the extension of the suffrage. In reply to an invitation to attend and speak at this meeting, George Hope wrote the following letter:—

"*2d March* 1842.

"SIR,—I have just had the honour to receive your letter of yesterday, and am sorry that pressing business engagements will prevent me being present at your proposed meeting; but, though absent personally, my heart will be with you. I have long considered the Provision Laws as the work of intense selfishness based on injustice. In an old country like this, with such a large population pressing upon the means of subsistence, free-trade in everything, and especially in food, is absolutely necessary for the well-being of the whole community—may I not say for the absolute existence of the masses? With free-trade, I would no more fear the increase of population in this country than I do in America, with its millions of yet uncultivated acres for the people to fall back upon. Though we cannot extend the boundaries of our sea-girt isle, yet is not the mighty ocean a highway furnished by the Universal Father as a band to link us to remote nations, to whom we may send, along with the produce of our manufacturing industry, the blessings of civilisation and of Christianity in exchange for that food which we so much want? Free-trade is merely an extension of the Christian principle, Love your neighbour as yourself.

"You do well also to demand an extension of the suffrage. I begin to doubt if justice will ever be obtained on any other terms. Property is now the qualification, and perhaps, as naturally enough might be

expected, the heaviest share of the burden of our grinding taxation has been thrown upon labour. People have been taxed according to their poverty, to protect that property which is almost exempted from taxation. For my own part, I have great faith in human nature; I reckon it the worst of heresies to doubt the capability of human improvement. Humanity has been kept too long like a chained tiger. If man is a wild beast, his keepers have made him so. Treat him like a rational being, and he will show that he is so. If I have any doubts as to the propriety of advocating at once Universal Suffrage, I have none as to the wisdom and expediency of demanding Household Suffrage."

Three weeks afterwards, another meeting took place in Haddington; this time it was in favour of Protection. George Hope writes to his brother Charles:—

"31*st March* 1842.

"You will see the terror and dismay that Peel has thrown among his supporters. There was a meeting in Haddington last Friday, Sir George Warrender in the chair. Resolutions were passed condemnatory of 'Peel's movement.' The determined Tories were the most violent. I felt a great inclination to propose a vote of thanks to Peel for the length he had gone, but I refrained; it would have been a pity to mar the unanimity of the Tories in their condemnation of their own idol. There was a dinner of the Agricultural Society, Sir George Warrender again presiding. I took him up several times on the Corn question and Free-trade, and rather surprised him."

Since 1838 Robert Hope's health had been far from good, and in this year (1842) he lost the power of

speech. He had been remarkably fluent, had been noted as a talker, and could express himself with equal facility either in speech or writing. After losing his speech he continued to be able to write with his wonted clearness for about two years. The state of his father's health made George very much of a prisoner at home, but he was inclined to take a cheerful view of matters. He writes: "Everything is going on quietly and satisfactorily with us. My father and I ride or walk about the farm during the day, and I read or write in the evenings. I attend Haddington market on the Fridays, seldom or never leaving home but on business, and almost as rarely seeing any one here. We hear regularly every Wednesday from John, we get a newspaper six days in the week, three monthly periodicals, besides books from the Library, and then we have your letters and papers, so that I am at least contented with my lot. . . . You cannot conceive what satisfaction my father derives from the arrival of letters from America; his health prevents him going from home, so that he has not many things to interest him. He is often not in such spirits as I would like, but when he hears from you it does him a great deal of good; John's letters are also of great service."

Robert Hope writes to his son Adam: "I was truly gratified by your letter of introduction handed me by Mr. Macgregor a fortnight past last Friday. Being by myself, and just sitting down to dinner, I was surprised and delighted when your letter was put into my hand. . . . Coming from St. Thomas, as Mr. Macgregor did, and being personally acquainted with you and Charles, rendered him a visitor of more than ordinary importance. He told me that the very day before he left

home he was in your house, and actually had my little grandchild in his arms, whom he described as a thriving infant." The grandchild here alluded to was an object of great interest to all its relatives on this side of the Atlantic. Its uncle in Aberdeen expressed his surprise that a notice of its birth had not been sent to the Edinburgh papers. He sent the announcement to the Aberdeen papers, although probably no one in that town was any the wiser in consequence. The child's grandfather expresses delight at hearing that she has been successfully vaccinated; and, when the infant is about six weeks old, rejoices that, "from the state of the new law in Canada, there is every probability of efficient teachers being found in the country by the time she is fit to attend school." It was a debated question whether or not the child ought to be baptized, and her uncle George gives his opinion as follows: "For my part, I do not think baptism is a rite at all essential, Christianity being, in my opinion, a religion without priest and without ritual, requiring only singleness of purpose and purity of heart,—to discharge our duties not only to those who are near and dear to us, but ever to do good, as we find opportunity, to all, for all are alike destined heirs of immortality. There was an excellent man, named Richard Wright, who for fifty years laboured as a missionary to prove that infant baptism was naught, but that every man required to be baptized anew, and took the vows upon himself. He finally saw of what little moment it was whether baptism was ever performed or not, and that this is true religion,—to visit the widow and the fatherless, and to keep one's-self unspotted from the world. I do not however mean to say that it may not be appropriate for parents solemnly

to render thanks to our Father in heaven for having blessed them with a child, which they may dedicate to His service by sprinkling with water; but that the ceremony itself, whether performed upon old or young, can have the slightest effect upon our position when we come to give an account of the deeds done in the body, is an idea which I utterly repudiate."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, *July* 28*th*, 1842.

"From all that I can learn, there is every prospect of a great crop throughout the kingdom, notwithstanding a good deal of grumbling. I have been through the most of this county, part of Edinburghshire and Linlithgow, and I am satisfied that, whatever the result may be, the prospect is most flattering. Last Saturday being 'the preachings' here, my father and I, with Mr. Mace, took a ride to Dunbar, and thence to Skateraw. We saw part of Thorntonloch, Crowhill, East Barns, etc.; the crops look most excellent, though Fenton Barns can hold up its head with any of them. . . . A continuance of the present weather is all that is wanted to enable us to make money, and I am anxious for this, as it is a long time to have always plenty to be doing with but nothing lying by. . . .

". . . I am to be in Edinburgh for a day or two next week at the Highland Society's show; but John will be here with my father. We expect him on Monday; he is coming to attend a gathering of the faithful the week following at Edinburgh. I allude to the meeting of the Scottish Unitarian Christian Association. By the way, the General Assembly's fast for the sins of the Kirk was on this day week. Mr. Ainslie took care

again to make the sacramental fast on the same day, so this parish was silent, but through the county little attention was paid to it.

". . . We are all happy to hear that your little daughter J. is thriving so nicely; she must be getting a big thumping girl by this time. May she be long spared to you!"

"*29th September* 1842.

"It is now a long time since all our corn was in the barn-yard. All the grain is of the finest quality, . . . never having had, I may say, a single shower. Our wheat is much superior to anything we have had for years."

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON ADAM.

"*30th August* 1842.

"You will have seen by the papers how much the country is agitated by the strikes among the different trades, as also aided by the machinations of the Chartists. That there is much misery among the poor workmen can admit of no doubt, both from the want of employment altogether, and in other cases by very low wages. In different towns there has unhappily been very serious rioting and loss of life in England, and, although peaceable by last accounts, there is no saying how the matter either here or there may terminate, as a very bad spirit is abroad among the working classes, and that caused, in a great degree, by our unfair Corn Laws, and others of a like nature."

George Hope one day observed in the *Examiner* an advertisement in which three prizes were offered by the Anti-Corn-Law League for the three best essays on the Repeal of the Corn Laws. He thereupon set to work

to write an essay on the subject, which when finished he sent off, along with the following note addressed to the Secretary of the League :—

"SIR,—In consequence of an advertisement which I noticed in the *Examiner* newspaper, I beg to hand you the accompanying 'Address on the Corn Laws to Tenant Farmers and Farm-labourers.' Of course I shall be gratified should it meet with the approbation of the League, but, if otherwise, I shall be happy to hear that abler pens than mine have been employed in exposing the impolicy and injustice of the Bread-tax. In the latter case, I expect you will have the goodness to return the article, addressed as under.—I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE HOPE."

He took for the motto of his essay an extract from Dr. Channing: "Free-trade! this is the plain duty and the plain interest of the human race. To level all barriers to free exchange, to cut up the system root and branch, to open every port on earth to every product,—this is the system of enlightened humanity." He states in his essay that the widespread and overwhelming distress which existed throughout every grade of the manufacturing and labouring populations in the kingdom was attributable to the rapacity of landlords, who had hitherto governed the country. At one time the only law relating to corn in Great Britain had been the prohibition from exporting it. "The wisdom of our ancestors," he said, "did not imagine that a country could possibly be ruined by an over-abundance in the supply of either corn, beef, or mutton. This discovery was reserved for later days." Enactments regulating the

price of grain had from the first been said to be for the benefit of the "poor farmer" (a cant phrase which was not of yesterday). It apparently did not occur to any one that the poor landlords had any interest in high prices; but, in truth, high rents were the only things incompatible with low prices. If this odious monopoly was kept up, let it be understood that it was for the sole benefit of the landlords. Farmers in the neighbourhood of London had keenly opposed the repairing or making passable the public roads, saying that the doing so would deprive them of their "natural monopoly." The same arguments used by them were now used against the admission of foreign corn. Notwithstanding at least fifty laws which had been passed regarding grain, "agricultural distress" continued,—distress which he well knew to have been no phantom of the imagination. With the products of her genius England was enabled to rifle, for luxuries to her sons, the furthest corners of the earth; suicidal madness alone prevented commerce in what was most essential of all,—food for the millions of her people.

After sending it off, the next thing he heard of his essay was by the following note from Mr. Cobden:—

"MANCHESTER, 8*th November* 1842.

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed is a proof of your excellent practical essay, which the Council of the League has selected for publication as one of the three best of a large number that have been received. Will you be good enough to look it over, and make any corrections or alterations you please? . . . We hope you will allow us to affix your name to the essay. It would enhance incalculably its value if the fact be placed beyond a

doubt that it is really the production of a practical farmer. Please to return the proof as soon as you can. I will superintend the proof so far as verbal corrections are concerned.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"RICHARD COBDEN."

The other prize-essayists were Mr. Arthur Morse of Swaffham, Norfolk, and Mr. W. R. Greg. All the three essays obtained first prizes of £30. A friend of George Hope's writes to him from Edinburgh in the middle of December: "As requested by you, I sent to Mr. Tait's for six copies of the Essays to send you, but I found that they had been all sold. I sent to the other booksellers, but with a similar result. They, however, expect an additional supply on Monday, and if they arrive I shall send those you order." Thirty and fifteen copies respectively appear to have been thought a sufficient number to send, for sale, to the towns of Haddington and Dunbar. I do not know whether or not Dunbar contrived to buy up its fifteen copies, but the Haddington supply was sold off in less than an hour. The three essays cost the sum of sixpence sterling.

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"*November* 28*th*, 1842.

". . . My father has told you that I am one of the successful competitors for the premium offered by 'the League' for an address on the Corn Laws. The three best are to be printed, and a million copies of each circulated. I had a letter three days ago from Mr. H., who tells me that he had seen a copy of mine in print which had been sent by Mr. Cobden, M.P., to Mr. Duncan M'Laren, Edinburgh. I shall send you a copy when I get one."

FROM MR. JOHN HOPE TO HIS FATHER.

"I notice that George's essay is to be put in the *Mark Lane Express* in the shape of an advertisement. This is an honour indeed. If the editor or any of his clodpoles make condemnatory remarks upon it may I get a look of the paper?"

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO ONE OF HIS SONS.

"FENTON BARNS, 29*th January* 1843.

"Long before this reaches your side of the globe you will have heard all about George's essay on the Corn Law, and you will have seen what a sensation it has created, even with men of talent and experience; and I can tell you the question has obviously made a deep impression on the public mind, even within these few weeks past, and George gets great credit with even the neighbour farmers, as the truths brought forward in his essay are generally admitted to be sound. You will have seen a copy of said essay, as hardly a newspaper in the kingdom but has had it either shorter or longer, and the *Mark Lane Express* was paid for inserting it in a late number as an advertisement, although hostile to the principles of the doctrines therein recommended. George has had invitations, on account of his essay, from far and near, but which he has uniformly declined, on my account, as he does not like the idea of going from home and leaving me in my present state of health."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

"FENTON BARNS, 30*th January* 1843.

"The Corn Laws are the absorbing topic of the public prints at the present time, and the prize essays appear

to excite great interest. I send you the *Berwick Advertiser*, which contains the best half of mine. I have seen two attempts at reply; one, filled with abuse, in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, and another in the *Mark Lane Express*, written in a more gentlemanly spirit; but I take no notice of anonymous attacks. I have received letters and newspapers in great numbers from all parts of the kingdom; most of them complimentary enough in all conscience. Some of them come addressed, 'G. H., Esq., author of the Corn Law essay'! What do you think of that? I have had many inquiries as to our mode of farming, and I had a letter from a gentleman in Guernsey, wishing to send his son to learn farming at Fenton Barns; I sent him to Mr. Miller, to whom we sent another applicant lately."

FROM MR. ROBERT HOPE TO HIS SON ADAM.

"*29th April* 1843.

"Have you seen a copy of George's essay yet? If not, we shall take the first opportunity of supplying you. You can hardly imagine the credit and public notice it has brought him. From the first of its appearance, even still, up to the present time, letters are coming to hand thanking him for his labours, and so late as Sunday one from Middlesex, and another from Bury St. Edmunds on the Monday, generally asking for explanations regarding the leases of Scotch farmers."

All these letters appear to have been patiently answered, as they remain with copies of the replies written on the backs. The three essays were all in one cover, Mr. Hope's being placed first in order, and it was, I believe, the one which was most generally quoted and commented upon. This was no doubt partly due to,

what appeared to many, the extraordinary circumstance of its having been written by a tenant farmer,—one of the very class for whose express benefit the Corn Laws were supposed to exist.

A year or two afterwards his fellow prize-essayist, Mr. Morse, after paying him a visit at Fenton Barns, wrote to him thus: "I recollect you remarking that you thought Greg's essay the best, and I disagreed with you, but I omitted to say whose I thought the best, which was yours."

George Hope, after remarking, apparently with surprise, on the thirty copies of the essays having been so quickly sold in Haddington, rejoices at "this spirit of inquiry," as he is sure "it is all that is wanted in order to consign monopolies of every kind to the tomb of all the Capulets."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 30*th May* 1843.

"My father and I were both delighted to-day at the receipt of your and H.'s letters of the 13th April, together with eight newspapers from Charles and you. . . . Of course I am not a little proud of the compliments you and H. pay me on my paper on the Corn Laws. To have one's name not unknown even in the backwoods of America, in connection with efforts for the improvement of the masses, is certainly far greater honour than I ever looked for when labouring at the composition of it. Mr. Cobden, the great champion of Free-trade, at the last discussion of the Corn question in the House of Commons, made a speech on this worn-out question as fresh and vigorous as if the subject had been entirely new. That Free-trade will ultimately be

carried I cannot doubt, but it will be a time before the aristocracy quit the grip. I do rejoice to think that I have lent a hand at the good work; and the truly kind and warm expressions of approbation which you have bestowed on that assistance have given me more happiness than anything else connected with it, as, next to the approval of my own conscience, I value that of our own family. Your kindness has betrayed me into all this egotism."

In December 1842 George Hope was invited to be present at an Anti-Corn-Law banquet in Leith; he was also invited to an Anti-Corn-Law soirée, which took place in Edinburgh about the same time; but these invitations he was forced to decline, being unable to leave home on account of the state of his father's health. He much regretted that it was impossible for him to be present at these demonstrations, particularly as he was most anxious to see Mr. Cobden, who was expected to speak on both occasions, but, considering it his duty to remain at home, he had no hesitation in deciding to do so. People who think that their whole duty in life consists in "making things comfortable for themselves and their kin," are wont to assert that those who devote any portion of their time to labours for the public good usually neglect their domestic duties. George Hope was one of many examples of the falseness of this assertion. In reply to a pressing invitation from the Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League to speak at a meeting in Manchester in January 1843, George Hope writes to Mr. Wilson, chairman of the League: "I can hardly express to you how reluctantly I feel obliged to decline the invitation of the Council

of the League to be with you at the forthcoming great demonstration. The truth is that on account of domestic reasons (the state of my father's health) I have laid it down as a rule not to leave home this winter unless on urgent business, not even to visit a neighbour. . . . I assure you it is from no want of good-will to the cause. The opportunity it would have given me of meeting some of the distinguished statesmen who will be with you (and there is no one I am more anxious to see than Mr. Cobden), would have been sufficient to have removed any difficulty, if this had been other than my sense of domestic duty. . . .

"I hope you will excuse me mentioning to you that Mr. Charles H. Shirreff, at present residing at Buckover, Gloucester, is, I think, admirably qualified, from his talents and practical knowledge of agriculture, to illustrate the effects of the corn monopoly upon the agricultural classes. I have no hesitation in recommending you to endeavour to secure his services as a speaker."

FROM A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE LEAGUE TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"It was our earnest wish that you should have filled, with Mr. R. H. Greg, the office of Joint Secretary to the agricultural section, and if you could, consistently with your duty, *still* favour us with your presence, if only for *a day*, we should be most grateful. If we did not feel that your presence was of the greatest consequence, we would not again press your acceptance of the invitation and of the office, but we are satisfied that, if duty permits, you will yet respond to our call. Many thanks for your suggestion about Mr. Shirreff;

I have written to this gentleman soliciting his attendance. . . ."

FROM MR. C. SHIRREFF TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"*20th January* 1843.

". . . Well, to-day comes an invitation from the League to attend the great gathering at Manchester on the 30th, and along with the invitation was a letter from a Mr. Wooley, member of Council, asking me to speak, upon *your* recommendation!!! 'Stand forth, my lord, thou art the man.' Me speak! Did you ever hear me? Did any one else? I never did. If I was '*half fou*,' or very angry, I could; but then a teetotaler with nothing to provoke him—what could he do? . . . I used to spout Lord Chatham's speech at school, to the complete satisfaction of Hardie's heart, and I was frequently called out by him to read the eighth chapter of Romans. I was his model for the younger birkies. Now, I could treat the assemblage to either of these. 'I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to preserve her in this awful crisis. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, see the immortal ancestors of your freedom frowning with indignation at the disgrace of their country.' 'It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors.' If I could express similar sentiments with similar force of language, the delivery might be managed; but it seems my speech is intended for farmers, and there will be none there, so it must be read

by them. Shall I press home the selfish argument of its being for their own temporal salvation? Shall I launch the thunderbolt of justice, and strike the self-seeking-at-all-hazards dumb, and tell how I, a farmer, the son of a farmer, the descendant of a race of farmers, have been injured in both worlds by these Corn Laws?"

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"MANCHESTER, 31*st January* 1843.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—. . . At Buckover I sat and wrote, and tried to learn. I was on the rack. I tore and burnt my scrawls; got into the coach on Saturday night, and set off for Manchester; arrived at five o'clock on Sunday morning. . . . There was a meeting yesterday. I attended, got up the right spirit, came out and took a walk; then set to work, and wrote off my speech without a halt, and delivered it to-day, amid the cheers of the audience. I took care not to make any reflections on English agriculture, being a Scotchman, and walked into the East Lothian lairds like Davy Crockett. I explained that Mrs. and the late Mr. Ferguson were noble exceptions. A letter was read by the chairman corroborating my remarks on the expulsion of tenants."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"BUCKOVER, 7*th February* 1843.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I am happy to learn from yours of Friday evening that you are quite satisfied with your '*Shirreff' Depute,* and certainly if there is any credit due to the man who brought me out, appropriate it, for thine is the glory. I was amazed at the number of people who shook me by the hand subsequent to my

delivery. During the promenade evening it was a good deal oftener than once or twice that I heard some pretty girl whisper loud enough for me to hear, 'There's Mr. Shirreff!' The evening after the promenade there was another meeting at Peter Street. The doorkeeper was showing me up to the entrance to the platform, when a lady came and introduced herself as a countrywoman, and said there was a young lady of her party who was very anxious to be introduced to me. So off I went, and was introduced to Miss ——, a damsel dressed in tartan (put on for the occasion, of course). Oh, if I could only tell you one half of the pretty things she said! We sat together all the evening: she congratulated me on my maiden speech; I expressed regret at being obliged to leave town next day, etc. etc. . . .

"Wilson is the tongue of the League trump. He is both fireman and engineer, stirring up the coals and oiling the machinery at all points. He never rises or gives his opinion till pressed to do so. One day, after all had given their opinions about moving the League, *pro tem.* to London, Cobden remarked—'I should like to hear Mr. Wilson's opinion. I am sure he has been thinking over the subject, and there is no man whose opinion I value more highly.' On which Wilson rose and gave his opinion in such a conciliatory style that all came to his views. John Bright is a brilliant, flashy, energetic fellow. There are a number of oldish, wealthy, plodding fellows, that I don't know enough of to be able to describe. M'Cullagh Torrens is a clever-looking chap, likely to rise. Of the speakers, D. O'Connell of course stands first. Oh, it was rich to see him clasp his hands and swing from side to side as if in ecstasies at the sight before him! The cheering he got beat all,

—it was equal to all the rest put together. Bright was the next in popularity."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

"FENTON BARNS, 30*th January* 1843.

"The country seems agitated from one end to the other with the all-absorbing topic of the Corn Laws, and total repeal is making rapid strides into public favour. The great meeting of the League at Manchester begins to-day. I had two pressing invitations, but had to decline. . . . The struggles of the Kirk is another public question that is interesting. I do think there will be a large secession, at which I rejoice, as it will be a stepping-stone to upset the business of a State religion. Mr. Ainslie is one of the keenest of the agitators, and is going to give up his snug billet at Dirleton, and erect a church at Gullane.

"We give up the tile-trade at Whitsunday for good. There is now, I may say, no sale."[1]

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.

"30*th January.*

"I have said that farm-labour is far forward? Adam will know well what I mean when I say that this includes threshing. I have seldom seen the barn-yards emptier at this day of the year. There was certainly a good crop last year, but I suppose the small prices require more to be sold. . . . The distress that exists in this country arising from want of work is the cause

[1] I believe that enough had now been made by the sale of tiles to pay for the draining of Fenton Barns. The neighbouring farms were by this time mostly drained, and there was no facility for conveying the tiles to a distance.

of the depression in prices; everything is cheaper than it has been for years. The cattle we have sold have left but a poor payment. The black-faced wethers have done better, however. The Edinburgh butchers allow that we send the best-fed stock to market; we are, in fact, *crack* feeders."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"30*th May* 1843.

"I flatter myself we are going to have a good crop, a real good crop, this season; everything promises well. We have sold lately twenty of our Hallow-Fair cattle; they have left as much payment as I hear of any of our neighbours having got—still, they have not done very well: we have heavy oil-cake accounts, having used forty tons this winter. . . . Liberal farming makes our land now look as well as Queenston or any place else."

Within Mr. Hope's recollection oil-cake was a substance almost unknown in East Lothian. Speaking on the most profitable methods of feeding stock, he said, "I remember, when a child, seeing one of my father's men arrive from Leith with two carts of linseed-cake, and of his telling me, when unloading it, that when he passed through Prestonpans the people came out of their houses, wondering what he had got in the carts, and that he had told them it was a kind of 'bannocks.'" Again he said, "I recollect when I first spent £100 in the purchase of rape-cake and bone-dust for manure, I doubted if I should ever see it again. However, this outlay for manure was subsequently annually doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, and then in 1844 I bought and applied 100 tons of guano on a farm of 670 acres, and

then, and not till then, I was satisfied with the bulk of my crop, and my neighbours remarked to me, 'What a fine farm you have got!'"

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"FENTON BARNS, 10*th August* 1843.

"We have had a very wet and cool summer. Since the middle of May we have scarcely had twenty-four hours without copious rains, and, as might have been expected, our harvest will be late, though I must say the crops look very promising. On the evening of Tuesday last we had one of the heaviest rains I ever witnessed; the water was running round the house as if a mill-burn had been turned in upon us. Since then we have had dry and hot weather, which will bring on the crops very fast and assist in making good quality. . . . You will see by the agricultural report in the *Scotsman* what we think generally of the crops in the county. I wrote the two last. [His father had before this written the East Lothian agricultural reports for the *Scotsman* for a number of years.] My father, I am sorry to tell you, was not so well two months ago, and though he is now better than he was before that, he is not so fond of writing as he was; in fact, he will hardly put pen to paper, as he thinks it hurts him, so I have taken the business in hand.

"We had a great party here on the Monday of last week, nothing less than a soirée in the granary, at which there were present 135 persons, men, women, and children, all (with the exception of five) our own people, working to us or living in our houses. It was quite a brilliant concern. We gave this *ploy* in lieu of the race [a carters' play], as that was the cause of the fall of

many of the teetotalers last season. We had tables and seats in the granary, a couple of tea-pots to each table, and all got as much tea and bread-and-butter as they chose. We had a few select guests: Mr. Edwin Blyth, his niece and nephew; also Mr. George Harris, jun., and Mr. R. Smiles from Haddington. I made a short address, and then, after a few reels, we had strawberries, sugar, and cream. The tables were then removed, and we had dancing, songs, and recitations to our hearts' content. Mr. Smiles was a great assistance from his amusing recitations. Altogether it was a scene of unmixed pleasure, and there were neither broken heads that evening nor headaches next morning. It has been the subject of much comment. None of the folks had previously thought it possible they could be happy unless they had drink, but they now all confess that there never was 'a race' to be compared with it. A description of it has been inserted in the *Weekly Chronicle.* I am unaware of the writer, but should suppose Mr. Smiles.

"John has been at home for three weeks, and is to remain two weeks longer, so he is having a long stay this season, much to all our comfort.

"Do you know anything of Mesmerism? It forms the great topic of public discourse at the present time. I have been at several lectures on the subject at Haddington, as well as at private exhibitions, and am now perfectly convinced of the truth of phreno-mesmerism. Last night we operated here on Andrew Whitehead; he was set asleep, and spoke, although he did not respond readily to the touch of the different organs. John and I were at Drem on Wednesday, and W. Reid operated on the schoolmaster there, and also on a boy,

with very fair success. It is a most astonishing thing, and is a complete proof of the truth of Phrenology. The individuals require to be mesmerised several times before they respond readily. Subjects can be set asleep easily by being seated in quietness, and the operator holding his two fingers near but above the eyes of the patient, who must gaze steadily upon them for a short time, say from three minutes to thirty minutes. On the eyes being closed, pass the hand repeatedly over the head and face, and down the body; the same being done down the arms will make them perfectly rigid. Blowing in the face or waving a handkerchief awakes the patient."

In the autumn of this year, as Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright were expected to speak at Free-trade meetings at different towns in Scotland, it was resolved to invite them to address a meeting at Haddington. This they agreed to do provided they received a requisition signed by, I think, eighteen persons. It seems almost incredible that there could be any difficulty in getting so small a number of persons to sign such a requisition, but it was less easy than might be imagined, and although George Hope ultimately succeeded in procuring twenty-four or twenty-five signatures, he had a good deal of trouble in doing so, and met with many refusals to sign from the enlightened inhabitants of the county of Haddington.

FROM MR. COBDEN TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"MANCHESTER, 2*d October* 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Fix your own hour for Friday, Oct. 27th, and Bright and I will be with you. Have you any objections to my publishing the requisitionists'

names in the League paper? Our friend Mr. M'Laren advised me to go to Dalkeith on the Saturday after your meeting. Do you think it would be worth while to hold another meeting so near yours? I fear it would be impossible for us to hold an evening's town meeting, but we will try what human strength can do."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Bright and I shall be at Durham on Tuesday, and we have no engagement between that and Friday at Haddington. We shall proceed straight to you on Wednesday, and shall have a couple of days in which we should like to see some of your good farming, and meet some of your intelligent farmers. I shall be glad if you will make what arrangements you can to enable us to see and learn as much as possible in a short time."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 13*th November* 1843.

"I sent you newspapers with a full account of the grand Free-trade demonstration we had at Haddington on the 27th of October. As you will see all the speeches, I need not say anything of them. Our meeting took place on a Friday; and on the afternoon of the previous Wednesday I went up to Haddington in Mr. Miller of Newhouse's noddy, and met Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and Ashworth (who came from Newcastle that day by the Union), and brought them down to Fenton Barns. It was betwixt eight and nine o'clock when we got here. Mr. Miller, Newhouse, Mr. Waterston, and Mr. Dixon had drunk tea with my father, and were waiting our arrival. We then had

tea and supper, and spent a very happy evening, and we are not a little proud that the very embodiment of the far-famed League should have taken up its abode at Fenton Barns. The next morning, after breakfast, we took a turn through the farm. Mr. Miller and Mr. Dixon came in the barouche of the latter, and took Mr. Cobden and Mr. Ashworth, while I drove Mr. Bright in our gig. We went over to Dirleton, and saw the old castle, the garden, etc.; everything about the village delighted them. We then went on to North Berwick, and as far east as Castleton; looked through the classic ruins of Tantallon, admired the Bass Rock in the distance, and returned to Newhouse to a five-o'clock dinner. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Ashworth stayed with Mr. Miller all night; Mr. Bright came back with me here, and I took him up to Haddington next day. Mr. Hogg's meeting-house was crammed, and hundreds could not get in. Everything went off beautifully. After opening the meeting with a few remarks, I set to work, and took down the names of all the farmers I could see, and handed them to the reporters. I don't know what possessed the Tories, but there was only one hand held up against the Free-trade resolutions. This fact, with the list of names appearing in the papers, astonished the lairds and their factors, and a keen canvass was instituted to get as many as possible to sign a disclaimer of sympathy with the Free-trade doctrines. . . . I have seen one letter to me in the *Advertiser*, but it is a miserable concern; I don't mean to take any notice of it. . . . About forty dined in the George Inn between the two meetings, and a great many more would have joined had we had a dinner prepared. Mr. Sawers, Dunbar, was in the chair. Mr.

Cadell, Cockenzie, proposed my health in a neat speech. Perhaps my evening speech was a little too severe, but I only called things by their right names.

". . . . Mr. Cobden's manner in speaking is quite colloquial, his attitude in admirable keeping, while being so desperately in earnest makes him a convincing orator. In private he is lively and agreeable; few can meet him without liking him as a man. . . . John Bright has more of the orator than Mr. Cobden. Though his speeches do not read so well as Mr. Cobden's, he is an effective speaker, the tone of his voice and his manner being very taking. . . . Mr. H. Ashworth has a great knowledge of facts and dates, and is a quick observer of what is going on about him. . . . I have had several letters from Mr. Cobden since he was here. The League is going on from one triumph to another."

On the evening that "the Leaguers" spent at Fenton Barns, one of them inquired of George Hope to what religious denomination he belonged. It so happened that the winners of the other two prize essays were Unitarians, and the Leaguer thought that here at last was one who was certain to be orthodox,—there could be no doubt, he thought, as to what would be the theological opinions of a Scotch farmer. On learning that he also was a Unitarian, the Leaguer turned to his colleagues and expressed his surprise that "these men with *no religion* should be such philanthropists."

George Hope's friend Mr. Shirreff writes to him on the subject of the Haddington meeting: "Bright was very well prepared; he had formed a high idea of the intelligence of his audience (I think foreigners are apt to over-estimate us in this respect), and he took the most effectual method of putting adversaries in a good

humour with him, viz., complimenting them. Cobden's morning blow was a stunning one. His statement of the low price at which a Lothian tenant could sell grain, *minus* rent, bore out my apparently preposterous one at Manchester. You spoke out like a hero, very nearly as well as if you had denounced *them* as 'oppressors.' . . . By the way, what right had you to say that it won't do now for the English farmer to smoke his pipe and drink his ale? Would you take even that small satisfaction from him? Don't you know that the more a tenant-at-will works the more his landlord gets, and the more he himself no-gets? I say, Smoke and drink away, stir not till you are sure of reaping the fruits of your labours."

FROM MR. JOHN HOPE TO HIS FATHER.

"I have been delighted to witness by the *Scotsman* that Free-trade has triumphed so signally at Haddington. George's first speech is very appropriate. I long to read the account of the soirée; I have already heard that there George rose above himself, and has added another wreath to his well-earned fame."

In George Hope's letter to his brother, describing the Haddington meeting, he speaks of a canvass having been instituted to get the farmers to sign a disclaimer of sympathy with Free-trade doctrines. This canvass was pretty successful. The farmers of East Lothian were apparently terror-stricken at being supposed to countenance so wild and revolutionary a movement as that of the agitation for Free-trade. A copy of the manifesto published lies before me. It runs as follows:—

CORN LAWS.

County of Haddington.

The report given by the public press of the Anti-Corn-Law Meeting held at Haddington on the 27th October last, being calculated to give a false impression of the feelings of the tenantry of the county of East Lothian on the subject of the Corn Laws,—We, the undersigned, now most distinctly state that the sentiments expressed in support of the resolution adopted at the said meeting did not meet with our concurrence, and we protest against such being held as our opinion.

We are convinced of the necessity of an adequate protection to British agriculture, and consider such protection absolutely required for the benefit of the whole community,—the proprietors, tenantry, manufacturing and labouring classes.

To this document the names of 160 persons, farmers and others in the county of Haddington, are appended.

In afterwards speaking of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, Mr. Hope says: "It was curious how at that time people approved of Free-trade in everything except what they sold themselves. I recollect hearing a conversation which took place in a hotel in this city [Glasgow] shortly before the Corn Laws were repealed, between an arable farmer and a Highland grazier. The latter inveighed against the iniquity of the Corn Laws, which increased the price he paid for oatmeal to his shepherds, when our friend of the plough said he quite agreed with him, but he thought the prohibition against live-stock would be done away with before the abolition of the Corn Laws. "What!' cried our Free-trade grazier, 'I would just like to see the scoundrel who would propose to admit French wethers.'"

About this time there appeared in *The League* newspaper a description of Fenton Barns by "One who Whistles at the Plough."

Mr. Cobden, in one of his notes to George Hope, tells an anecdote of the "Whistler." He says: "By the way, a very droll proof of the talent for fiction which 'One who Whistles at the Plough' possesses has just occurred. He (Somerville) is the writer of some letters in *The League* signed 'Adam Brown,' purporting to be a Scotchman in England in quest of a farm. Well, Lord R. sees these letters, believes 'Adam Brown' to be a live man, and actually sends a letter under cover to George Wilson, our chairman, addressed 'Mr. Adam Brown.' Wilson opens the letter, and finds it is an offer of a farm, and his Lordship expresses a great wish to have Mr. Adam Brown for his tenant, if he has not suited himself with a farm!!! Have you any Adam Browns who want farms? If so, our noble Leaguer might not make a bad landlord."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 28*th January* 1844.

"I would have written at the end of the year, but I went to Aberdeen to see John at Christmas. I went by the mail through Fife to Dundee, by railroad to Arbroath, and then horses again forward to Aberdeen. I got there on the Saturday evening and left on the Wednesday morning. I was much pleased with my visit. It is a fine city, though not to be compared to Edinburgh. The good folks of John's congregation were particularly kind to me as the minister's brother. . . . When I came home I had the report to write for the *Scotsman*, and being the close of the year it was longer than usual. I also wrote an analysis of 160 names which appeared in the newspapers to a document stating they were East Lothian farmers wishing for

Protection. I went over the parishes alphabetically, stating how many farmers there were in each, how many had signed, and how many had not; the quantity of land held by each, who were the landlords, etc. This paper made a good deal of noise, both from its being an exposure, and from its general correctness. It cost me some trouble. I wish you had seen both it and the report, but I sent it, as usual, to Aberdeen, when lo! John was on his way here, and of course could not send it away. Mr. F. of Greenock had engaged to go north for a Sunday, so John took the opportunity of coming to pay us a visit and be with us on Old Hansel Monday. (Do you keep that day in Canada?) We were delighted to see him, but you missed the paper by that means. On the first Sunday of this month I dined with Charles Maclaren, the editor of the *Scotsman*, and on the day of the Anti-Corn-Law soirée in Edinburgh Mr. Miller, Newhouse, and I stayed with him all night. I dined that day with Mr. Wigham, along with Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Moore, and Colonel Thompson. Mr. Moore is a young-looking man; his head is small, but neatly formed; he speaks very loud, with great gesticulation, but his speaking has not the same effect upon you as the calm earnestness and strong reasoning appeals of Mr. Cobden. Mr. Bright was labouring under a sore throat, and yet at the meeting the audience rose again and again *en masse* and cheered; he is the favourite with the masses. Colonel Thompson speaks forcibly, and has an immense head. At Mr. Wigham's dinner there were present, besides these four, Mr. Duncan M'Laren, a Mr. Kellogg from Illinois (a brother-in-law of Mr. Wigham's), another young man and myself, besides six ladies. I went in a chaise with Mr. Cobden

to the meeting, and had a seat of honour upon the platform near the chair. Next to me there was a chair and plate with Mr. Harris's name upon it, but he went with his wife and daughters to the body of the hall, so Mr. Miller, Newhouse, stepped across the chairs and took Mr. H.'s seat. The new Music Hall, where the meeting was held, is the finest room I ever saw; they say there is nothing equal to it in either Dublin or London. It was quite crowded; the tickets, which were originally sold at a shilling, were selling on the day of the meeting at 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Watterston, Balgone Barns, told Mr. Cobden how his father was treated by Sir George Warrender. This was denied by Mr. Murray, Sir George's Edinburgh agent. I assisted Mr. Watterston in writing a reply, which you will see in last Wednesday's *Scotsman*. It is an awful exposure. Mr. Murray has attempted to reply. I spent yesterday afternoon with Mr. W. writing again, showing up the discrepancies between his first and last letters, so that I should think Mr. Murray will not again enter the lists with Mr. Watterston as an opponent. Mr. W. is not accustomed to write for the press, and is rather inclined to use hard language, but he took my advice and dealt in facts, leaving the inferences to the readers. Sir G. Warrender has left our Agricultural Society because there are members of it writers and speakers for the League. The aristocracy here are now in sad alarm. They are forming a Protection Society, which you will see by the papers. I went to their meeting out of curiosity, like many others, and a poor affair it was; not one-twentieth of the meeting ever cheered."

Here follow a few lines written by Robert Hope, and

then George Hope continues: "The above note from my father is the only thing he has written for a long time, with the exception of another short letter. [He never wrote again.] I think he would do better were he to try it oftener, but he feels a difficulty in expressing himself. He rides on horseback every day round the farm, as usual. . . . We shall require to thrash two stacks of white corn every week to get the barnyard clear for the next crop; it is turning out very fairly, and the rise that has taken place in the markets will enable us to do better this year than ever we have done. . . . I had a message from Mrs. Ferguson, through Colonel Ferguson, thanking me for the handsome way I had spoken of her at our Haddington meeting. Some thought I was doing myself a wrong by taking a lead there; you see it is otherwise."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"29*th February* 1844.

"I am glad you are pleased with the account of the proceedings at the Haddington Anti-Corn-Law meeting, and with the part that I bore in the same. You will see by the papers the stir the lairds are making throughout the kingdom; and I am glad of this, as, if they did not feel that the tide was setting strongly against them, they would treat the League with the contempt they used to do. I send herewith a copy of the League paper with O'Connell's speech at Covent Garden Theatre, which is interesting in the present circumstances. At a great meeting at Manchester at the beginning of the month, Mr. Cobden told the assembled thousands that the most patriotic thing any constituency could do at the next general election would be to elect ME!!! or

some other tenant-farmer, to the House of Commons. I would require a pretty large slice of the £100,000 to begin with.

"I do not know if you noticed the letters written by Mr. Watterston of Balgone Barns, headed 'Sir Geo. Warrender and his Tenants.' They have created a good deal of talk in this neighbourhood. The editorial remarks in the *Scotsman* on the summing up of the question were written by me, and I flatter myself it was a tolerably good imitation of the great 'we.' The letter in the same paper on the hinds' wages was also mine.

"We are going to have a very busy summer of it, as it has been resolved to knock down old Fenton and rebuild it in the Bog-heads, a little to the north of Crawford's-land. The plan of the new steading looks very well; in fact, we have only to say where we want it altered to have it done. The old house where we first saw light will be left standing, and the row of cottages where J. B. lives; every stone of the others will be taken down. The road along the head of the Darney-potts will require to be laid with metal, and the hedge at the top of the field lifted north. The buildings will cost, I should think, upwards of £600. We do the carriages, supply all the roofing-tile necessary, and also give the sixty yards of roofing at present in our tile-shed. All the stones are to be new, out of Rattle-bags quarry, as the old stones at Fenton are not fit to build with. All this will put us to both trouble and expense, but it must be a great improvement when done. . . . Our stackyard is still large; we shall have some difficulty in effecting a clearance before harvest.

"The last time I was in Edinburgh I dined again with Mr. Charles Maclaren. He and I are now great

friends. I am going into town on Saturday with Mr. Watterston to dine and stay the night with Mr. H. You must understand that both Mr. W. and I are at present *lions* in our way."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO THE SECRETARY OF THE LIVERPOOL ANTI-MONOPOLY ASSOCIATION.

"13*th March* 1844.

"SIR,—I have had the honour to receive the invitation from the Council of the Liverpool Anti-Monopoly Association to be present at the Free-trade Banquet on the 11th April. I regret that circumstances prevent me from accepting it, as otherwise I should have been delighted to have had the opportunity of hearing addresses from the gentlemen who usually speak at your monthly meetings. . . . I should have liked to have told you personally of the mighty advance that Free-trade principles have made within this last twelve months amongst my own class, the farmers of the Lothians: how they were formerly deluded with the idea that Parliament could enable them to realise high prices; how high rents were promised to be paid by reason of this notion, and misery and ruin was brought on family after family, until mitigated by the adoption of grain-rents.[1] We now find that our best seasons are those of low prices for the first necessaries of life. It is true that many, from their positions, are afraid to speak their sentiments, but I know their warmest wishes are for the success of the enlightened and philanthropic

[1] The rent of Fenton Barns, in common with that of most other farms in the county, was afterwards changed from a corn to a money rent; and this my father latterly preferred, although he continued to think that the corn rents had been of great advantage to farmers previous to the abolition of the Corn Laws.

principles that unite your Association. It is to the towns that they look for deliverance from the shackles that now bind, both morally and politically, so many of my order in degrading vassalage. For their sakes and my own I sincerely wish you God-speed."

While sympathising keenly with all struggles against tyranny and injustice wherever they existed, it was to efforts for the destruction of the monopolies and unjust privileges enjoyed by landowners that, being the duty which lay nearest him, he principally devoted himself. He considered it the deepest degradation for any one to refrain from the expression of his opinions, or to alter them by one hair's-breadth, for fear of the displeasure of any man, however numerous his acres. In his life-long labours for his class, this was the aim which he ever had in view,—that the members of it should be delivered from the degrading bondage of voting at the bidding of their landlords, or of thinking that their landlords had any concern whatever with their convictions or the expression of them; for, in his opinion, the convictions of a rational being could not be property, and he thought that when a man took a farm he undertook to pay a rent, not to sell his liberty of speech and vote. In comparison with this deliverance, he considered that any material benefit which might accrue to tenant-farmers from the attainment of the reforms which he advocated was but as dust in the balance.

Up to this time of his life he was considered by his acquaintances to be grave and silent. He took life too much in earnest to have much heart for the inanities of small-talk. His own account of himself was that he "never thought of speaking a word unless he heard

people saying something which he did not agree with, when he at once attacked them with the view of setting them right." In after life he became much more sociable. The pressure of constant anxiety as to whether or not he should be able to make anything of his farm was lifted off, and his own surroundings became more cheerful. Judging from his letters, it appears to me that he always took a wonderfully cheerful view of matters, considering the depressing influences that surrounded him; but he has often said that the older he grew, the happier he became. His hatred of monopolies and of all unjust laws continued unabated to the end, and even his energy in doing what he could for their destruction did not diminish, but he came to feel more strongly that if a man does his utmost to bring about their downfall, he can do no more, and that it is useless for him to brood over evils which it is out of his power to prevent. He had an unwavering faith that all the reforms which he advocated would come in time, whether it might be in his time or not, but he did not expect them to come without being worked for, and he never shrank from the performance of any duty, however uncongenial, which might hasten the dawn of a brighter day.

CHAPTER VII.

And as for their observation of that called the Sabbath, we find none more plead for it than profane light men and women, for they can easily dispense to hear a man talk for an hour or two, and then have all the rest of the day to dispense in idleness, vain communication and frequenting the ale-house, and decking themselves with vain apparel.

ROBERT BARCLAY *of Urie.*

FROM MR. C. SHIRREFF TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"*20th February* 1844.

"I received yours of the 2d in due course. . . . You suppose I will now take a farm, and you say, 'You and I will try which will get a wife first.' Like Tony Weller, you seem resolved to do something desperate. His ultimate resource was a pipe; yours, a wife. I begin to doubt your courage. This everlasting talk and no cider is too much in the 'haud-me-or-I'll-fecht' style. I shall believe you are serious when I get cards."

A number of George Hope's acquaintances had for long been much concerned that he was still unmarried, and several different friends had fixed upon several different young ladies whom they thought would suit. His own opinion on the subject of marriage was that it was a step to be taken with great caution, and he had determined that any idea on his part of taking unto himself a wife was to be preceded by a long and intimate acquaintance, not only with the lady herself, but with

her mother. He did not, however, fulfil this determination, and he appears to have suddenly forgotten all about the necessity of a long previous acquaintance with one's future wife and her mother.

In April 1844 he writes to his brother an announcement of his intended nuptials. He commences his letter with a long and minute account of a new steading which was then being built for the west side of his farm, and he continues: "The result of our last year's crop has been good. We have still a great quantity of grain to dispose of, besides stock, and before harvest we should have something handsome beforehand—the first time since I began farming that I could really say so. I do not know whether this has had any effect in bringing about the news I am now going to tell you. I am going to get *a wife*. . . . The lady's name is Isabella Peterkin; she is a daughter of Mr. Peterkin, a solicitor in Edinburgh, known throughout Scotland for his teasing the poor '*nons*.' I daresay you must have noticed his name in the Church Courts '*taking instruments and protesting*.' I hope he won't protest against me. I do not know how he will relish Unitarianism; his daughter thinks with me on the subject."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"*25th June* 1844.

". . . I mentioned in my last that I was going to get married. It is fixed to take place on the 8th of July. . . . Her father being an elder of the Kirk insists on the ceremony being performed by a Kirk minister, so I must submit to this. . . . On the 8th of this month we had a picnic party on Fidra. It was the first time I had ever been there, and I had no idea it was so well

worth seeing. The tide was back, so we got easily through the arch, which from the north has a most magnificent appearance. The whole of the north side of the island is perpendicular. We had a party of fourteen; the day was beautiful, and everybody was delighted.

"The hinds' houses at the new steading are nearly up. They are going to be splendid affairs; indeed, it will be a superior set of offices altogether. The buildings cost Mrs. Ferguson £750. We have not yet bought a steam-engine, but will do so in a week or two. We are to put up a new mill also. The driving of the stones, lime, etc., is a very heavy business; the mason says it will take at least 1600 carts of stones.

"You would see the discussion on the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, and what a fright it has put the saints into. I got up a petition here, which was signed by the Chief Magistrates of Haddington and North Berwick, the majority of the Town Council of Haddington, and a great many respectable farmers, to the number altogether of seventy, got on a Thursday and a Friday. I sent the petition away on Saturday to Fox Maule. I had written him at the same time a strong letter, declaring it robbery to seize upon our chapels, saying no true Liberal could oppose the Bill; that theological hatred made the priests forget common honesty, etc., etc. The boy who took this to the post brought back the *Scotsman*, and what was my astonishment to see Fox Maule's appearance at Exeter Hall! I had to write him again telling him I meant no offence. He wrote me politely that he had handed the petition to Mr. Macaulay, and had no wish, or reason, to take offence. I have had some correspondence lately with

Mr. Bright about the Game Laws, which he intends bringing before Parliament."

FROM MR. JOHN HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 31*st July*.

"I have now been four weeks at Fenton Barns. The primary object of this my visit was to witness George knit in bands of holy wedlock to Miss Peterkin. I attended that ceremony, and returned to Fenton Barns the same night with J. in the gig. On the following Sunday George and his better-half arrived at their mutual home. Until a day or two before the marriage I never had the pleasure of seeing the *selected*. More intimate acquaintance leaves the most favourable impression of her character. If George had searched every corner betwixt Dan and Beersheba, he could scarcely have obtained a wife so every way suiting his own character. This is saying much, but it is the truth."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 25*th July* 1844.

". . . . As John was here with my father, my wife and I took a marriage tour. We were at Ayr, and went over 'the land of Burns.' The monument and the grounds round it are very pretty. The original statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny are now placed in a lodge in the grounds. 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk' is close to it, on the north-west side of the grounds, and the Brig is on the south. We were also in the cottage where Burns was born. We went from Ayr to Dumbarton, and we were on the top of Dumbarton Castle. We sailed up Loch Lomond, through its many isles and magnificent scenery. At the head of it we

went up the river Falloch, and returned as far as Inversnaid, where we landed and crossed over to Loch Katrine, the scene of Scott's *Lady of the Lake.* We walked through the Trossachs, the most beautiful scenery I ever beheld, and stopped at Mrs. Stewart's inn on the side of Loch Achray. I walked through the Trossachs to Loch Katrine before breakfast, and again after breakfast with Isabella. We afterwards went to Callander and Doune, and on to Stirling. We surveyed the country and the windings of the Forth from the Castle, and saw the sun set behind Ben Lomond and Ben Venue, and many other Bens whose names I forget. It was a sunset indelibly fixed on my memory. We sailed down the Firth in a steamer on the Saturday, but it rained torrents the whole way, so we saw but little; however, it was the only bad day we had, so we had no reason to complain. We went to St. Mark's on the Sunday forenoon, and came home in the evening, the gig having come in for us that morning. . . . My father takes a ride every day, but he does not improve. You need not take any notice of this in your letters, for he likes to hear them read again and again."

Mrs. Hope writes: "You ask me to describe Fenton Barns as it struck me on first seeing it. This ought not to be difficult, being, as it is, so vividly impressed on my memory, and yet it feels nearly impossible to give in words the whole picture as it lay before me that first evening when I drove up to the door of my future home. A summer evening,—a glowing sun shining on the windows of the pleasant, cheerful sitting-room,—jessamine, with damask and China roses climbing all about the walls and looking in at the windows;—but why

should I try to describe what has ever seemed to me the very *beau-idéal* of a sweet, simple, home-like dwelling? A wide gravel walk, with a wealth of nicely-kept privet hedges, divided the ground near the house into portions of shrubbery, and flower and kitchen gardens. Nothing of the barn-yard was to be seen, but the house commanded an extensive view. Aberlady Bay lay like a silver streak in the west, with Arthur's Seat and the Pentland Hills beyond, and around the house nothing intervened to hide the fields, then in all the richness of their summer growth. The large fields, with hedges by no means overgrown, struck me at first as peculiar and prosaic, but after a time I came to look upon them as just right, giving one the feeling of space, and air, and room for the fruits of the earth to come to perfection. This portion of East Lothian has a character peculiarly its own. The land being so extremely level, with few or no trees, seems to give a greater point to the distant hills. The Garletons, which, although not high, are of fine outline, lie to the south, about five miles distant, and further away, in the same direction, the Lammermoor Hills, with their ever-changing lights and shadows, form a background of no ordinary interest."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"*29th December* 1844.

"I may here call your attention to a criticism which appeared in the *Scotsman* fourteen days ago on 'The Agriculture of Norfolk.' It is the first review of a book that I ever wrote. John addressed the paper to you, and he seemed pleased with it, and hoped you would know who wrote it. Mr. Maclaren sent me the book, and asked me to do it, as the writer was the editor of a

Liberal Norwich paper, and a friend of his, but he himself did not understand the subject treated of. The first Friday after it was printed one farmer came to me in Haddington market, telling me we should get the book for our Agricultural Society's library, as he had read a review of it in the *Scotsman*, and it said so-and-so. I kept my secret, but I could scarcely help laughing.

"We have had a good deal of frost this month, during which we were busy making roads, etc., round our new premises, and rendering the site of our old ones fit to bear a crop. The whole foundations have been dug up, except the pigeon-house, which we intend leaving as it is. A few stones are still to drive away, and then it will be fit for the plough. A part of it on the bare rock we have covered with earth to the depth of fifteen inches. We have had some difficulty in disposing of part of the stones, their immense size and weight rendering them unwieldy, and totally unfit to build with again. Our new mill and engine, and the whole premises, continue to give great satisfaction. . . . I may tell you how much my altered state has added to my happiness, and my father, too, seems much pleased with the addition to our domestic comfort. He continues much in his usual, generally going about the doors, and taking a ride in a gig once a day, weather permitting."

From his earliest youth George Hope had been in the habit of making agricultural experiments, and one which he tried about this time deserves to be mentioned. A certain individual published a statement that he had made a great discovery in the science of

agriculture; a discovery of nothing less than a means of growing corn by electricity. This he said was done by setting up in a circle a number of long poles at equal distances from each other, and connecting them by a wire, which must rest on the ground. The poles were supposed to catch the electricity, while the wire was to keep it within the space encircled by the poles; and the Discoverer declared that corn which was grown in this enclosure was greatly superior to that which grew outside. This experiment was tried at Fenton Barns, with the result that might have been expected, namely, that there was no difference whatever between the crops inside and those outside of the space surrounded by the poles and wire. Two gentlemen from East Lothian went to inspect this experiment as it appeared on the premises of the Discoverer, and they reported that there was no doubt that the crops inside were superior to those outside the ercction, but that they had (in the absence of the Discoverer) been informed by a boy on the farm that the ground inside the poles had been "weel mucket." Mr. Hope then wrote to a newspaper which had published an account of the extraordinary discovery. He said he believed it to be nonsense; and mentioned his reasons for thinking so. The Discoverer thereupon wrote to the same newspaper in great wrath, upholding his discovery, upon which the newspaper made an apology for having inserted Mr. Hope's letter, a good deal to his indignation. Several persons who tried this experiment of growing corn by electricity were rather ashamed of it, and erected the poles on parts of their farms which were not much exposed to view; some even thought of trying to make-believe that the poles were intended for clothes-

posts, but the idea of trying to conceal his experiment never occurred to George Hope, and his "electric poles" were placed in a field close to the public road, where they attracted a good deal of attention, and gave rise to much speculation as to what they could be meant for on the part of passers-by.

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"27*th January* 1845.

"Surely H. gives you too much of your own way, or she would have the next called after her side of the house. You have now two names on your side; you should recollect she has some claims in the matter. . . .

"Before you get this you will have heard that Sir Charles Metcalfe has got a peerage, and that Sir Henry Pottinger is your new Governor-General. The Liberals here think Sir Henry should have been sent to India, where he would have done an immense deal of good, and that shipping him to Canada is a quiet way of putting him on the shelf. His services in China rendered it impossible but that something should be done for him, though he is a Liberal; but I think it fortunate for Canada that it has got such a man.

"Your letter to my dear wife gave both her and me much pleasure. She expects before the end of next month to have a few lines, at least, ready for sister H. She writes easily and readily, but she bustles about in her cares for the household, and is ever busy after something. We enjoy as much happiness as falls to the lot of mortals. My father keeps in pretty good health, and seldom misses a drive in the gig once a day. Some days we go round by Kingston, Congleton, and Drem, to inspect the progress of the railway; other

days we go by Ballencrieff and Mungoswells, as all along that line of road the contractors are busy; in some places the rails are already laid. There is little doubt but that the whole will be finished before the time fixed on, viz., Whitsunday come a twelvemonth. When that takes place we shall get from Edinburgh to Drem in half an hour.

"I once tried gypsum on Fenton Barns, but never on Linkhouse. I have given up all intention of ever ploughing more any part of the Links, but should the gypsum succeed I may still be tempted. We now reckon, and it is generally admitted, that Fenton Barns is one of the *crack* farms in the county. Nobody raises bulkier crops than we do, neither should they, however high-rented their land may be; we have done and are doing a great deal for it."

FROM MR. ARTHUR MORSE TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"SWAFFHAM, *February* 14*th*, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me that our law of distraint in England has a very prejudicial effect on agriculture. I am anxious to know whether the same law prevails in Scotland. Here the landlord may seize for as many years' rents as are due, and if he succeeds in turning the effects into money before an execution is levied by any other creditor, he takes the whole. In the event of a bankruptcy following, he only gets one year's rent, and unless his debts are of a certain amount a man cannot be made a bankrupt. It is a daily nuisance with us that tradesmen and others are sufferers while the landlord sweeps all. It appears to me that it has this effect: it leads landlords to let farms to the highest bidder, without regard to having men of sub-

stance; and men of straw will invariably give a higher rent than anybody else. . . . It encourages the excess of game, which could not exist with a rich and independent tenantry. . . . Farmers have the power in their own hands of doing away with the game nuisance if they did but use it.—Hoping to see you in Norfolk in summer, believe me, very truly yours,

"ARTHUR MORSE."

FROM MR. COBDEN TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"MANCHESTER, 21*st October* 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is long since I had the pleasure of hearing any news from you or your excellent neighbours. What is the news in the Lothians? I hope you are all doing well with corn-rents and heavy crops. The English farmers are, I fear, in as bad a plight as ever, and they appear to me to want the spirit and intelligence to save themselves from ruin. I was in hopes that the promised measure of Sir James Graham's respecting the Game Laws, in the next session, would have drawn out some of the English farmers who are writhing under the nuisance, but it is quite clear that as a class they are helpless. They, in fact, constitute the only body of men in England who dare not stir without the bidding of their masters even in defence of their own interests. What has been done in the registration for the Haddington burghs? Is there any chance of returning a Liberal Free-trader? Give my respects to your father and to your lady, whose acquaintance I hope to have the pleasure of making, and remember me to your neighbourly circle, and believe me, yours faithfully, RICHARD COBDEN."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"LONDON, *6th February* 1845.

"I have sent you a copy of the *Mark Lane Express*, in which you will find a letter referring to the labourers of your districts, and to the relationship between landlords and tenants. You might render a service to sound principles by writing a letter in reply, showing the advantages of corn-rents in meeting the fluctuations of prices caused by the sliding scale, and at the same time do justice to your labourers, who are superior in every respect to the peasantry of the south. . . . You will see by the letters to the *Mark Lane Express* on the subject of corn-rents and leases, that I have managed to raise the discussion in that paper, which is all I wanted, and you will be doing a good service in keeping alive the controversy."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"MANCHESTER, *8th May.*

"Your report in the *Scotsman* has furnished me with an excellent extract for my letter to the *Mark Lane Express*, which will appear in the next number. I have sent you two papers containing K.'s second letter, and some other choice specimens of the 'intelligence' of the English farmers. After you have seen my reply in the next week's papers I hope you will be able to say something to enlighten the dense understandings of the readers of the *Express*. It is desirable to keep the discussion in that paper which goes among the English farmers."

FROM MR GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"*27th April* 1845.

"The old stack-yard at Fenton as well as the site of the old buildings is all sown. I scarcely expected ever to see a crop growing where the brew-house once was. It cost a large sum taking up the old foundations.

"It was curious that you should have recognised my style in the review of 'The Agriculture of Norfolk.' It was the first thing of the kind I ever tried. I have written since a notice of 'The Diary of Lady Willoughby.' It was printed in the supplement to the *Scotsman* a fortnight ago; I sent the supplement to the author, Mrs. Rathbone of Liverpool; her son gave the book to my wife, and told us his mother had written it, and it was a book I was much pleased with. A fortnight ago there was a reply in the *Mark Lane Express* to a letter of mine which appeared in that paper early in February on Leases and Corn-rents; my reply will appear in to-morrow's paper. I am sorry that I cannot send you these papers, as I have to keep them in case of a further attack. A year ago I insured my life in the Scottish Provident, and at the annual meeting a few weeks ago I seconded a motion and made a few remarks. They printed them and sent them in circular to the folks in Edinburgh, and have advertised it in the local advertisers here. I send it enclosed. There is nothing in it after all, and I daresay you will think me most egotistical in writing all this, but I know you like to hear all that I do; that is my excuse."

He was afterwards for many years a Director in this Institution, in which capacity he was considered "an

able and judicious adviser of great practical experience." He took much interest in its welfare, and "The Scottish Provident," and what he regarded as its points of superiority to all other insurance offices, were always favourite topics of conversation with him. He thought it every man's duty to insure his life, and his dislike to anything like inequality in the division of a man's property amongst his children made him think it (in the circumstances in which farmers are usually placed) a still more imperative duty on their part than on that of others. He says: "On starting in life they usually embark on a farm their whole capital, the division of which, should death take place, could only be made at an immense sacrifice; or if not so divided, some may be deprived of what they had a fair title to expect, or perhaps a just claim to. Now, were a moderate sum set aside by saving from the annual expenditure, a provision would be made sure for other branches, when the lease and stocking on the farm might honestly descend to one." Again, he says: "I have known several whose farms after their death had been enabled to be carried on at a profit, which would not have been the case had they not left a life insurance policy."

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"12*th May* 1845.

"We were not a little delighted by the safe arrival of Charles on the evening of Saturday the 10th. We knew that the 'Great Western' was expected on Thursday or Friday, and we felt disappointed at receiving no word by post on Saturday. I thought it possible that Charles might come by the North Berwick coach in the evening, and walked about looking towards the

Dirleton road until I thought it past coach-time, so I came into the house and began to read the *Scotsman* to my father, at which occupation I had not been many minutes when Charles passed the window. The blinds were down, but I got a glimpse of him, so out I ran and shook him once more by the hand."

FROM MR. CHARLES HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, 12*th May* 1845.

"I got safe and sound to old Fenton Barns on Saturday night the 10th inst. by the North Berwick coach. . . . My father was pleased, of course, to see me. . . . George looks 25 per cent. better, that is, smarter and younger, than when I saw him last, though whether Isabella has had any hand in this improvement I know not."

FROM MR. JOHN HOPE TO HIS FATHER.

"I am surprised about the railway to North Berwick. The inhabitants of that city have a good idea of themselves. They should try an omnibus in the first place. A railway to North Berwick seems a most chimerical idea. What traffic can the 'bodies' expect? I would like to see their prospectus.

"We have been disappointed about our school. As yet we are still minus a schoolroom. It was *apparently* got, but when Mr. M. went to-day to get it settled, and informed Mrs. Wilcox that it was the Unitarian minister that she had to deal with, she refused further negotiation, saying that sooner than give the room to us, she would see it in flames. . . .

"Does George remember 'Zion Church'? It is occupied by Mr. Hart. He told his hearers an amus-

ing story the other evening about me. He 'met the Unitarian minister,' he said, 'the other day upon the street, and shook hands with him and wished him well, but desiring to discuss some points with him, he blazed up in a fury, waved his hand, and walked off, saying "No, no, no!!!"' This was told in the midst of a lecture against Unitarianism, and was looked upon as a signal victory over that ilk. To make the story appear veritable, he described my outer man, and stated that I was 'well-favoured.' The whole story is imaginary, save and except this last item. . . . The Aberdeen people are notorious for transmuting their own fancies into actual facts. . . .

"George's report I have read and sent to America. He is somewhat short, but very well upon the whole. 'The nick of time' is a phrase scarcely within the line classical. . . ."

FROM MR. C. SHIRREFF TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"17*th May* 1845.

"How do you feel as a father? When a little boy I shot a wild goose. The ploughs were going in an adjoining field, and one of the men stopped his plough and cried to another, 'Eh man! I'se warrant he's a *full* member the noo.' Do you feel anything in that way?"

The first time his eldest child was out of doors, George Hope carried it himself round the garden, thereby greatly exciting the compassion of a man known by the name of "Daft Jock," who evidently thought his master had come to a sad pass when he was reduced to taking an infant out for a walk, and who followed him about, saying, in tones expressive

of the greatest commiseration—"Eh, puir man! puir fallow! Is 't come to that wi' ye! Is 't come to that wi' ye!"

FROM MR. C. SHIRREFF TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"*1st October* 1845.

"My dear George,—I have just received yours of the 28th ulto. . . . I would have been a most unsuitable person for the situation, as the previous factor was dismissed because he was a Liberal in politics! I don't at present feel inclined to change any of my creeds for all the landlords in this world or the next (if there are any there). A factorship is a very desirable berth so far as the certainty of pay is concerned, and yet from what I have seen and heard of the whims of big men, it is dear bought by an independent man.

". . . I don't think there is much chance for this here country of ours till the lairds cease to have a preponderance in Parliament. Cobden tells us what poor devils they are in Parliament, and I wish he would only move for a committee of Scotch farmers to make a tour through England to report on the condition of its agriculture with a view to its improvement. Agricultural Societies' dinners and landlords' preachments thereat won't do it. Some free-trade landlord lately spoke of old tenants going to the wall: I think many of the old lairds should be tumbled over the wall, and buried in a ditch out of sight. Man, when we get you into Parliament (I don't despair of that) you must 'gie them up their fit.'"

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"*January* 1846.

"The year 1846 promises to be a memorable one in the progress of the great doctrine of Free-trade. In the newspapers that you will get with this letter you will observe, and read with much interest, as we do here, Sir Robert Peel's masterly speech at the opening of Parliament, in which he declares that the protection to native industry is no longer tenable, and gives in his unqualified adhesion to the Free-trade cause, the bond of union of the League. The enunciation of his plan for this great change in the policy of the country was to be made last night in Parliament. I have doubts whether his measures will be carried in this Parliament, but a dissolution will certainly give him a majority. If the monopolists should be able to stave it off for a time, it will enable the League to plant a registration-agent in every county in the kingdom, and thus by winning counties we shall get something else than mere Free-trade,—which last I do not undervalue, but the laws of Primogeniture and Entail, the Game Laws, and the other remnants of feudalism, must also be wiped from the Statute-book. It is a matter of no little congratulation to me to witness great statesmen coming round, and admitting the justice and policy of those measures the adoption of which we have asked for years; yes, to witness the triumph of those views, after having been treated with ridicule and bitterness, is great encouragement always to take our stand on first principles, to advocate them honestly, and truth will ultimately prevail.

"You will observe in last Saturday's *Scotsman* an

account of the Midlothian Protection meeting. You will see Mr. Scott of Craiglockhart's speech, that he finds fault with Morton and Trimmer's pamphlet and the *Scotsman's* review of it. The review was written by me, and I also penned that part of the leader in the *Scotsman* that rebuts what Mr. Scott said on the subject. They sent me Thursday's *Mercury*, and asked what I had to say. I also wrote lately for the *Scotsman* a review of Lowe's 'Domesticated Animals.'

"I hope we may have a good crop next year. Were it not for the handsome profits from stock, this would be a very indifferent year.

". . . Our small C. is thriving nicely, and I may tell you her father and mother both think her an uncommon child."

"31*st January.*

"Well, I have now seen Peel's plan. He diminishes the amount of all protecting duties, and does away with many of them altogether. All sorts of flesh and live animals to be admitted free, with maize and buckwheat, and all grain from the Colonies; and in three years the Corn Laws to be totally abolished. . . . On the whole, I believe it is as much as he can carry with his party. The Protectionists in Haddington market yesterday were furious at Peel, and they one and all declared they would rather that the abolition took place at once. I send you a copy of the *Mercury* to let you see Peel's speech."

"26*th February* 1846.

"The progress of Free-trade principles is most astonishing. Peel's liberal measure is almost all that we could wish, and his last speech is a wonderful effort of genius. There is little doubt but that there will be a majority of

80 or 100 in the Commons, and it is thought he may be able to carry it in the Lords likewise. Everybody says now that they are and always have been Free-traders, though they said nothing about it.

". . . When I tell you that, in the manner above detailed [railway shares], I have laid out about £1300, I daresay you will wonder where I have got it. I find that in farming, when once you have money, money can be made. Going with cash in hand for everything I want, I get it at the cheapest rate; the difference in this mode of doing business from the old way is about equal to our whole family expenditure. Never having to thresh for money is a matter of great importance, and buying guano and linseed-cake before the time for using them has assisted us. I am not afraid of Free-trade!

"You will notice in the *Scotsman* of a week past yesterday a *sermon* of mine on 'the Sabbath,' delivered at a meeting of the North British Railway Company, in reply to the Agnewites. It astonished the latter a good deal when I spoke; they looked amazed, and it has caused some talking since. I have had several letters by post since, enclosing tracts on the subject. One signed J. M. admits that I seem to know the Scriptures, but that I pervert them, etc. etc."

The proceedings at the meeting of the North British Railway Company above alluded to were as follows:—A Mr. Blackadder moved a motion to the effect that "no trains should be allowed to run on the North British Railway on the Sabbath-day." One of his arguments in favour of this was that "in six days God made the heavens and the earth, and that He rested on the seventh." Mr. Blackadder called on the Company to

place themselves on the side of God and not on that of Mammon. He was afraid that "in all this matter there was too much love of making money."

The motion was seconded by Dr. John Moir.

Mr. Hope then said: "Had it not been for Mr. Blackadder's taunt, that we are influenced by Mammon, I would have taken the Chairman's advice and said nothing, but as it is, I cannot remain silent. Did I believe that there was one day holier than another, and that it was a sin, however small, to work or travel on that day, I would at once support the motion. But, after the most mature consideration of the arguments of the Sabbatarians, and a careful perusal of the Holy Scriptures, I have come to the most decided conviction that an enlightened Christian 'esteemeth every day alike.' That the ancient Hebrew Sabbath is not binding on the followers of Christ must be admitted by all Christendom, seeing that none observe it. I admit that there is a slight hint in the Book of Genesis, from which it may be inferred that the Sabbath was known from the earliest history of our race. Still, there is not one word about its being kept till the law was given by Moses! and the reason assigned for it being only true in a figurative sense, I can hardly think it could be intended for perpetual observance; but, at all events, it was the last day of the week that Moses ordained in commemoration of God's resting from the labours of creation, while Christians observe the first day of the week in recollection of Christ's resurrection from the dead. Can any two events be more different? I know that it is said that one day in seven is all that is required; but I demand, where is the authority for the change? There is not a syllable about it in the New

Testament, and if Saturday, the last day of the week, is not to be observed, what other day is? The Pharisees of old founded many of their objections to Christ on the ground that he did not observe the Sabbath. He did many of his miracles on that day. He walked on that day in the fields with his disciples, who plucked the ears of corn and did eat; and when this conduct was objected to, he told the self-righteous objectors that the Son of Man was Lord also of the Sabbath. He was even bidden, and accepted, an invitation to a feast on the Sabbath. These things, coupled with the fact that there is not one word in the apostolic writings about keeping the Sabbath, but much to discredit the observance of particular times and days, should settle the question. How any Christian can read the second chapter of Colossians, the fourth chapter of Galatians, and many parallel passages, and yet insist upon such a thing,—above all, that he should criticise his neighbour for using the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free,—is to me extraordinary. To the Colossians Paul says: 'Let no man therefore judge you in meat or drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath-days, which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ.' Thus the apostle classes Sabbath-days with meats and drinks, which Protestants at least hold to be indifferent, and he denominates them 'shadows;' and again to the foolish Galatians he says: 'How turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain.' Here again observance of days is styled weak and beggarly elements. It won't do to say that the

Jews observed other days, and that the Sabbath-days are excluded here, for in one case they are expressly mentioned, and Paul himself makes no exceptions. . . . I believe it likely that the first Christians would observe both days, but when you recollect that many of them were slaves, it is not likely that they ceased from labour; at least history is silent about any suffering martyrdom on that account, and there is not a tittle of evidence that they were told it was sin to labour on that day. But believing all this, as I sincerely do, it does not by any means follow that I wish every man to continue his ordinary occupation every day of the week. Far from it. The human mind is too apt to be wholly engrossed in worldly pursuits, and it is a wise institution of man to set apart stated portions of his time to certain means or acts of direct religion which may enable him the better to withstand temptation, and in the trials and conflicts of daily life to prove himself a worthy disciple of Christ. But what can be worse than the vulgar superstition that would regard the Sabbath as the end, not the means, to religion? The true Christian devotes every day, not one in seven, to religion; and he does so when in business he acts honestly and uprightly; when in his family he is ever kind and considerate, when he every day becomes more pure of heart, and better fitted for the mansions of bliss above. Gentlemen, when I see individuals laying too great stress upon unessential things, I am afraid they take it off from the things that are essential, and when they do those things, perfectly lawful in themselves, but which they imagine not to be right, they sear their consciences, and give them a moral squint, so that they can even pocket dividends arising from what they esteem an unlawful traffic. No

man can for a whole day devote an undivided attention to one object; all men take some relaxation on the Sabbath, let their creeds be what they may. For my own part, I would devote a part of it to sedulous self-improvement and public worship, but, this done, I can see no harm in any rational amusement or innocent enjoyment."

Mr. Charles Philip then got up and stated that the Sabbath was instituted in Paradise. He was proceeding with his argument when Mr. Raeburn came forward and said that he must interrupt the gentleman. They had had already three discourses on the Sabbath, and this was the fourth one. It ought to be recollected that gentlemen had their business to attend to.

Mr. Philip said he was quite ready to come to a vote; as he thought that the speech of the gentleman in the presence of those who had received a Christian education would answer itself, he would say no more.

It was agreed that the state of the vote should be "motion" or "not." The vote was then taken, when it was found that of those present the numbers were :—

For Mr. Blackadder's motion, . .	21
Against it, ...	35
Majority against it, . . .	14

It was then intimated that including proxies the numbers were :—

For Mr. Blackadder's motion, . .	278
Against it, ...	1711
Majority against the motion, . .	1433

The meeting then separated.

That one should stand up in the light of day and deny the moral obligation of observing the first day of

the week was a thing then unheard of in Scotland, and Mr. Hope's speech created a good deal of consternation. Dr. Candlish called a meeting in the Music Hall of Edinburgh, at which he went over and attempted to refute every sentence of the speech.

Some who agreed with Mr. Hope's opinions on the subject blamed him for arguing the question on Scriptural ground; but he thought that if his opponents were to be convinced at all it could only be by meeting them with their own weapons.

At a future meeting of the North British Railway Company he said: "I do not at all regret that Mr. Blackadder persists in bringing forward motions against all Sunday trains, because I believe very erroneous and unscriptural notions are generally entertained regarding the Christian Sabbath, and I am satisfied that truth cannot suffer in discussion. I want the whole question to be thoroughly sifted; to obtain this we must have zeal like Mr. Blackadder, and I infinitely prefer even bigoted zeal to that indifferentism (the worst of all 'isms') which unfortunately is so prevalent. Mr. Blackadder grounds his motion on what is contained in the Old Testament. I take my stand on the New and better Covenant. . . . Whoever sets up the Old against the New shows he believes neither. In relation to this question individuals have presumed to call me an infidel, though I might retort the unfounded charge with greater reason on them. At a meeting of the North British Railway Company some time ago I said that . . . there was not one word of the Jewish Sabbath having been kept till the law was given by Moses. To that statement I adhere. A gentleman from Leith replied to me that the Sabbath was instituted in Paradise, and that

when brought forward again by Moses, it was in this manner, '*Remember* the Sabbath day.' I only felt astonished at the gentleman's ignorance of Scripture, seeing he had received what he called a Christian education. If he had studied his Bible he would have found that the Sabbath was first instituted at the giving of the manna in the Wilderness, and that Moses had made a long and wearisome journey on the previous Sabbath. Read the 16th chapter of Exodus and you will see that the institution was wholly new. . . ."

George Hope never made a theological speech or stated in public any of his theological opinions without receiving letters enclosing tracts, and expressing horror at the iniquity of his opinions, and assurances that he was on the road to damnation. He considered these letters to be well meant, and always answered them with wonderful patience.

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

"FENTON BARNS, 30*th March* 1846.

"The estate of Sydserf is to be sold; it is all in old grass and will crop well; £100 might be made of it easily the first year. If I could pay a small part of the purchase-money and borrow the rest, I would buy it. I daresay I am better wanting it; but I am most anxious to own land. It is a nice little place, but I must wait till I am richer.

"The cause of Free-trade goes on prospering and to prosper. The nearer the approach of its final triumph, markets rise higher. Every farm that is let goes at a higher rent than before, in the teeth of the fall of Protection."

"*30th April.*

"A good many farms have been let this spring, and every one at large additional rents, the rise being from ten to thirty per cent. This is a staggering fact to the Protectionists. Farms are letting, not at what they are worth at present, but at what they are capable of being made worth by draining and artificial manures."

FROM MR. COBDEN TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"MACHYNLLETH, MONTGOMERYSHIRE,
9th July 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Here I am amongst the Welsh mountains, with my wife and children, far away from the turmoil of political life. I was much gratified by the receipt of your warm-hearted congratulations upon the close of our League agitation. No man has better ground for self-gratulation than yourself. What I said to Lord Ducie as a landlord I say to you as a farmer: 'You were far in advance of your class, and have evinced sagacity, disinterestedness, and *pluck*, which entitle you to the first place in the gratitude of your countrymen.' There was small merit in our agitation in Manchester compared with that of the prominent stand you took in the midst of a farming population. Well, the work being done, the next thing is to try to turn the new state of things to the benefit of the real working agriculturists, the farmers and labourers. There is no doubt that the political landlords will try some new 'dodge' to keep the farmers in their trammels. Perhaps they will try to raise a cry about tithes or taxes; maybe the malt-tax will be the *cheval de bataille*, for I am sorry to say the English farmers have a silly notion generally about the malt-tax; they

seem to think that *they* pay all the tax! . . . The questions which ought now to be stirred by the farmers are *game* and *tenure*. I hope to see a stand made in some counties, at the approaching election, upon these points by a few *real* farmers. Let them put their professing 'friends' to the test upon these questions. But I feel convinced *nothing will be done until the farmers send very different men to represent them in Parliament.* I am glad to see you have made an able and energetic commencement upon the Game question. Pray make my kind compliments to Mrs. Hope and your father, and remember me to those good neighbours whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making, and believe me, my dear Sir, yours truly,

"RICHD. COBDEN."

FROM MR. BRIGHT TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"ROCHDALE, *July 9th*, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I only received your kind letter yesterday. It is delightful to feel that our long labours have at length been crowned with success, and we derive ample compensation from the consciousness that a great oppression is removed. To you is due no small merit; you have led the way among your class and order, and your Essay on the Corn Laws produced a marked effect. I have no pleasanter recollection than that which attaches to our visit to your house, and to your friends the intelligent men of East Lothian. And now you are again leading the way on the Game question. You are right in separating this from all other questions. Your policy is to make your own county right, and to return an Anti-Game-Law candidate. Your example will work wonders among the

farmers. You should obtain an abstract of the Game Committee's evidence and circulate it widely among the farmers and landowners, and you should endeavour to extend the circulation of such papers as support your views. You should write to the *Mark Lane Express*, and endeavour to obtain the names of the president and secretary of all the agricultural societies throughout the United Kingdom, and enter into correspondence with them in order to secure unity in the operations of the farmers. You should have some short tracts on the subject for general circulation at markets and market dinners, and in every way try to rouse the independent feelings of the farmers on the subject. The evidence is not yet out. We have passed resolutions, and I expect the whole will be published in two or three weeks from this. The evidence is very bulky, and I am having prepared a good abstract of it to sell at about 2s. for general circulation, and intend to send a copy to each newspaper, as soon as it is ready. It will be of great service, I am sure, and you should procure it as much attention as possible. Next session I hope to make a motion on the subject in the House of Commons. I am much obliged to your committee for their good opinion, and my services are freely at their disposal to work out their and my views on this question.

"Remember me very kindly to your father and to Mrs. G. Hope, and believe me, very sincerely yours,

"JOHN BRIGHT."

FROM MR. ADAM HOPE TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

"I can assure you we all witness with great pride of feeling the highly honourable part you have all

along taken in the great struggle for Free-trade. I sometimes thought you were perhaps too conspicuous in the public eye for your own interest, but the successful issue of the fight for Free-trade, and the fact of the great Conservative Minister *now* flying the same colours, will completely change your position. Hundreds will now endeavour to prove to you that they are just as good free-traders as yourself. It will be *fashionable now*, and that is everything, if one desires to look to his own immediate ease and comfort. Still, the change must have taken many by such surprise that one would think it would take some time to reconcile them to such a terrible commercial revolution. I highly admire the many excellent speeches of the free-traders as splendid appeals to the reason and intellect of the country. Yet for real amusement, fun, and laughter commend me to the Protectionist meetings of the Duke of Richmond and Duke of Norfolk. I have had more hearty laughing over the proceedings of these and such like gentlemen, I do verily believe, than even I had over the first reading of *Don Quixote*. Their terror, rage, and impotence, and even their own acknowledged helplessness, are truly ludicrous. Here people, generally speaking, were taken by surprise. Public opinion being moulded in a great measure by its direction in England, many thought Canada gone, lost, and about to be thrown out of cultivation. In fact, some thought we had now reached the brink of ruin, but it is not a little singular that you cannot find one of these gentlemen willing to abate one iota in the price of his land or property."

Its work being now accomplished, the Anti-Corn-

Law League was dissolved. "We are dispersing our elements," said Mr. Cobden at the last meeting of the League, "to be ready for any other good work. Our body will (so to speak) perish, but our spirit is abroad, and will pervade all the nations of the earth. It will pervade all the nations of the earth, because it is the spirit of truth and justice, because it is the spirit of peace and goodwill amongst men."

CHAPTER VIII.

Luath.—Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—
Cæsar.—Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith, I doubt it!—BURNS.

IN January 1847 my father writes: "This year will not leave us any great profit; not on account of the bad crop, but stock will leave us little or nothing. The murrain, or pleuro-pneumonia, as it is called, compelled me to sell forty beasts at a great loss, and we have four dead besides."

In March he writes: "We had the happiness of receiving Charles's letter of the 23d ult. to my father this forenoon. We were grieved to hear of the death of Mr. H.'s little girl; I can now easily fancy the sad stroke it must have been to the poor father and mother to be thus suddenly deprived of their child. We should ever bear it in remembrance that it is at best but a slight hold we have of every earthly good, and what we prize most our powers to preserve are most feeble. I am glad to say that all here continue in health and happiness. Our good father is sitting opposite me on the sofa looking at the papers, though it is not often he takes up the papers himself. My wife and the two little ones have been in the room for an hour, and have retired up-stairs; I hear her singing to R. and C.'s

little feet trotting across the room now called the nursery. C. calls herself 'a sonsy lass;' she is quite a little chatterbox, constantly talking away, and making efforts to repeat every word, and she can walk up-stairs without assistance. R. is a stout boy, very quiet and contented; his face is as big as C.'s already. On Wednesday I had been introduced to Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith from America, and on Friday I went in to hear him lecture on 'Peace amongst all Nations and the Sinfulness of all War.' He wants power as a speaker, yet his lecture was good, and I am inclined to think he takes a sensible view of the matter. He is a truly modest man, and I think a good.

"I have been frequently in the Edinburgh Exhibition of Paintings this season, having had a season-ticket presented to me as honorary secretary for East Lothian to the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts.

"We had Mr. Bright in the county lately. He had an interview with our Anti-Game-Law Committee at Mr. Miller's. I sent a notice of it to the *Scotsman*. By some mistake that copy of our paper did not come for a week, so it was too late to send to you. The terms of the announcement made the Conservatives wonder what we were after, though, in fact, we did little but encourage one another in the good work of perseverance to overthrow the odious Game Laws."

"27*th June* 1847.

"You will see by the papers that we are on the eve of another election, and that we have had Mr. Welford from London down canvassing the county in the Anti-Game-Law interest. He was with us at Fenton Barns for three nights, and we had the Anti-Game-Law Com-

mittee dining with us to meet him. I was with him at Tranent, etc. We have given the lairds a great fright."

FROM MR. BRIGHT TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"LONDON, 13*th May* 1847.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry to learn from your letter just received that there is so small a chance of a cordial support of a candidate brought forward on Anti-Game-Law grounds. I found matters at Stirling just as you describe them among your friends; every one pertinaciously insisting on some favourite subject of his own, to the utter destruction of all cordiality and union of effort.

"I take it that your only chance of success is in your making the contest one of 'Game-Law Repeal.' We carried the Durham and London elections by sinking every other question than that of the Corn Laws; and without this isolation, without the seizing on one great grievance and making it prominent, I don't think your county at all inviting to a stranger. With your statement of the multitude of things some of you wish your member to express himself upon, I certainly would not recommend Mr. Welford to take the trouble of offering himself. His only claim to your good opinion until you know him more is his labours and opinions on the Game question; and unless he can come out as an Anti-Game-Law candidate, and chiefly that, and almost solely that, you cannot contest the county with any chance of success. . . . The Whigs will not be cordial with you: they are as aristocratic in their notions as the Tories."

That it was possible to return for East Lothian a

Liberal member without landed property in the county was but the dream of a few enthusiastic spirits, and it was speedily seen to be hopeless. The Liberals of the county were forced to confine themselves to looking for a candidate with as much Liberalism as is usually to be found in conjunction with the possession of large landed estates. My father, on behalf of the Anti-Game-Law Association, writes to Sir David Baird: ". . . The Association having determined to endeavour to return, free of all expense, an Anti-Game-Law member for the county, the Committee are sensible that if you could view this Game question as they do, and consent to be a candidate, your high standing and general popularity would make this, they are aware, bold step comparatively easy, while in every way it would do much to further the objects they have in view.

"Notwithstanding that there were some things in your letter to Mr. Stevenson which the Committee cannot agree with, yet in one sense it was a liberal document and a step in advance, which encourages them to hope that when you have turned the question again in your mind, and thought on it longer, your opinions will come to be more in harmony with theirs. From the confidence they feel in the principles which unite them they are satisfied that an intelligent public will soon adopt similar views, and that protection to game *must follow* protection to corn.

"Though the Committee must insist on the entire abolition of the Game Laws, they do not imagine they are at all precluded from assenting, but on the contrary they deem themselves called upon to agree, to whatever may be considered proper in those minor details to secure to every one the full enjoyment of his just

rights. They humbly conceive that the law applicable to rabbit-warrens might with propriety be applied to all moor game, and birds and beasts kept in gentlemen's parks,—that is, to look upon them as property, as long as they remain in their own proper place, liable to be taxed as such, and answerable for any damage they may do to others, while at the same time they may be destroyed should they happen to stray. But under this *proviso*, that no arable land shall under any circumstance be deemed a warren. This arrangement would secure the interests of the Highland proprietors who breed game for sale, and render all who infringed their rights amenable to punishment, while it would do away with the monstrous anomaly of proprietors letting land for tillage with the reservation of being able to destroy the whole or as much of the crops as they please. It would also remove a stumbling-block to many unfortunate members of society; as limiting preserves to particular places would cause game, at those places, to be considered much more as property than it is at present. At all events individuals would not be prosecuted for one offence and punished for another.

"The Committee would fain hope that the opinions above expressed will meet with your approbation, and do away with the principal objections you have to their movement, and that you will not only join them in endeavouring to carry them into practice, but consent likewise to become their candidate, and they pledge themselves to strain every nerve to secure your return without putting you to any expense in the matter."

Sir David Baird, in his reply to this communication, enlarges on the advantages of game-preserving in other parts of the kingdom, but discovers some good reasons

why East Lothian should be an exception to the general rule. He writes: "With regard to East Lothian my own impression is that, looking to the description of men, the rents paid, the extent of the farms, and the length of the leases, the tenants are fairly entitled to the privileges of shooting over their fields. I take for granted, had they possessed this, your present Association would never have been thought of. . . . I have no idea that the Game Laws will be abolished, and if not, the privilege can only be obtained by the goodwill of the landlords. I have a fancy their exclusive feeling about game is somewhat lessened of late, but I would put it to their [the farmers'] serious consideration whether the position at present taken up by so large a portion of their body is not rather calculated to renew it than conciliate goodwill."

The Anti-Game-Law agitators would have preferred a candidate who would at least have been in favour of tenant-farmers having the power to protect their own crops from the ravages of vermin elsewhere than in the county he was about to contest, and independently of the "goodwill" of their landlords.

My father writes to his brother: "I am to vote for Sir David Baird in the county, but rather doubt Charteris will beat him, although it is by no means certain. There is not in reality much difference in their politics. Charteris is a Peelite, and Baird a moderate Whig, but then Baird did his best to pass the Reform Bill. As to game, they are six and half a dozen regarding the alteration of the law. Charteris's grandfather (and without his grandfather he is nobody) preserves, which Baird does not, but allows all his tenants to shoot, without exception."

Mr Charteris proved to be the successful candidate; and although even so mild a "Liberal" as was Sir David Baird would have been preferable as a Member, the disappointment felt at the result of the election by any Liberals which the county contained would have probably been greater had the principles of their candidate been more in accordance with their own.

My father was ever anxious to believe that people were what they called themselves, but he was sometimes startled to perceive how merely skin-deep was the Liberalism of some people, more particularly of many of the possessors of titles and estates. Many years after this time he was horrified at hearing a gentleman, who called himself a Liberal, make so great a slip as to use the expression, "My father's voters," meaning thereby the tenants on his father's estates. "Your father's what!!!" said my father. "Oh, of course they can all vote as they please," said the gentleman, recollecting to whom he was talking. "But it shows what their feeling is," said my father, when afterwards relating the circumstance to his family.

He continues the letter in which he speaks of the elections of this year: "Sir H. F. Davie, formerly Colonel Ferguson, has now no opposition in the burghs. He is to vote for every modification of the Game Laws that may be proposed. He speaks well, and is a thorough Liberal. Mr. Welford has been asked to stand for Fife against Captain Wemyss; I encouraged him; he won golden opinions here from all with whom he came in contact.

"Did I ask anything in my last letter about a reaping machine, of which there was an account in an agricultural paper you sent us? I wish you would

make inquiries about it, and tell me how it is thought to answer. If we could only get a machine of the kind to answer, it would be a great improvement, besides the saving of expense. The harvest is the most disagreeable part of the farming business. . . . To get such a lot of strangers and keep them in order for three or four weeks is anything but pleasant. Nothing would give the farmers here so much delight as if they could only manage to cut the crop with the people they have on their farms."

Again he writes :—

"11*th September* 1847.

"John would tell you of my ten days' trip to London, Kent, etc., and how much I was pleased with the great deal I contrived to see in the little space of time I had at my disposal. I saw Mark Lane and Smithfield markets, the Tower, the House of Lords, and heard a long debate in the House of Commons, in which Lord John Russell, Mr. Hume, Mr. Roebuck, and other noted politicians took part. I went to the English Agricultural Society's show at Northampton, and returned to London the same night in time to hear Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, at the Queen's Theatre. Among the things I saw in London were Westminster Abbey, the exhibitions of paintings in Westminster Hall, the National Gallery, etc. etc. I was a night at Tenterden, Kent, with Mr. Mace, and drove about for a day with him. I was two nights with Mr. Welford, our Anti-Game-Law candidate, at his farm in Herts. . . .

"We have finished one of the best harvests I ever recollect of. . . . The only untoward events were high gales of wind on the 22d ult. and on the 1st current, which occasioned us some loss by shaking the corn.

Many people estimate their loss at £100 and £200 each, and some as high as £500. I daresay we have lost about the first-mentioned sum. . . . Our turnips are the admiration of the country, as well as our crop generally. Our spring wheat exceeds in bulk anything I ever saw; people were telling me yesterday at the market that it was worth taking a good long ride to look at it."

"*Sunday morning.*

"I have said that I am quite pleased with our crop; however, the pleuro-pneumonia amongst our cattle has annoyed me not a little. We have lost a good many altogether, and have had to sell a very large number at half-price to get rid of them. I calculate my loss at something like £300 from this cause alone.

"I went into Edinburgh in the railway lately with our laird-to-be, Mr. Christopher. I was rather surprised that he knew me; I cannot think how he came to do so. . . .

"That Canada J. should be reading already sometimes seems strange to me, but when I see my own little pet running about playing and chattering, I am reminded that time hastens on; she is growing fast, and is a happy little cricket. R. continues as fat and fair as ever, seldom makes any noise, unless he gets hungry, and then he lets the whole house know."

My father was extremely fond of children, and could not understand any one disliking their noise; but he was less liable than most people to be disturbed by noise, having the power of absorbing himself in reading or writing so as to be quite unconscious of what was passing around him.

In January 1848 he writes: "We are busy agitating

for the repeal of the Game Laws. We had an excellent lecture from Mr. Munro on Wednesday. I am going to-morrow as one of a deputation to the Lord Advocate on this business, and will likely lecture myself before the end of February."

LECTURE ON THE GAME LAWS.

My father commenced his lecture by saying that he had taken up this question of the Game Laws, not from any loss that he sustained by game as an individual, for he had the privilege of shooting, along with numerous tenants, on the Dirleton estate. Neither was it from any hostile feeling towards the aristocracy, . . . but simply because he thought the Game Laws hostile to the independence and welfare of his own order, detrimental to the morals of the people, and to the happiness and Christian feelings of the aristocracy themselves. "Amongst farmers in private," said my father, "I have scarcely heard two opinions about the matter. A farmer who is an out-and-out defender of the Game Laws is about as rare as a black swan. Some feeble apologists for the system there are: men who think that if we were to ask for a modification of the law our chances of success would be greater. I, on the other hand, ask what I believe to be justice—simply that the present Game Laws should speedily become matter of history. It is a curious fact that we get money and pressing entreaties to go on with our agitation from those occupying game farms, but very generally accompanied with this solicitation, not to give their names. They had better say at once, as they used to do at school, 'You must not tell the master on

me.' It would scarcely be right to give instances, but I am sure, were I to do so, it would astonish some landlords, as most of them have not the slightest idea of the feeling of their tenantry on this question. . . . I could not respect myself, and I would be undeserving the respect of others, if I were silent when I saw a great moral wrong or grievous oppression, because some respected individuals having a vested right in the abuse viewed it in a different light. I affirm that it is gross injustice to allow game to eat up the produce of any man's garden, or of his twenty- or thirty-acre field, and not to allow him to protect himself, nor yet to prosecute the man who may have been instrumental in rearing the nuisance in the neighbourhood. If I had not faith in the gradual approach of the time when a full recognition will take place in the rights of man as man, I should be afraid that by and by green gooseberries might come to be placed in the list of tabooed articles, and that only qualified persons paying the licence could venture to have a pot of preserves in their houses. The one law would be as just as the other. It is usually said that game is the property of the person on whose land it is for the time being. Without stopping to inquire what sort of property that is that may have belonged to a dozen of people in one day, without one of them ever having been sensible that they either had it or wanted it, I maintain that this argument of property only applies to those having the statutory qualification of a plough-gate of land. Besides, can any one tell me why the much-vaunted value of shootings, on the most extensive Highland hills, pays neither income-tax nor poor-rates, nor any public burden whatever (unless it be minister's stipend),

except when absolutely let for a given sum to some third party? The Duke of Athole, for instance, has, it is understood, 100,000 acres guarded as closely from the woolly flocks as they are from the foot of the scientific student, or from the eye of the lover of the picturesque and grand in nature. There are many other proprietors besides, who have banished flocks and herds from portions of their property, that wild animals may multiply for their sport. Well, let it be so; if Highland lairds choose to raise blackcocks in place of black-faced wethers, we ask not to prevent them, only they must protect their game themselves. We demur to high and oppressive penalties for the protection of animals which they can neither identify nor control. With many this question of the Highland proprietors is a stumbling-block. It is said that the shootings of many of the Highland estates are let for more than the whole rents they used formerly to bring. I grant this at once; but I know also that sheep-farms there have likewise prodigiously increased in value, and what is more, are likely to increase still further. But the attempt to get a large head of game, and to have the sheep too, is found to be almost, if not quite, as impossible as to have a superb field of wheat filled with pheasants, hares, and rabbits. When in the Highlands last autumn, I made some inquiries regarding this, and several most respectable farmers assured me that they had far better pay a handsome sum, frequently as much as the shootings let for, to get rid of the game altogether, unless when it is kept only in such quantities that it would take an active man a hard day's work to fill a game-bag; and though the Game Laws were abolished to-morrow it would cost but little trouble to the owners

of these mountains to preserve this quantity,—quite enough for sport."

After describing how it was frequently necessary to regulate the cropping of land with reference to the game, my father goes on to say, "There are cases in East Lothian where 'the proud tenantry,' as an Edinburgh Reviewer calls them, are not permitted to keep dogs, and many are the instances where it is impossible to keep cats, as they invariably disappear, no one knows how, though ill-natured people will lay the blame on the gamekeepers. That great losses are frequently sustained by tenant-farmers from the ravages of game, must be evident to all who have made any inquiry into the matter. Game, like every living thing, lives to eat, or eats to live; and what, may I ask, constitutes the food of hares and rabbits? Unquestionably vegetable productions, either in the shape of grass, grain, or turnips. And partridges and pheasants, what of them? I frankly confess that I never was sensible of any great mischief done by partridges; but for pheasants there is not a bird alive more destructive to the crops of the farmer. They scrape up the seed for long after it is sown as effectually as barn-door chickens; in summer they trample down the growing corn in every direction; and then in autumn, as soon as the grain begins to approach maturity, they are at it again. In a wet or damp harvest, many of the heads trodden down by them spring up, which deteriorates the value of the sample several shillings a quarter. This autumn, in passing a stackyard a few miles from where I live, shortly after daybreak, I was astonished to see more pheasants in it than I ever saw barn-door fowls in any other. On my approach they took to

wing and literally darkened the air. The farmer told me that invariably his servants all turned poachers; they set traps in the stackyard, and caught them in many ways unknown to him. I have since learned that this stock of pheasants has been reduced fully two-thirds, without the proprietor or his keepers having killed a single head, and that this large quantity has been conveyed along the North British Railway for the benefit of you Edinburgh folks. However, you have a greater interest in this question than simply the eating of the game. The quantity of agricultural produce consumed and destroyed by them far more than overbalances any good you may derive from a poached or an unpoached pheasant. . . . The farmers who were examined before Mr. Bright's Committee stated their annual losses from £100 to £200, £600 to £700, and £900 to £1000. . . . There is also the shameful case mentioned by Mr. Stevenson in his able lecture, where the damage was estimated last year at £823 on a rent of about £1000. I have already alluded to an instance where the damage was £100 to a single field of wheat, and I know two or three farms in East Lothian that I would not occupy rent free, to be obliged to maintain the large head of game usually kept on them. I might easily give you names, but I have no wish to expose individual game-preservers, further than is necessary to show the working of the system; neither perhaps would the sufferers themselves thank me. . . . In some of the large estates in East Lothian only a murderous *battue* takes place, perhaps once or twice in a season, which is much the same in sport as if I was to invite my friends to take a shot at my pigs. . . . Farming now is in many cases a scientific profession, and must rapidly

become so in all. Things are now mightily changed; rents have risen to double and treble the amount they were sixty years ago. To pay them the landlord's land is not now sufficient—the tenant must have capital and skill to use it judiciously. But what man of common sense will expose his capital or apply his skill to produce a result which may be marred by the whim or caprice of another? . . . If a tenant mentions the game when he offers for his farm, he is invariably assured that it will not be allowed to hurt him. . . . A wood-pigeon was formerly a rare sight; but since the plantations have been kept quiet for the breeding of game, and since owls, hawks, weasels, etc., have been destroyed by keepers, these wood-pigeons have so increased that in many instances they do more damage than even the game. The increase of wood-pigeons is one of the evils of game-preserving, and yet game-preservers turn round and tell us that wood-pigeons do more harm than game." My father then referred to the injurious effects of the law of Hypothec, after which he alluded to the discouragement created by the want of security for the floating capital of the farmer. "A farm towards the close of a lease," he said, "is never in the same condition that it was a few years previously, it matters not under what conditions the tenant may occupy. No tenant can feel himself justified in making the same expenditure at the close that he does in the middle of his tenancy. Yet it is of the utmost importance to the welfare of the country that every acre of land should always be made to produce the utmost. I would have every farm examined by competent persons, and if there were improvements on it done by the tenant, which would naturally increase the rent of the

farm, and which he could not carry away with him, he should be paid for them, either by the incoming tenant or by the landlord. On the other hand, if the tenant deteriorates the farm, as sometimes happens, he should be compelled to pay the landlord. There might be some difficulty in fixing this to a penny, but a sufficiently near approach might be made to the exact value for the ends of substantial justice.

"I may here notice that the *Advertiser* of the 11th, under the head 'Abolition of the Game Laws,' devotes upwards of a column of his paper to a kind of apologetic defence of the present Game Laws. I once hesitated whether or not to take any notice of him, as in the long and lachrymose introduction to the article alluded to, like Rob the Grinder, the 'penitent cove' in *Dombey and Son*, he so bitterly complains of being always misunderstood and abused; but being conscious that all I want is the triumph of truth and justice, I think I may venture to give you my views of the *Advertiser's* mode of defence. First he says, 'We are accused of defending all their [the Game Laws'] abuses, resisting every modification of them, and denying that they produce the evils attributed to them. Now, such is not the fact; we neither defend their abuses nor deny that they are productive of evil.' Well, one would naturally think that these are liberal admissions. He 'does not deny that they produce the evils attributed to them,' and surely they are of no slight magnitude, and yet the very next sentence is, 'We maintain that their abolition would not cure, but rather increase, many of the evils complained of.' This is blowing hot and cold with a vengeance! If these Game Laws produce the evils attributed to them, do away with the laws and you

must cure the evils, or else the evils complained of are not, and cannot be, attributable to the laws. The *Advertiser* believes that the tenant-farmers' losses 'are exaggerated.' I would just ask the *Advertiser* upon whose authority he believes this? Does he know of a single instance where any practical man has confuted the estimates made by tenant-farmers of their losses? If he does not, he is morally bound to believe what they tell him, unless he is prepared to say that the tenant-farmers of England and Scotland are a class totally unworthy of belief. He continues, 'There is little or no agitation on the subject. Rural agitation, properly speaking, there has been none.' Yet, says he, we (the rural agitators) have changed our tactics, and appealed to the city population. Is not this self-contradiction again? He goes on, that 'itinerating lecturers address town audiences, and try to stir up, through the medium of the Radical press, the clamorous passions of the *canaille* and the lower classes.' There is about as much truth about our being itinerating lecturers, as that you gentlemen are a class lower than the *canaille*. If our grievances are not soon remedied there is every chance of our becoming itinerating lecturers, but how you are to get lower than the *canaille* rather puzzles me. He states afterwards that even were the Game Laws abolished, 'destructive hares and pheasants must be killed by somebody,' and that, 'if the farmers had the game, they must protect it and employ people to watch against the depredations of poachers, so that conflicts and murders would be more frequent than ever.' Before I read this I had no notion that farmers were so fond of 'destructive hares and pheasants' as to protect them and employ people to watch them. I

deny that they would do so, consequently no conflicts or murders would take place. Perhaps the most preposterous sentence is when he states that 'to argue that the Game Laws are the cause of poaching, is not more logical nor more consistent with common sense than to try to persuade us that the sixth commandment is the cause of murder.' I would just ask in reply,—Does the *Advertiser* consider an Act-of-Parliament law—a human law, though it is an inhuman one—to be of equal authority with a divine commandment? If he does, then I understand his argument, and I may come to doubt that the Excise regulations produce smuggling. But then, says the *Advertiser*, 'the revenue would suffer materially; every licence, every dog, and every game servant' (the least always last—the game servant after his master's dog), 'bring in each their quota.' He forms no estimate of the total amount; but grant that it is £200,000 a year, and it does not exceed that, what is it to the expenses incurred in the imprisonment, trial, and punishment of the offenders made criminals by this law,—the cost of maintaining their wives and families in the workhouse,—the loss to society of the work of the unfortunates themselves when confined, and their subsequent idleness when at liberty, induced by that confinement? Almost the only objection that I ever heard urged by farmers against the total abolition of the Game Laws was, that they were useful as a species of trespass-law. Even were this the case, I do not think it at all prudent to enact laws ostensibly for one reason but in reality for another. The idea that our farms would swarm with lawless individuals from towns and villages, seeking to exterminate the last head of game, I cannot help thinking perfectly chimer-

ical. By artificial means vast numbers of wild animals are congregated in particular spots, animals which cannot be considered in the light of property, that a few years ago it was illegal to buy or sell, and now only in a very limited manner. To many the temptation is too strong to be resisted; some are driven by poverty, others by the love of adventure. Incursions are made into preserves; a couple of guineas perhaps is the reward of a night's sport, as much as they could make by honest labour in a month. Riotous dissipation and idleness are sure to follow; they must try it again and again. They are caught; to jail with them is the order. The chaplain there finds it impossible to effect the slightest reformation on them; they indignantly deny that they are thieves. They confess to having broken a law, but then it is a law of man's making, not of God's creating; for, unfortunately, this law carries not on its front the broad impress of truth and justice which all laws ought to have. When you remember that there are nearly five thousand people convicted annually for offences against these laws, that poachers shoot gamekeepers, and gamekeepers shoot poachers, that we have jailings, trials, transportations, and hangings—men with spirits burning with fiendish passion hurried into the presence of their Maker,—when we remember that all this is done for 'sport' for one class, am I not justified in asking your assistance to rid the country of such a crying evil?"

CHAPTER IX.

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE TO HIS BROTHER ADAM.

"FENTON BARNS, *29th October* 1848.

"We should have written in the middle of the month to have told you that John is the tenant of South Elphinston, in the parish of Tranent. He enters at Martinmas, *i.e.* in three weeks. The last crop was sold off the ground, the straw not being steelbow. This makes the entry a little more difficult than usual, but I daresay I shall be able to raise the necessary funds. . . . I have been selling my railway shares under their fearful depreciation. . . . I unfortunately hold eighteen shares in the Cattle Insurance Company which D. Wilkie manages in Scotland. It has been a losing concern, and I am going up to London on Thursday to try and get them to take my shares off my hands. The risk they run for such a small body of proprietors is enormous, and makes me nervous to think of, and I am resolved to be quit of them at whatever cost. I have taken a perfect horror at joint-stock companies, especially where the liability is unlimited. John will finish this letter, and I shall only add that we are all well, and thriving in our bodies if not in our estate."

FROM MR. JOHN HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, 29*th October* 1848.

"It was only last night that the 'black crops' were finally housed. East Fenton park was a splendid crop; the stooks stood like a dense forest. We had three sets of carts, and the sight was exhilarating. . . . My father has again wonderfully recovered. None of us anticipated so distinct a deliverance from the utter prostration and ruin, as it seemed, of the outward temple. He is still unable to walk without assistance, but the other day he signed his name with his left hand." [He was never again able to walk without assistance.]

FROM MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, 28*th April* 1849.

"I used to hear my father say, that 'when you did not hear from or see your friends as you were in the habit of doing, you might depend upon it that things were not thriving with them.' I am afraid that a feeling of this sort, viz. that affairs are not going on as swimmingly as I should like, has in part operated in giving me a dislike to all correspondence unless on business. Not that I have so very much to complain of either, but what with losses on shares, my spring wheat turning out indifferently, and 100 acres of turnips leaving me not one sixpence of profit after paying my oil-cake bill and for corn consumed by the cattle and sheep, I find myself comparatively a poor man: not also but that I have plenty to go on farming as highly as ever, and to enable John to do justice to his new undertaking, but I have nothing more than what I calculate we shall both need to lay in our cattle and sheep in good time

after harvest; . . . but I live in hopes of better times coming again. I had got too much accustomed to think that everything I put my hand to must thrive, and I have been punished for my presumption. But a truce to croaking.

"I enjoyed my trip with Mr. Miller to Manchester. We saw everything worth seeing in the shape of mills, machinery, etc., besides making the acquaintance of many people worth knowing. We received every sort of attention. We went to Rochdale and visited Mr. Bright, whose manufactories were the largest we saw. . . . When at Manchester I called on a Unitarian minister, Mr. Gaskell, whose wife is the authoress of *Mary Barton*, and a daughter of the late Mr. W. Stevenson of London. Mrs. Gaskell told me she was not a twelvemonth old when her mother died, and that she had not a single relic that her mother had ever touched. I sent her seven letters from her mother to mine—one of them written a week or two before her death."

FROM MRS. GASKELL TO MR. GEORGE HOPE.

"121 Upper Rumford Street,
Manchester, 13*th February*.

"I will not let an hour pass, my dear sir, without acknowledging your kindness in sending me my dear mother's letters, the only relics of her that I have, and of more value to me than I can express, for I have so often longed for some little thing that had once been hers or been touched by her. I think no one but one so unfortunate as to be early motherless can enter into the craving one has after the lost mother. . . . It never entered my head to imagine you wished to see me for any other reason than as the daughter of old friends.

You cannot think how it gratified me to be sought out for their sakes,—a gratification I should certainly have been very far from feeling if I had for a moment suspected you of coming from mere curiosity. I have been brought up away from all those who knew my parents, and therefore those who come to me with a remembrance of them as an introduction seem to have a holy claim on my regard. . . . If either you or Mr. Miller come again to Manchester you must come to us and see if we cannot give you such accommodation as you require, without going to an hotel. . . .—Ever yours very truly,

"ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL."

The following are extracts from letters from my father to his brothers, written between the years 1849 and 1851 :—

"*30th April* 1849.

"My father enjoys wonderful health. Though he cannot walk without assistance he looks well, being fat and rosy. . . . R. is a merry little fellow, a miniature of the elder Robert Hope, both in mind and body. P. is a fat, riotous fellow, most determined on his meat; he roars impatiently when he sees food till the spoon is put into his mouth."

"FENTON BARNS, BY DREM,
29th November 1849.

"You will see by the heading of this that Drem has at last been converted into a post-town, and we do find it a very great advantage. Many people do not seem satisfied with putting simply Drem on our letters, apparently thinking it can never find us, so they put below it either Haddington or North Berwick, which frequently

makes them later of reaching us than they would otherwise be. Your letter of the 8th October I despatched at once to the *Scotsman*. . . . Before the editor got your letter he asked me to send the first that came, as the Canadian Tories were systematically getting paragraphs inserted in all the home papers representing Canada as ripe for revolt, and doing their best to frighten the people at home into the belief that in a short time Canada would join the States. I heard a number of people talking about your letter who did not know who wrote it. . . .

". . . My father is as energetic as ever in mind, and he takes as much interest in everything that goes on. If he could only express himself in words; but we can scarcely hope for this again."

"30*th January* 1850.

"The Protectionists are making a sad yell, but here I think it is more to get a reduction of rent than anything else; very few of them ever expect or even wish to see Protection restored, but they want an excuse for an abatement of rent. The leader in the *Scotsman*, in reply to *Blackwood*, was partly from my pen, but amplified by Mr. Russel, the editor. He was here all Sunday, and we concocted a second, which was to be in this day's paper. The first, with additions, has been printed as a pamphlet, and all sold. It is to be reprinted, with the second attached. Notwithstanding that it was an intense frost, and we were almost out of work, I heard that it has been said in Edinburgh that I have begun to neglect my farm, writing books. I am resolved this shall not be said of me; but it shows that if you attack any system vigorously, its defenders do not hesitate to raise a cry against you."

"31*st January.*

"I have just got copies of yesterday's *Scotsman*, and a note from the editor; in consequence of a breakdown of the mail, my proof corrections of the leader were not received in time. It is a pity, for it would have read much better, especially about Mr. Watson's green crop."

"FENTON BARNS, DREM,
31*st March* 1851.

"I have entered into another speculation, having taken the Dirleton common and the park betwixt Dirleton and Archerfield. There are 300 acres of links and 60 acres in the park. . . . It is worth more to me than to anybody else, both for the stock I need for this farm and from the same shepherd managing both Linkhouse and it. It keeps about 300 ewes and lambs, and 40 cattle. These things absorb the whole of my surplus cash. I am pleased at this addition to my holdings, as I have long had an eye on the common. Mr. Nisbet once offered it to my father, but he could not spare the necessary funds. It would have been galling to me had I been in the same position when it was offered to me."

"29*th May* 1851.

"I communicated the contents of your letter to aunt H., and gave her from you £1, the balance left by her deceased husband, and £5 over and above. I said I was commissioned by you to give her a further sum when I thought she required it. You must know she is just the old woman, still thoughtless and extravagant whenever she has money in her pocket. I have constantly to be giving her. Aunt B. has gone into the new house which I have purchased. . . .

"We had a pleasant but short visit from your friend Mr. B., to attend the market. I drove him up to Haddington in the gig. . . . Next day I had to go to S., as it was the day of the sale of the stocking, etc., and from being judicial manager my presence was indispensable. . . . I committed a very great oversight in leaving Mr. B. at Drem station. I never shook hands with him. I got into a *brown study*, first regarding America, next as to these S. matters, and the train coming up, I thought of nothing but securing my place; so I left Mr. B. standing on the platform without saying farewell. The moment the train was in motion I recollected what I had done, and felt greatly annoyed. Please make my best apologies to Mr. B., and express to him how much I regretted it. I may tell you that Mr. B. seemed to think J.'s intellect was rather prematurely developed. . . . I need not say that *this is a mistake* that parents sometimes fall into, but which leaves a regret only once repented of, and that is for ever. I trust you will not err in this, and that her body will increase in strength as fast as, or (as it should be) faster than, her mind. . . . I prefer to see my C. playing and romping with her brothers to sitting in a corner reading a book, as she is rather often.

"Things generally are getting well on here, but everybody has something to annoy them. I was quite pleased to get the Dirleton grass, but latterly part of the cattle have been seized with pleuro-pneumonia; one animal is already dead, and two are dying. I have been in the middle of Dirleton common both yesterday morning and this, before five o'clock. I hope, however, that it will stop, and that we shall have no more of it."

"*29th June.*

"I propose starting for London on the 11th July to visit the Exhibition. Everybody hereabouts is going or gone. Mrs. Ferguson left Archerfield last week, and she has sent her servants, land-steward, gardeners, gamekeepers, etc., and she also franks the clergy of whom she is patron."

TO MRS. HOPE.

"WHEATHAMSTEAD PLACE, 13*th July* 1851,
Sunday morning, 7.45 A.M.

"You will see by the heading of this that we have reached Mr. L.'s in perfect safety. On Friday we got to Newcastle at half-past three o'clock, where we found Mr. Harris waiting for us. He took us through the town, and showed us all the curiosities of the place. . . . The glory of Newcastle is the high-level bridge, with the railway on the top and the carriage-road below. We walked across it the better to enjoy the view. Mr. Harris kept it to the last, and he told us not to look over on the river and shipping until he gave the word. It was a spirit-stirring scene, making one almost giddy to look down. . . . We left Newcastle in the morning at 8.15. . . . The country from Doncaster to Huntingdon was new to me; I should not like to stay in it; it is much too flat, and there was a constant smell of burnt peat; but such continued large breadths of wheat I never saw, and every field as strong as it could stand. When we come nearer this we get into the chalk formation, where the soil is light and sandy, and consequently the crops have suffered more from the drought. . . . I had a headache the last hour in the train. I thought when I came here I should

have to go to bed, but when I drank a cup or two of tea it went quite away. . . ."

"14*th July*, 6 *o'clock* A.M.

"I despatched an epistle to you yesterday morning, and I have now got up to tell you of some things I forgot, some that I had not time for, and some that have happened since. I should have told you more particularly about the Museum at Newcastle, which was founded by Mr. Turner, the predecessor of Mr. Harris. The things which interested me most were two large fossil trees of the pine species, found 800 feet below the earth's surface; two beds of coal were wrought above them, and they were found in an underbed of coal, standing quite upright and through the bed of coal. The trees, birds, fishes, and reptiles found in a fossil state in the different rocks were numerous, and are intensely interesting; I was only sorry that we had not more time to spare for them. . . . Yesterday forenoon we took a short turn through Mr. L.'s premises; then we went to church, where we heard a feeble sermon from a noble text, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.' . . . There were a lot of girls from the National School, another lot of boys in a gallery, a few respectable-looking people up and down the church, and a very few labourers in smock-frocks, boots, and leather-leggings; the boots were heavy and strong, and 'brawns to their legs they had none.' In the afternoon we went out to survey Mr. L.'s premises. [Here follows a minute description of the crops.] He has a small four-wheeled gig in which he drove a pony when I was here formerly, but yesterday he put an ass into it, and he then drove Mr. Miller through his farm, and I walked. . . . We leave this at eight o'clock for London.

. . . I must not yet begin to weary to see your face, nor those of my blessed bairns, before, at all events, that I have bought *the knives*."

"LONDON, 15*th July* 1851, 6 A.M.

". . . Now comes the grand question, 'What do you think of the Great Exhibition?' . . . It appeared to me, as it has done to others, more an imagination of Fairy-land, or an Eastern tale, than sober reality. I could not attend to any one thing in particular, but for four hours I rambled about. . . . What struck me most was the glorious sculpture. In the Austrian division there was a veiled nun which was executed in a very extraordinary manner, in fact every figure there was faultless. The Austrians, from what I have yet seen, appear to me to carry away the palm for taste both in statuary and furniture. There are perhaps as fine statues, such as Satan and Eve, the Greek Slave, and one or two others, but all the Austrian statues are superb,—they have so much beauty and life in them. The Koh-i-noor seemed to me to be a bit of very clear glass about the size of the cork-piece of a wine-decanter stopper; it seemed so odd to see a piece of glass covered with a strong cage and a railing outside, in which stands a policeman to keep off the crowd. . . . The stained glass appeared to me very fine, and also some of the china and porcelain. It was curious to contrast the productions of China, Tunis, and Spain with those of more civilised countries. The machinery departments I have only glanced at; however, I did not forget to examine the reaping-machines in the American division; I am pleased with the look of one of them, but the practical test is necessary before giving any

decisive opinion in its favour. . . . Mr. Miller got tired, so we left at four o'clock, and took an omnibus to the York Hotel, where Mr. L. puts up, and we dined there. Mr. L. and I went out afterwards the length of Mr. Mechi's shop, where I bought a razor. I also bought the fruit-knife to C. and the knives to the boys; so tell them I have not forgotten them. We had some interesting talk with two English farmers at the York Hotel; Mr. Miller and I astonished them by saying we could pay our rents. We explained that we had corn rents. 'Ah,' said they, 'we could do the same if in your position.' Then said I, 'It is a question of rent?' They had to admit it, but unwillingly. . . . Mr. L. is to call for us at half-past nine, and we go to call on Mr. Cobden, who lives near the Exhibition. Mr. Bright is not in town."

"16*th July*, 7 A.M.

"It was a great gratification to me last night, when I came in fatigued, to find your letter with the welcome intelligence that you were all in your usual health on the previous morning. . . . Well, yesterday, when Mr. L. came at half-past nine, we took a cab and drove to Mr. Cobden's; we were kindly received, and introduced to Mrs. Cobden and Mr. Richard Cobden, junior. . . . The boy is perhaps ten years of age, and has a very large, well-developed head. Mr. Cobden drove us to the House of Commons, as there was a morning sitting, and, having put us into the Speaker's gallery, took his place in the House. The business was the County Courts Bill. The Solicitor-General spoke long and well, but had to give in as to who should practise before these courts. He (the Solicitor-General) wished to confine it to attorneys and barristers, one of each.

After several others spoke, most of them in the midst of much noise, Mr. Cobden rose; at once you might have heard a pin fall, and in a very few sentences he put the matter in a true light. He said . . . that there was to be no monopoly, that the suitor might employ nobody or anybody he pleased, and there was tremendous cheering. Afterwards Mr. Cobden spoke again, and with the same effect. After a vast deal of talk, strangers were ordered to withdraw, but no division took place, as the Government gave in, and Mr. Cobden came to us rejoicing in his victory. He took us to the House of Lords (where we saw the Lord Chancellor and some others), and to see the proceedings before a Committee of the House of Commons. With Mr. Smith, the Member for Dunfermline, we went over all the New Houses of Parliament. We met with large numbers of Members who attributed to Mr. Cobden the victory gained. When we were in the gallery Sir H. Davie saw us, and came up beside us for a good while, and told us the names of the various speakers; he asked us to dine with him on Thursday, and we are going. When Mr. Smith and I were walking together, we met Mr. Christopher, who stopped and shook hands with me, and after some little talk, I joined my friends again. He looked surprised to see me with Mr. J. B. Smith; you know Smith is a Unitarian, and we were very gracious. Mr. Miller and I got a beef-steak in an eating-house, and went off to the Exhibition, and spent a couple of hours amongst the agricultural implements, but there was really nothing new. . . . Kindest love to father and mother, and kisses to C., R., P., and the baby."

"LONDON, 17*th July* 1851.

"On my return from Windsor last night I was rewarded by your letter of Tuesday morning. . . . Yesterday morning after breakfast we started for the Waterloo station, calling on the way at the York Hotel for Mr. L. At the station we found a very great crowd. Train after train was sent off as fast as possible; we saw three go off before we could get a seat. At last Mr. Miller and I got into one, but Mr. L. was left on the platform, and that was the last I saw of him. We arrived at Windsor about twelve o'clock, and found the showyard close to the station. The show was the best I have ever seen both in numbers and quality. . . . There were one or two polled Angusshire and Aberdeen cattle that attracted the notice of the Londoners. I heard one say, 'Why, these beasts are as good as the Sussex!' In my opinion they were better. It was astonishing what a number of people we met in the showyard that we knew. . . ."

"18*th July* 1851.

"It is now half-past five o'clock in the morning, and it was just twelve when I turned into bed, so I have not had a very long sleep. I got your letter of the 16th last night from the hands of the postman myself, as we returned from the Exhibition to dress for Sir H. Davie's. I was so glad as we came to the door to see the postman advance with your hand of writ; I claimed it at once; the man smiled and gave it me. . . . I cannot say that I like much any of the bairns riding in Uncle John's dog-cart; it wants something to keep them in. I know, however, that John is very careful, and that he will see that no harm happens to them. I am glad the hay is in all safe. Let me know if the

Puddenbutts turnips are singled. . . . Yesterday we spent about four hours in the Exhibition examining the productions of the United States, Russia, and Denmark. Mr. Miller has just looked into the room to say it is time to leave, but I have pleaded for a little delay. We are going to-morrow to see Mr. Houghton, the greatest farmer in England. He bought part of Bagshot Heath, and has brought it into cultivation, and we go to inspect it."

"*19th July*, 8 *o'clock* A.M.

"I got your letter of the 17th last night, or rather this morning at one o'clock. 'Fine hours to be keeping!' you will say to yourself; but don't condemn me until you hear how I passed the day. I popped my yesterday's letter into the post-office at a quarter before seven, and with Mr. Miller took a cab to the York Hotel, where we picked up Mr. L. and drove to the Waterloo Station, where we took return tickets to the Staines Station. Mr. John Houghton of Sunninghill had a dog-cart there waiting which took us to his house in about an hour and a half. We breakfasted with him and started for Hannichigan Lodge, which we reached in two hours; it is a part of Bagshot Heath, and has just been reclaimed by Mr. Houghton. [My father then describes Mr. Houghton's estate, the geological formation which it is on, the quality of the soil, the depth of the drains, and the number of yards which they are apart; the quality of the drain-tiles, and the machine by which they are made; the number of acres under each different species of crop, and what the crop was on the same ground the previous year, etc. etc. He continues:] It was nearly eight o'clock before we got over all the place. . . . We caught the last train,

which brought us back to London at 12.25, and we came into this house as it struck one. I read your letter, which kept me awake thinking of Fenton Barns and all its treasures for half an hour. I fell asleep, and slept soundly until seven o'clock. As it has now struck nine I will go and see what Mr. Miller is about, and prepare for our day's work. . . .

"I have looked into Mr. Miller's room and found him still in bed, so I have returned to fill up this sheet; he is quite well, however, and I find myself as strong as a lion. I think I said in my last that I expect to be home on Monday or Tuesday week. I do not know exactly what we shall do to-day. I should myself like to go to the Exhibition. . . . I really wish you saw it: I think John must make a run up after harvest; he may depend upon it he will never see the like again."

"*Sunday morning*, 8 *o'clock*,
20*th July*.

"It makes me always so happy when I come in at night and find a letter from you. I read it again and again, and fancy what you are all doing at the particular time. . . . I am not sure if I can stay away another whole week. We have made up our minds to leave this on Wednesday for Crix. On Thursday we go to Tiptree, to inspect Mr. Mechi. . . . Yesterday, we went again to the Exhibition, and it was the most satisfactory visit we paid to it; there was not such a crush as formerly. We met a great many East Lothian people and folks we know. . . . I took another look at the agricultural implements, but hurriedly. I noticed upon one of the most barbarous turnip-drills I ever witnessed —'Included in the great silver medal,' etc. If the

judges really approved of such an implement, all I can say is that they know nothing about economy, for it would be heavy work for three or four horses for the drawing of a machine which only requires one. I do not know how it is, but I ever find myself before leaving the Exhibition drawn to the statuary. I cannot tell you with what feelings of delight I gaze on it. There is a boy, and a great dog killing a serpent; the terror on the boy's face and rage on that of the dog is true to life. Another of the same, the head of the serpent off, the boy hugging the dog, and the look of satisfaction on the animal's face is again a true picture. . . ."

"21*st July, half-past* 7 A.M.

". . . Yesterday, about half-past twelve, we took an omnibus to give us a lift towards Kensal Green Cemetery. Who should jump in but Moncreiff, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, so it is evident he leaves his Free Church prejudices on the north side of the Tweed. The omnibus stopped at the head of Westbourne Terrace, and we walked the rest of the way. As we passed a church dispersing, some one hailed us, and turning round, we beheld Mr. Cobden making after us; he had seen us from the steps of the church. He kindly chid us for not coming to see him again. We told him we were engaged, and we knew his time to be valuable. Mr. Miller told him we were going to visit the grave of Mr. Ferguson of Raith, our late landlord and kind friend. 'Ah,' said he, 'he was a good man, but do you not come under Mr. Christopher, who is rather a queer-looking customer; how do you like him?' Mr. Miller replied, 'Mr. Christopher is yet unproved,' and after some further chat we parted. We found the walk to

the Cemetery rather long, but at last we reached it. . . . After walking about a little we went to an inn and had dinner; we then fortunately got an omnibus which took us to the City, and having put Mr. Miller into a hansom-cab with proper directions to the driver to take him to this house, I wended my way to the London Bridge station, and took the train to Norwood. . . ."

"*22d July.*

". . . The illness of R. put me out at first more than my judgment allowed; for I could see, from John's letter, that he was not very ill; but then I was far away from him, and you were to start on a fatiguing journey with baby in your arms. I hope to hear this afternoon that he is again at Fenton Barns, and in his usual health.

"I have not much to tell you to-day. We went to the Exhibition yesterday, but the crowd was great. . . . Some of the furniture, ticketed as made by the Associated Workmen of Paris, was about the finest I have seen. . . . I do regret that you cannot see the Exhibition, . . . but tell John he must see it if he should live upon pease-brose for the next twelve months. Kiss my blessed babes for me. I hope you have them all around you."

"*23d July.*

"Your letter from Elphinston cheered me much by informing me of little R. being again in good health. I watched for the postman at four o'clock yesterday with great anxiety. . . . Mr. Miller has just looked in on me to say that all his traps are packed and in travelling order. . . ."

"CROWN AND ANCHOR HOTEL, IPSWICH,
25th July, half-past 6 o'clock A.M.

"I was really delighted yesterday morning at getting your letter of Tuesday. It was so unexpected that the understanding of 'a surprise,' so pleasant to certain little folks, was made clearly plain. . . . Yesterday we were at Tiptree. . . . Mr. Mechi introduced us to two or three gentlemen; one, a French Count, asked me if it was me that spoke about wheats at the Highland Society's meetings. He said he had some of the Fenton wheat in his portmanteau to take to his own country. . . . A trial of the implements from the Great Exhibition by the English Agricultural Society was being made on Mr. Mechi's fields. The ploughs—American, French, and English—all appeared to me to be very imperfect implements. . . . I am certain that a Scotch swing-plough would have beat the whole lot. The greatest interest was regarding the two American reaping-machines. Mr. Mechi allowed them to cut away at his splendid wheat, though it was not ripe, simply to gratify the 150 or 200 spectators. One of the machines did the work well, unless that it made the stubble rather high; the other only cut a little bit, but that beautifully, when it seemed to choke, and they never could get it to go again. . . . We got here last night at twelve, and are on our way to Swaffham."

"SWAFFHAM, *26th July.*

". . . I am getting very impatient to get *home.* We go to see Mr. Hudson of Castle-acre's Farm this forenoon; then we go to Lyme. If I remain in my present mind the chances are I am at Drem on Tuesday at half-past one o'clock P.M. We left Ipswich yesterday at

eight o'clock, were at Norwich at half-past ten; left at eleven for Wymondham; stopped there an hour; then on to Dereham, where we were detained three hours. It was the most fatiguing day we have had. . . ."

"LYME REGIS, *Sunday, 27th July.*

"I am very much afraid we shall be unable to get away to-morrow. . . . Mr. D. has written to individuals to say that we are to call and inspect their farms, and it would be positively rude to disappoint him. . . . I almost turn sick to think I must put down another day for getting home. . . . I so long to get home again that farming and everything else seems to me almost contemptible, and still I feel I must go through with it. Yesterday, we went to Castle-acre, the residence of Mr. Hudson. We drove round his farm, and through it. . . . One thing struck me, viz., throughout all the turnip-fields there were, here and there, rows of buckwheat, which were sown to feed pheasants and partridges for Mr. Hudson's shooting. The farmers there have a pack of hounds; one of them is Master of the Hounds, and gets subscriptions to pay their keep from other farmers. One farmer went to London lately to inspect the Exhibition, and sent three horses up that he might ride in the Park. . . . Yet these men say they are ruined by Free-trade. . . . I hardly expect to be home on Tuesday evening, but I may say on Wednesday at half-past one I shall be at Drem."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, *29th September* 1851.

". . . But to come to my great crop,—POTATOES. Again I am pleased with the prospect. There is more

disease than there has been for two years; still, the proportion of tubers affected is small in comparison to the crop. The potatoes in East Fenton Park (after turnips) are the finest I ever saw growing; many people from a distance have come to see them, and they say nothing like them is to be seen in Britain. Many of the stems are from five to six feet in length.

". . . Our bairns have been staying at Linkhouse for five or six weeks, and have come home as strong and healthy as possible. We fitted up two cot-houses at the Links, converting them into one, and made a nice comfortable place for about £15." [My father occasionally spent a day or two in this luxurious abode, and would dig for sand-eels with his children on the beach, and hunt for crabs with them on the rocks, with as much apparent enjoyment as if these pastimes had been his own greatest pleasures.]

"14*th March* 1852.

"The grain crop has turned out remarkably well; I think the average yield of grain of all kinds will be greater than I ever remember on Fenton Barns, and as rents are moderate (the fiars being 1s. per qr. less than last year) I shall do pretty well.

"We are all pretty much as usual here, my father being stout and healthy. We have got an Albert car, which is simply a low-hung dog-cart, and he will not now ride in the old gig, he gets so much easier out and in of the car, it being but a low step from the ground." [My father was afraid that my grandfather would consider the purchase of this vehicle to be a piece of reckless extravagance, and broke the news to him as gently as possible, telling him that the new carriage would be used only on special occasions. He was taken for his

daily drive in it on the day of its arrival, but on the following day the old gig was brought to the door as usual. Being able to express himself only by signs, he gesticulated violently, motioning for the gig to be taken away and the new purchase brought round; nor would he ever enter the gig again.]

"1*st August* 1852.

"You will be pleased to hear that Sir Henry Davie has been returned by a triumphant majority for the Haddington burghs. I was very anxious about it, and was four days in Haddington last week. Professor Swinton talked most confidently about being returned, and his people offered to bet 3 to 1 that he would be successful, so that I thought some artful dodge was to be tried; but it turned out as we expected, or rather better, as every doubtful voter voted in the end for Sir Henry. . . . If things had not gone well at the Haddington election, I was to have come home and taken my father up to vote. When I came home in the evening I found him dressed in his best suit of blacks, and not altogether pleased that he had not been sent for. He had even been at Drem inquiring at the railway station; but James, his man, thought it better not to go without my orders when he heard that Sir Henry was so far ahead. R. has interrupted me till he writes to his cousin R. in America. I enclose his epistle."

"15*th September* 1852.

"Before this reaches you, you will have learned from my sad note of the 2d that on that day our dear father departed this life. I never come into the room but somehow I expect to be welcomed by his kind smile. We have been so long accustomed to have him here in his ailing way, that we miss him much. He was so

methodical; everything had to be done to a minute,—breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; the window-blinds up, and the window-blinds down; up in the morning, and to bed at night. His drives out, etc., were every day performed to a minute. Everything went like clock-work. Was there a wrinkle on the carpet, or a chair out of its place, all was noticed in a moment, but ever in a kindly way, and with a laugh, as if fully sensible that it was but a trifling matter; yet he wished it so, and every one in the house ran faster than another to please grandpapa. It is all over now, and may God forgive me if sometimes I felt fretted in heart when, being busy, he asked me to attend to these little matters oftener than I thought he might have done. After all, it was a mercy that his last illness was short and his sufferings apparently not great. I did not know when he ceased to breathe; his latter end was so peaceful. Still, it was a sad shock to us all. . . . The funeral took place on Monday the 6th. We only asked the farmers adjoining and some friends in Haddington. Out of fifty-two invitations only four people did not come, and they could not. . . . You would see the notice in the *Scotsman* regarding my father; it was copied into a number of papers."

If my father thought that my grandfather asked him to attend to trifles oftener than necessary, certainly no one ever perceived that he thought so. "He attended to his father's every want, and no matter what the occupation from which he might be called away, not one impatient word was ever heard to cross his lips, not one vexed look was ever seen upon his face." He was in the habit of consulting my grandfather about the farm-

ing operations; he also read over to him whatever he wrote for the newspapers. Although unable to speak, my grandfather could evince his disapproval of any sentence to which he objected in a most unmistakable manner, and when he did so, my father would try the sentence in different ways until he expressed satisfaction.

PARAGRAPH FROM THE SCOTSMAN ON THE "DEATH OF MR. ROBERT HOPE, FENTON BARNS."

"We regret to record the death, though at an advanced age, of Mr. Robert Hope, for upwards of half a century tenant of the farm of Fenton Barns, East Lothian, and who in the days of his vigour held a prominent position in connection with Scottish agriculture. Mr. Hope was early noted as a skilful and intelligent cultivator, and was one of the pioneers in those improvements in the agriculture of Scotland which East Lothian may be said to have begun first and carried furthest. In early life Mr. Hope was a contributor to the *Farmer's Magazine*, and to the works published by Sir John Sinclair. Almost the last article of any length which he wrote was the General Observations on the county of Haddington in the New Statistical Account of Scotland, where he graphically describes the changes witnessed in a lifetime. He remembered when the public roads in his neighbourhood were without metal, and ploughed up every summer to lessen the inequalities and remove the water, the whole condition of matters in the agricultural districts being at that time as primitive as the roads; and he lived to see the best of roads intersecting a country cultivated like a garden, and a railway passing his own fields, carrying to market in tons and in a

few minutes the produce which he used to see conveyed on horseback or by sea. Mr. Hope's reputation as an agriculturist, and as a man of general intelligence and probity, being more than local, he was one of the Scotch farmers selected to give evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on Agricultural Distress in 1836, and his evidence then given is very remarkable for fulness of information and clearness of statement, not only regarding questions purely agricultural, but on the Scottish banking system and other topics. Our own columns were early, and for a long time, enriched by contributions from Mr. Hope's pen on agriculture, local and general; and otherwise, as to his son and successor Mr. George Hope, we have been indebted to an extent which we shall never be able adequately to acknowledge. In political and other questions, as well as in those connected with his own profession, Mr. Robert Hope was always in advance of his times, and maintained a testimony for Liberal principles even in the dark days towards the close of the last century. In his personal qualities—in gentleness, benevolence, kindness, and the strictest and most sensitive integrity—Mr. Hope stood very high, and he enjoyed throughout life the respect and affection of his neighbours of all ranks and opinions. As a master, he was remarkable for his careful study, not only of the interests and comforts, but of the feelings of those he employed. For several years our departed friend, from bodily infirmity, has taken no part in public or professional affairs, devolving all his duties upon his son, Mr. George Hope, who, both as a politician and as an agriculturist, has given ample pledges that he will not discredit his progenitor."

In sending the letters written to him by my father in 1852 and 1853, Mr. Adam Hope writes: "The first dawn of wealth from high farming begins to break on dear uncle George's vision,—well and worthily earned."

He had now been farming for three-and-twenty years.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, 30*th September* 1852.

"Our crop this year is the best ever grown on Fenton Barns. . . . I have sold the half of my potatoes off the field to make sure of getting something. No doubt, if they keep, the profit would be immense, but then the risk is great. I am determined, if ever I get rich, it will be by slow and sure degrees, and no extra risks. The factor told me yesterday he would send me the draft of a new lease in a day or two, so that I may consider myself fixed for life." [He was to pay a rise of rent of 100 bolls of wheat, besides interest for outlay to be made on buildings.]

"20*th October* 1852.

"I am sorry to tell you that P. has been ill for the last ten days with scarlet fever. . . . He is a very stout boy, like what you were long ago, and he suffers more from any ailment than thinner children."

"2*d December*.

"I am sure you will all sympathise with us in the loss we have sustained, our dear Christian [his third son] having passed from us yesterday morning. I wrote you some time ago that we had scarlet fever amongst the children. It is a month past on Saturday since Christian took ill, and through all this time we have feared that every day might be his last. My poor wife

scarcely ever left him for a moment, and for days has scarcely slept. We began to think he would ultimately get over it, but he showed symptoms of declining strength on Saturday, . . . and yesterday morning breathed his last in his mother's arms. We have been in such anxiety for some time that it has only been with much effort that I could attend to anything else than the sufferer. Our elder children are all well again."

"*27th January* 1853.

"You well express our feelings regarding our sad bereavements, and yet we sorrow not as those without hope. The entrance of death into a family is an event which I trust you will be long spared from knowing anything about. Yet we thank God for the memory of the past. My father's words and opinions come back with renewed force, and exercise over me, I think, even a stronger effect than when he was with us. And our dear boy, who suffered with such patience so very much,—I will carry with me to the grave the picture of his little anxious face, and again his beautiful countenance when he was no more. . . . He was the last person whose presence grandpapa noticed; he seemed to waken up shortly before his death, and smiled on little Christian."

"*February* 1853.

"A letter of mine which Mr. Cobden read to the House of Commons has brought a host of wasps about me; perhaps you might notice it in Mr. Cobden's speech on the Budget. . . . There is to be a dinner at Jedburgh to Sir H. Davie. It seems I must go and make a speech. Well, it shall be a short one; I dislike speechifying."

"10*th August* 1853.

"You mention the probability of Mr. Y. giving us a call, and in reference to it you make a remark to the effect that you are averse to give trouble. I assure you that we will not esteem it any trouble to see and entertain to the best of our ability any friends of yours: in fact, we look upon a visit from anybody from Canada, who has even only seen you, as a great favour.

"Poor aunt H. is still confined to bed. It is astonishing how she keeps the grip. I gave her the last of the money you sent her a week ago. In fact, she wrote for it on the last day of July, though I told her she was to get no more till August.

"The new lease for Fenton Barns has never yet been written out. I am not at all afraid, however. They have commenced the buildings with a new granary, which is already half built. Mr. D. has got a new house, Mr. B. is also getting buildings, and Mr. H.,—so Mrs. Ferguson is spending freely: she wishes everything done, I am told, before Lady Mary Christopher succeeds.

". . . You will see I have got a gold medal awarded me lately by the Highland Society for an experiment in feeding cattle."

"9*th October* 1853.

"Nothing has yet been done about the lease, but there is an understanding that it is all settled. I have long ago made up my mind not to ask for a lease again, being confident I am about as safe without one as with one. Mr. Christopher, the husband of the heiress, is staying at Archerfield; he has been here twice seeing the reaping-machine. . . . I do not think I have anything to fear from him, Tory though he is.

"You know how largely I am interested in potatoes. . . . The crop is very large, and the prices most extraordinary. I am selling them as fast as I can. If disease does not overtake them I should realise a considerable little fortune."

"*22d November.*

"The potatoes are equal to the gold-diggings. . . . I will be much disappointed if they do not realise more than has ever previously been made in any two years off Fenton Barns ever since it was a farm. Did I mention in my last that I had taken the Haws or Hundred-acres [a tract of sandy grass land] from Mrs. Ferguson at the rent of £60 a year?

"The same day I last wrote you I received your kind letter of 29th October congratulating us on the birth of our son George. . . . The baby thrives nicely. . . . R. and P. go to school daily. R. bears a strong resemblance to my father, having a large head and active brain. P. is a fat, jolly, good-humoured fellow. . . . I am interrupted by some foreigners who have just passed the window."

CHAPTER X.

THE agricultural fame of Fenton Barns had now begun to spread abroad, and visitors from many countries arrived there. During the last two-and-twenty years that my father occupied it there came inquirers into Scottish agriculture from Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Russia, Austria, etc. Swedes,[1] Danes, and Germans came in great numbers. Russian visitors appeared much surprised at the comfort in which the agricultural labourers lived; it was, they said, very different from the state of the Russian peasantry.

The following is an example of a letter from a foreign visitor, and may show that strangers were not received inhospitably at Fenton Barns:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—You would surely have found it very curious that I would be able to leave your country without saying you and your kind lady thanks for that excellent day which I spent with you at Fenton Barns. But I only would be able to say to my excuse that during my stay in Great Britain every minute I had to spend was so valuable that I hardly was able to come to the writing-desk at all. The more I came to your

[1] In 1870 he was presented with a diploma constituting him a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Agriculture.

extraordinary country the more I admire it. Kindness has followed me from the beginning to the end in a way that I only could write to my people at home that I do not recollect at having spent twenty-four days equal to these. . . .

"I once more repeat my warmest thanks to you and to Mrs. Hope, who surely did not receive me like a stranger, and beg you to be assured that I will not easily forget my stay at Fenton Barns.—Begging you to excuse my bad English, I always sign myself yours very truly."

The same gentleman again writes (in a note by which he introduces a compatriot): "I very often think back to that excellent day I spent with you, where I had every reason to admire your and Mrs. Hope's extraordinary hospitality; the wandering of foreigners adopting the character of a plague at your celebrated home."

Americans also occasionally visited Fenton Barns. One of these came without any letter of introduction, having merely inquired of a hotel-keeper in Edinburgh which farm in the neighbourhood he would recommend him to visit, and the hotel-keeper having recommended Fenton Barns. My father spoke to this gentleman, as he usually did to any American whom he met, of his great admiration for his countryman, Dr. Channing, upon which it appeared that the visitor was a nephew of that divine's. It gave my father great pleasure to welcome beneath his roof a relative of Dr. Channing's, and the American gentleman, who had gone to Fenton Barns to see an example of Scotch agriculture, was surprised to find his uncle so highly appreciated in a Scotch farm-house.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, 25*th February* 1855.

"Since the middle of January we have had constant frost and snow, so that most kinds of farm-labour have been at a stand-still for six weeks. We have had a great deal of curling. I was at the Great Caledonian Curling match at Carsebreck. Two rinks from Dirleton went; and we contributed 38 spotts to the victory of the South of the Forth as against the North. I am most anxious for fresh weather, having taken the land occupied by Mr. Craven, north of the drain at Dirleton. There are 100 acres, and it is all to plough. I have bought additional horses, but they have as yet only eaten food and grown fatter. . . . Farmers here have had a better time of it for some years past than I ever experienced in the life of my poor father. I have sometimes thought of making an investment in land on your side of the Atlantic, . . . but perhaps after all my best plan would be to save all the money I can for two or three years, and then try and buy a small piece of land here."

"22*d May* 1855.

"I have top-dressed every acre of my farm with either guano, bones, nitrate of soda, or sulphate of ammonia. This has cost me for Fenton Barns £1200, and for Mr. Craven's land £400, so if it does not look well it should. . . . We have bought a great many things for our new house. The old furniture having stood the tear and wear of fifty years, is now completely done. We are getting everything very plain, but of the best material that can be had. I have seen too much of the evil of buying cheap things to grudge the money."

"*28th October.*

"We are all much pleased with the plan of your new house. So far as the architectural design goes, it is superior to my house, but for internal convenience I cannot fancy anything better than we have got; we find it a great change every way.

"Though we cannot expect to find our new laird, Mr. Nisbet Hamilton, equal to our good old lady in his consideration for the wishes and wants of all about him, yet what I have seen impresses me favourably with him; so far as I am concerned, he has been most agreeable. Shortly after he came to Archerfield he called here, and said he would like me to continue to farm Mr. Craven's land; he said he was afraid I would not make much of it, the soil being so bad [the soil was almost pure sea-sand]. I replied that I would be glad to plough it, and that I thought the soil could be made good with clay, of which there was plenty near the drain. Some time afterwards he had been shooting over it, and next day he was here wishing to know what I had done to the land. He was amazed with the crop; could not have believed it; reckoned it the most extraordinary instance of improvement in a short time he had ever known. By all means I was to go on farming it any way I liked, and if he could do anything to assist me, he would be happy. I suggested taking in all the land west of the Ware road, from the bridge to Yellowcraig [more sea-sand]; so he is to remove the dike. . . . I mean to clay it all, and it will give me plenty of work for two pairs of horses." [On one occasion the crop on this land was blown right out of the ground.]

Mr. Nisbet Hamilton (whose wife, upon the death of her mother, succeeded to the Dirleton estate in this

year of 1855) had, as Mr. Dundas,[1] been Member for Edinburgh previous to the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. The electors for the city of Edinburgh were then the members of the Town Council, who were self-elected. Seventeen persons voted for Mr. Dundas, against fourteen for his opponent Jeffrey. A petition in favour of Jeffrey had in two days been signed by 17,400 of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, and almost all the public bodies in the city had also petitioned the Council in his favour. The people were infuriated at the return of Mr. Dundas, and the story goes that he was chased by the maddened populace along the parapet of the North Bridge, although what object he could have in getting on the parapet it is difficult to perceive. The Lord Provost, a supporter of Mr. Dundas's, was forced to take refuge in a shop, from which he escaped by the back-door; the Riot Act was read, and the military were called out.

The tenants on the Dirleton estate were, on the coming into power of Lady Mary and Mr. Nisbet Hamilton, immediately deprived of the liberty they had formerly enjoyed of shooting over their farms. This was fortunately no hardship to my father, who suffered little from game, and who had given up carrying a gun, after having once or twice nearly succeeded in shooting himself, in consequence of, while thinking of something else, forgetting that he had a gun in his hand.

The next proceeding of Mr. Nisbet Hamilton was to enclose within a wall the sea-shore adjoining his property, in order to prevent any one walking there, he being under the impression that it belonged to him; but this was a mistaken idea on his part, and the wall

[1] He had twice changed his name, first from Dundas to Christopher, and afterwards to Nisbet Hamilton.

was pulled down. He also endeavoured to prevent people from crossing the Dirleton common (land which my father rented from him). Seeing some one driving there he despatched one of his underlings to shut and lock a certain gate, so as to prevent the vehicle from passing through, but the messenger failed to accomplish this, the vehicle having passed before he arrived at the gate. It so happened that the person whom Mr. Hamilton had attempted to shut into the common was Prince Napoleon, who, after having inspected Fenton Barns, had gone to examine my father's farm at Dirleton; Mr. Hamilton, on learning that the trespasser was a live Prince, sent after him to the station in hot haste to beg him to return, but the Prince had gone beyond recall, ignorant alike of Mr. Hamilton's desire to entertain him, and of his endeavour to lock him into the common.

It was considered by all my father's friends to be a fortunate circumstance that his new lease of Fenton Barns was signed before Mrs. Ferguson's death.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"18*th May* 1856.

"I was in Edinburgh a fortnight ago hearing Kossuth lecture. I had the honour of an introduction, and accompanied him to the platform. He is a great orator, and I was delighted with the breadth and simplicity of his notions of religious liberty; the hearty manner in which they were responded to by the immense audience was equally gratifying. . . .

"I am going to start to-morrow for Paris, being one of the deputation from the Highland Society to represent Scotland at the great International Show to be held at Paris during the first week of June. I am a

Director of the Highland Society. They elect one farmer for four proprietors, taking a farmer from each county to represent that county, and I am elected for East Lothian. . . . I am going along with part of the stock sent from Scotland. The Scottish trains meet at Lowestoft in Suffolk, and we sail to Dunkirk in a large steamer engaged for the purpose. I am sending only six Leicester ewes, but I have, besides the charge of the whole train, the particular charge, for sale, of several lots. My expenses are paid there, and for my first week in Paris,—afterwards I am at my own charge. I shall be absent for three weeks."

TO MRS. HOPE.

"LOWESTOFT, 21*st May* 1856.

"I am glad to tell you we reached this place last night at ten o'clock all right, except that Mr. Gulland of Newton Wemyss's bull took ill, and had to be left at York. J. Elliott remained with him, and he telegraphed to me at Peterborough that the animal was dead. I have written to Mr. Gulland. I am very much vexed at this, though it cannot be helped. . . . The way was long, but I had a comfortable first-class carriage to myself. At Norwich I had a headache, which continued to increase till I got to bed at half-past twelve, for I waited as long as I was able to see the cattle taken out of the truck. I got a cup of tea and went to bed, slept like a top, and woke this morning quite well. I daresay it was the want of sleep. . . . Lowestoft is a pretty town, with a large harbour. I am staying at the Suffolk Arms, but sleeping out of the house. . . . The officials here seem very anxious to forward our business. The station-master, the harbour-master, and the French

Consul are Scotch, the two latter, however, being one person. I had been introduced to the harbour-master, and then when I waited on the French Consul I was surprised to find him the same man. The steamer for the stock has not yet arrived, which is the only drawback, and we cannot now get away from here until Friday, at the soonest. The stock is all nicely housed, and I think it all highly creditable to Scotland. I will write you again to-morrow, but here there is only one post a day, and that at seven o'clock at night. I shall expect to hear from you at the Hôtel de Louvre on Monday, but you need not write until you hear what I say in my next letter."

"Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge,
Dunkerque, 24*th May*.

"I am afraid you will have been fretting at not hearing from me, as I promised to write again from Lowestoft, but the steamer arrived the day after I wrote, about two o'clock P.M., and I went to make inquiries. It was agreed that we should begin to load next morning. I then went and got something to eat, and was about to begin to write you when I got notice to see if we could not put the cattle on board that night and sail by the first tide at two o'clock in the morning. This was ultimately agreed on, and after allotting the vessel to the different beasts, we set to work about five o'clock to put the cattle on board. It was half-past eleven before we finished, and it was the most disagreeable job I ever had on hand. One beast jumped into the harbour and was drowned; another got so excited, and was so nearly drowned, that we left it behind; and another large animal was knocked up by

the previous journey. The whole were despatched to be sold in London. I was very tired when we got finished, and I had some tea and toast, and went on board. This man thought we had given the best place to another, and his neighbour thought the very same, but by and by the recrimination ceased, and we sailed from Lowestoft at two A.M. It was a lovely day, and we had a delightful sail. We had a fine sight of the coast of England. The captain had never been at Dunkirk: he made for Calais, and then to some other small place, but he did not know where he was, and no pilot made his appearance to our signal. So we kept beating about, looking for Dunkirk, and sounding every few minutes to keep off sand-banks. At last we got a pilot, who brought us to the mouth of the harbour, and I came ashore along with four others, and reached this inn at ten o'clock at night, in the midst of a pelting rain. Mr. Maxwell was waiting for us with great anxiety. I got some supper and a glass of brandy-toddy, and went to bed, to make up for the want of sleep the previous night, never having been in bed,—in fact, there was only standing-room in the vessel. Mr. Maxwell, Mr. H., and Mr. S. returned to the harbour, which is a good way off, and slept on sofas in a vessel, to be ready to take out all the animals the next morning, and they got them all out in an hour and a half, the speed being marvellous. The beasts are all in the byres of a distillery, and are comfortably placed. . . . I was very glad to leave the vessel last night, although I had a good way to come in rain; I was so tired that I resolved Mr. Maxwell should have a trial of the unloading; but the men were all as anxious to get out of the vessel as I was, so I hear it was easily

managed. Mr. Tisserand was here this morning. I was up at the railway with him, and we have arranged about trucks for all the beasts. We are not to leave here until Tuesday evening at half-past six, half-past seven, and half-past eight o'clock; in three divisions. It will take eleven hours to reach Paris. Our passports were examined to-day by an official, and I had to go to the Custom-house and show my luggage. It was not a strict search that was made, though the officer seemed curious about my razor-strop; he seized on it quickly, and felt it with his fingers, as if it was something curious. A Mr. Bell, who was with me, had a sample of oil-cake neatly tied up, and the official examined it very carefully, as if he wondered what it was. . . . I got up a little after six this morning to see about the animals, but I found the job was finished. . . . I breakfasted on claret, shrimps, omelette, steak, etc. . . . If a day, or even two, should occur without your getting a letter, just place it to some accidental prevention, because if I was unwell in the least I should be sure to let you know."

"DUNKIRK, *25th May.*

". . . After dinner yesterday, several of us went to see the stock, and we were just in time to prevent a serious accident, for Mr. Sadler's bull had got loose, and also one of Mr. Douglass's, and the men had all left the premises on one excuse or another; but Mr. Stronach, though rather an old man, rushed in and seized Mr. Sadler's beast, and we got them all tied up without any accident. All the people that could be spared from the byres came this morning for their passports, and we all went in a body to the Catholic Church,

which is a large and handsome building. We were rather late, as the ceremonies were nearly over. The church was full of people, who made way until we walked round. On returning here the men came into the room, got a glass of brandy-and-water, etc., and Mr. M. made a short address, exhorting them to behave as well as they had done hitherto. I did not see this latter part . . . as I walked out to the country a mile or two. It seems a good soil, and the crops fine. . . . The canal seems to contain an immense number of fish, as I saw people fishing every little bit, and catching plenty, but mostly small. There were a great many donkeys grazing, and many more with women riding on them, the saddles being made of sheepskins, and sometimes they had kegs filled with butter for the market tied behind them. . . . I must stop, as I hear the Prefect is come with some friends, and wishes to see the cattle."

"DUNKERQUE, 26*th May*.

"I closed my letter yesterday rather hurriedly, before going with the official to inspect the Scotch stock. He seemed pleased, but as I do not understand French, and he and his friends could not speak English, we had not much communication. To-day, a young Scotchman, who is manager of a flax manufactory belonging to Mr. Dickson from Forfarshire, came to take us over a farm, . . . and also to show us a beet-root sugar manufactory. We had a pleasant walk, and were much pleased with the attention shown us. Full explanations were given us of the whole process of sugar-making from the beginning, and we saw them completing the process by drying the sugar by centrifugal motion. . . . On the

farm of the sugar manufacturer there was a large proportion of beet. . . . His farm contains 210 of our acres, for which he pays £500. The average rent of land he stated to be 50s. our acre. He gave us a glass of claret when we arrived, and another after we had walked over his farm. Mr. Dickson's manager acted as our interpreter, and we plied him with questions. . . . It is a week to-day since I left home, and not one word have I heard since then ; of course, it is not your fault, for who would have thought of me still being only at Dunkirk? but I am satisfied it is best for the stock to remain here after the great fatigues of the voyage. . . . Tell the children I expect letters from each and all. . . . It seems the people in the town were much pleased at us walking in a body to the church. I was rather inclined to think they might be offended ; I am glad it is otherwise."

My father writes to his daughter a description of Dunkirk. He says : "This town of Dunkirk is an old-fashioned place. The streets are all laid out with a view to defence if the town should be attacked, and they are not straight, but all regularly bent and radiating from the centre. There is a great wall round the town, and a canal or ditch, and at the gates there are drawbridges, where soldiers stand as sentries. They shut the gates at ten o'clock, after which it is difficult to get into the town, though it is easier to get out, as on payment of a little money the soldiers will rise and open the gates."

On the 27th of May he did not write his usual letter home, being busy all day arranging the stock for transit to Paris. At last the business was accomplished,

and he left Dunkirk at half-past nine in the evening. He writes from the Hôtel de Saxe-Coburg, Rue St. Honoré, Paris: "We were on the road all night, and got here safely at half-past ten. We found Mr. Stevenson busy unloading the cattle, which had arrived first, so Mr. H., Mr. S., and I came on here. We were put into horrid rooms at first, but on saying they would not do, we have got splendid apartments. We were dirty and soil-covered, but on reading our passports we rose in estimation. . . . I am just going off to the Louvre Hotel to see if there are any letters for me."

"Hôtel de Saxe-Coburg, Rue St. Honoré, Paris,
29*th May* 1856.

"I was delighted to find your two letters at the Hôtel de Louvre, informing me of all your welfare. I am obliged to P. for his letter and the news about Countess's foal; and also to C. for her letter and all the information in it. When I got the letters, and saw that all was apparently well, I came to this house and went to my own room, where I read and re-read them, trying to extract more out of every line. . . . I have simply walked through the Exhibition, after getting in all the Scotch beasts (which was a great relief to my mind), and I am struck with amazement at the splendour of the buildings."

TO HIS SON R.

"29*th May.*

"I have got your letter, and it has given me great pleasure in this wilderness of people to hear from home, and about those so often in my mind. I spent all yesterday in the Exhibition. I arranged all the seeds

from East Lothian, and also a large hamper of wool, which was directed to my care. . . . The palace in which the Exhibition is held is an immense building with a glass roof.[1] There are large galleries round and round. The cattle are under the galleries, and the centre is filled with trees and statues and the most beautiful flowers. Flags hang from the roof, with the name of the country from whence the cattle come. Many of the attendants are curious-looking men, but the Spaniards are, to my mind, the most comical; there are several of them, and they are all very like the fat men in the pictures in *Gil Blas*. . . . The Danish and German cattle are many of them Ayrshires. . . . The black polled cattle from Scotland are as good as any lot shown, and the Scotch are very proud of the appearance they have made. The judges are to fix the premiums to-day and to-morrow, so I will write on Sunday to P., telling him whether I have got a prize or not."

TO HIS SON P.

"*30th May.*

"I am glad to tell you the sheep have gained a prize, I believe the third. The Fenton wheat has also got a silver medal, and the Sanday oats. Tell Hugh Bertram this, and he will tell the men. The collection of grains sent from Haddington has got a gold medal; in fact, it is the best collection I see. Although I get into the Exhibition, it is not opened until to-morrow. . . ."

TO MRS. HOPE.

"*30th May.*

"Yesterday was a very wet day, and confined me to the Exhibition, which, however, I could not well have

[1] Now the Palais de l'Industrie.

left in any case. . . . I got Wednesday's *Scotsman* yesterday from Mr. Stevenson; it was a treat, as I have not seen a paper since I left England. . . . We propose running down to Marseilles next Thursday, if we can all get away. . . . This day pours on of rain as it did yesterday. . . . There is nothing here to prevent me writing every morning, unless I should some day sleep in; I am busy daily, but am in the best of health. Mr. Stevenson, Mr. D., Mr. H., and I went to a restaurant and dined together. . . . The strawberries here have not the same flavour they have in Scotland, or perhaps it was the want of *the cream.*"

"1*st June.*

"After I had come in last night, and was having a cup of coffee, Mr. Maxwell called with your letter. I thanked him so warmly that I thought afterwards he might fancy me sycophantish; but I was so grateful for the letter, and it really was kind of him, as it saved me a walk of at least twenty minutes. . . . At this distance I cannot pretend to say what should be done about turnip-sowing; only say to Hugh to be cautious about meddling with the land when it is wet, as the horses had better be in the stable and the men in bed. When I wrote yesterday it was raining, so there was nothing for it but to go again to the Exhibition. The Emperor and Empress made their appearance, and stayed about two hours. The Emperor is a stout-built little fellow, and he struts as he walks. The Empress was drawn in a little four-wheeled carriage. She is very pale and delicate-looking. . . . A Tyrolese (the same I thought to be Spaniards in a former letter) made a long speech to her, and presented her with a cow. The Swiss played on a long wooden trumpet

that they use for calling their cattle, and one of the men sang or chanted the cattle-call. *They* also presented her with a cow.

"I was in the Church of the Madeleine yesterday; it is very fine and gorgeous, though the figures in black, which I thought were clothes put on pins to dry, turned out to be living figures."

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

"*2d June* 1856.

"As I did not get written to you yesterday, I will begin to-day with you first. I showed Mr. H. yesterday where there was a Methodist chapel, and he and Mr. C. went and heard a sermon in English. I went off to try and find Mr. Coquerel's church, but could see nothing answering to it. I went then to the Exhibition, and as the public were admitted at twelve o'clock, by two the large area was completely filled. . . . I saw several farmers from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. After that Mr. Maxwell and I went with twenty-five of the shepherds to the top of the Triumphal Arch, from which we had a beautiful view of Paris. . . . The shops here were more generally shut yesterday than those in Dunkirk were the Sunday we were there. After dinner I got on the top of an omnibus at the Madeleine Church, and for three halfpence drove to the Bastile, where there is a high pillar, with the names engraved on it of those who fell at the taking of the Bastile, when it was knocked down and this monument erected. . . . After returning I walked down to the Champs Elysées, where there were immense crowds sitting drinking beer and coffee, and listening to the music. . . . There were merry-go-rounds all crowded with people, mostly grown-

up, and some grey-headed, and there were a great many stands, with a wooden man turning round quickly, and a pipe stuck up as his head, and people at a little distance firing an arrow from a crossbow to break the pipe. These concerns were mostly managed by old men and old women. The Parisians are a curious people. . . .

"I would say Paris is out of sight the finest city I have ever seen. There is one thing I miss, and that is babies; I have scarcely seen a child under three or four years of age: it is said they are all sent to the country to be nursed."

TO MRS. HOPE.

"*3d June.*

"Amidst all this bustle and novelty I often sigh for home, but as I am here I must just put it away from my thoughts. We had to-day rather a long meeting of the Highland Society's deputation. . . . You may have heard that the Exhibition is not to close so soon as at first agreed on, and I cannot well leave; at least I am in doubt what it is best to do. . . . The tickets are not yet put on to the prize sheep or any of the beasts. The Parisians talk too much and do too little. This delay in marking the prize beasts is great injustice to the owners of stock, delaying the sales. . . . Some people again who have bad beasts, and know they won't get a prize, have made sales at most advantageous prices. I had resolved to devote this day to exploring Paris, but Mr. C., Mr. H., etc., wish me to delay and go all together. I was at Franconi's Circus last night. I daresay a fourth of the audience were Scotch or English; over the whole house I saw faces I knew."

"*5th June.*

"When I came in last night I was truly happy to receive your letter, as well as C.'s, R.'s, and P.'s; each and all gave me great gratification. I find that wherever my body may be, my heart is at Fenton Barns. . . . Yesterday Mr. H. and I went with twenty-nine of the Scotch shepherds to Versailles. We were all through the Palace, and I daresay we saw miles of pictures—mostly of battles, which I do not like as a subject. . . . Afterwards we all went to a restaurant and had dinner and a bottle of *vin ordinaire* each. It was astonishing to see our men using table-napkins and eating salad and oil, and doing it quite *au fait.* We all got back in high delight with our day's amusement. The two Highlanders in kilts walked behind Mr. H. and me as body-guard, and all the people we saw were most anxious to show everything to the 'Écossais.' [Wherever my father went when in Paris, he was surprised to find that he was followed by two Highlanders. He made several attempts to escape from them, but without avail. At last he inquired of them what they meant by it, upon which they informed him that they were servants of Lady Menzies, who had directed them to walk behind him, and be ready to do whatever he told them!] Yesterday was fine, but the rain came again last night, and to-day it is wet. It would take but little to make me rise and journey homewards."

"*6th June.*

"Yesterday I was through a great part of the Louvre, if not the whole. I was more than delighted with the pictures, many of them being beyond my conception of what the brush could do. It rained heavily the whole day. . . . From the rising of the waters communica-

tion has been stopped with Marseilles and Bordeaux. I am wearying to get home again; nothing will prevent me leaving this on Wednesday at the latest, to be home on Thursday night. You may expect me to drive from Dunbar that night after the arrival of the express. But do not be surprised if you should see me sooner, as all I want is a decent excuse to leave. . . . To-day I have been at Père-la-Chaise (with which I was rather disappointed), and to-morrow I mean to go to several of the churches."

"*7th June.*

"I mentioned that I do not now intend journeying further. The rains have been great, and the southern railways have been stopped, so that I could not go even if I wished. To-day promises to be fine, but come what will, I leave this on Wednesday morning. . . .

"Generally speaking, the Parisians cannot be said to be good-looking. The women are generally small, their shoulders are square, their heads not well placed, and not one of them walks well. I have hitherto failed to see the famed grace and elegance of the Parisian dames.

"Tuesday is the day for giving the prizes, but if any change is made delaying them, the instant I hear it I start for home with all speed."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, DREM, *1st Oct.* 1856.

"I wrote you on Sunday last. We were then in high health, and I said more than once that though the crops would be much spoiled by the weather it did not signify as long as we were all well and happy. But it has pleased our heavenly Father to try us sorely by taking to himself our darling pet, little George. He was quite

well on Monday morning when he sat beside me at breakfast. When I came in to dinner I found he was not very well. . . . I was afraid of scarlet fever, but as the elder children had all been ill and feverish for a day or two, and had then got better, I hoped the same for him. But he got gradually worse, and sunk yesterday at half-past ten o'clock A.M., after an illness of less than twenty-four hours [at the age of three years and one month]. He was the light of our house, always so merry and so good. I never saw him the least angry, and he always did whatever he was asked so willingly that I always liked to have him in the room with me. I often felt I made an idol of him. . . . We have one consolation, that he did not suffer any pain, and died without a struggle. . . . We have still many blessings left. I pray to be able to say from the heart, 'Not our will, but thine be done.'"

My father's next journey, undertaken in July of the following year, was to see the Manchester Exhibition, and to visit friends in that neighbourhood. He appears to have enjoyed the Exhibition, saying he thought the British Portrait-Gallery alone worth going 500 miles to see; but as usual he soon begins to long for home, and after being absent for ten days he writes: "I thought of my dear wife and bairns, and I felt and feel, if it was not for pure shame, I would take the first train and hurry to them. I know it would be ridiculous, so try to be reconciled for the three days and nights ere I can see you again." Great as was the pleasure he had in seeing the paintings and statuary in the Exhibition, he evidently enjoyed still more a Sunday which he spent in Liverpool in going three times to church.

He writes thus of it: "I got to Liverpool at 10.45, and was just in time to get to Mr. Martineau's chapel as the service commenced. It was a great treat. His text was 'The Spirit of God witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God.' . . . In the afternoon I went to Renshaw Street Chapel to hear Mr. Channing. He bears a striking resemblance to the print of his uncle. There was a liturgy, in which the congregation joined, but they read too rapidly for my taste. Mr. Channing then left the pulpit and stood on the floor, and delivered an earnest and beautiful address, full of the most striking thoughts, to the children, of which a full congregation chiefly consisted. It was about the electric wire which is being put on board two war-vessels here, one an American, the other a British. He said it was 1900 miles in length; that it was to be put in the bottom of the sea, some places two miles deep, with an average depth of one mile; that the number of wires and coatings would girdle the earth sixteen times, and would reach to the moon and half-way back; that messages would be sent to the western wilds and prairies in a moment by the spirit of the wire; that as it was being laid a bell was constantly to be rung through or by it to show that the communication was perfect. If God's bell of love and peace did not ring in our breasts, we must go back and make the communication perfect. If man could hear man in a moment 1900 miles off, would not God hear us through his clear sky? etc. etc. etc. . . . After getting a cup of tea we all went to hear Mr. Martineau. I went close to the pulpit, heard every word, and saw plainly the working of his expressive face. Altogether it proved a red-letter day to me."

From Liverpool he proceeded to Lincolnshire, where he had been invited to go to see his landlord Mr. Nisbet Hamilton's estate of Alford.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, 19*th December* 1858.

"We returned home some weeks ago. We enjoyed Edinburgh for a time, particularly as it enabled us to see some old friends and to have Mr. Martineau with us for three days; but we were delighted to be again domiciled at Fenton Barns. . . . I find *our town house* very convenient for myself; if it is not the most economical way of educating our children, it has its advantages.

"Do you know I very nearly bought the lease for ever of the Murrays near Ormiston? I could have had it to pay fully four per cent., and borrowed the money at four per cent. I now rather regret it, as it is a nice farm. I would certainly have bought it had it been a little nearer, and farmed it myself. I should like to put my hands on a sheep-farm, if I could fall in reasonably."

TO THE SAME.

"FENTON BARNS, DREM, 29*th July* 1860.

"I am going to the Highland Society's Show at Dumfries to-morrow as a judge of Leicester sheep, and the judges of the implements wish me to be present on Tuesday to tell them my opinion on threshing-machines, as one or two of them are new to the business of making trials with them.

"We had Mr. W. H. Channing, the nephew of the great doctor, preaching to us lately in Edinburgh. We had a full house and a beautiful discourse, and a soirée next evening, at which I presided.

"Is there no chance of your coming to Scotland this autumn? C. and R. came home on Friday. P. goes to Edinburgh with them in October. We are all in the enjoyment of good health, I am thankful to say."

In the autumn of this year my father's second daughter was attacked by diphtheria in its most virulent form. She was the pride and delight of the whole household, and very dear to her father's heart. She had no chance with the disease, which was then little understood, and on the 13th September she died, after an illness of seven days, at the age of three years and three months. The letter in which my father tells his brothers of her death has not come into my possession. A fortnight after her death, her eldest brother was seized by the same malady. The other members of the family were then sent out of the house.

FROM MR. HOPE TO HIS DAUGHTER C.

"FENTON BARNS, *5th October* 1860.

"MY OWN DEAR C.,—I hope you got nicely into town yesterday. . . . We are still in great anxiety about R.; he is pretty much in the same state as when you left. . . . His strength remains, but his sleep has been more disturbed last night. We are in the hands of a good and wise Father, and we hope the best results.—Ever your loving father, GEORGE HOPE.

"*P.S.*—If you have not yet bought H.'s horse and cart, buy a good one."

"*Saturday morning, 6th October.*

"MY OWN DEAREST C.,—I was very glad last night to receive your letter, and to know that you were all well.

I am only vexed you did not all leave us sooner, but I hope sincerely that the delay has caused no harm. R.'s sleep last night was more resting than any he has yet had; there was none of that continued motion of hands and feet that was so constant previously, . . . so, with God's blessing on us, he may yet be restored to health. Write to me all you can think about, and do not be afraid of wearying me with details. Love to P. and H., and give the baby three kisses from me. Your mother bears up admirably, but I must try and get her to take more rest to-day.—Your loving and affectionate father,

"GEORGE HOPE."

"*Sunday morning.*

"MY OWN DEAREST C.,—What can I say to you? The light of our house has departed,—the hand I fondly hoped would lay my own head in the grave is cold! It is hard to say, 'Thy will be done.' And yet, and yet he is happy; we are the desolate ones. After a hard struggle, our dearest boy died at 7.35 last night. We thought him rather better in the morning. In the forenoon I doubted this, and he began to sink about one o'clock. . . . We must not meet until after all is over. P. and H. will come out on the day of the funeral by the ten o'clock train, and return by the three o'clock. The doctors are very much afraid of infection, and we must run no unnecessary risk. I do trust you are all keeping well.—Your most affectionate and loving father,

"GEORGE HOPE."

TO HIS SON P.

"*8th October* 1860.

"MY DEAR SON P.,—I did not know till now how tenderly I loved our dear Robert, and how much he was

entwined around all my worldly hopes. . . . His memory will ever be sweet and pleasant to us. . . . H. and you will come out on Thursday by the ten o'clock train. Be sure you have your greatcoats on, and take care of yourselves. You will return again by the three o'clock train, and your mother and I will go either with you or immediately after you. It is a great trial to us to be absent from you at this time, but it is our *duty* to take every precaution, and we must not think anything painful when it is our duty. I hope you will be long spared to be a comfort and a blessing to us all, my dear boy. —Your loving and affectionate father,

"GEORGE HOPE."

TO HIS DAUGHTER C.

"FENTON BARNS, *9th October.*

"MY DEAREST C.,—We were very glad last night on receiving a letter from P. and also one from ——— telling us you were all in the enjoyment of good health. We hope to get a letter from you to-day saying you continue well. . . . I think I feel to-day more resigned to the loss of our dear boy. God has taken him to himself, doubtless for good and wise purposes, which will be cleared up to us by and by. Who knows how soon we may be called to join him? His bright spirit has gone pure to the arms of our Infinite Father, which should make me far happier than if my fondest hopes on earth had been realised. God bless and comfort you and all of us in this our sore trial.—Your loving and affectionate father, GEORGE HOPE.

"Kiss baby for me. I long to see you all once more."

TO HIS BROTHERS.

"FENTON BARNS, DREM,
9th Oct. 1860.

"MY DEAR BROTHERS,—When I last wrote you my heart was sore. Little did I think that my next was to be penned with a crushing grief which almost obliterates the memory of the first. But so it is. Our heavenly Father has seen fit in his wisdom and love to take from our keeping into his own infinite and all-loving arms, our darling boy Robert, my eldest son, my hope and pride. I did not know before how much he was entwined round my heart, and that he was the centre of so many bright hopes, and that I had built for him so many castles in the air. Alas! my fond anticipations are all in the dust, and I find it hard, hard to say unreservedly, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' I know my boy is better and happier than I could make him; his pure spirit has gone undefiled to God, but the grief at separation is not less strong. On Sunday week, the 30th September, he complained of a sore throat. . . . I sent at once for the doctor. . . . On Tuesday I proposed to send to Edinburgh for advice, but the doctor said he was getting better. On the Wednesday he was worse, and we telegraphed for Dr. Begbie, who gave me little hope. . . . We even thought him better on the Saturday morning, but at mid-day he grew much worse, and died in the evening at 7.35, at the age of thirteen years and eleven months. . . . He had such a sweet, loving disposition, and was withal so frank and manly. It was diphtheria, the same that deprived us of our dear sweet Ella. Dr. Begbie said it was so infectious we should send off the other children, for little

or nothing could be done with young children. We sent the others to Edinburgh, where P. had gone to be with R. at the High School. I am glad to say we are keeping all well in health.—With love to you and yours, I am your affectionate but sorrowing brother,

"GEORGE HOPE.

"Poor R. was very patient in his illness, and made a brave fight for his life, taking everything, and saying 'Thank you' to the last."

TO HIS SON P.

"FENTON BARNS, 10*th October*.

"MY DEAREST BOY,—I have just had a letter from ——, who tells me that Dr. S. is of opinion that it would be wrong for you and H. to come to Fenton Barns at this time, even for the shortest time. I am very sorry for this, but I think it right to act on the doctor's advice. You are both very precious to us, and I could have no peace if anything happened to either of you through my having brought you out against the opinion of an eminent medical man. I must just perform the sad duty without the comfort of your and H.'s presence. Your mother and I will be with you by the last train to-morrow night, when we hope to see you all well, which will give some joy to our sad hearts. Though we know R. is happier far than he ever was on earth, yet we feel very sad. It looks like a contradiction, but so it is. My warmest love to C., H., and baby.—Your very affectionate father,

"GEORGE HOPE."

TO HIS BROTHERS.

"*4th December* 1860.

"I am very grateful to you for your kind letters of sympathy in our great distress. It has indeed been a heavy trial to us. I was so proud of my son, and our little girl was always so bright and happy that she was familiarly known as 'Sunshine.'

"I have often looked forward, my dear Adam, to seeing you once more. I hope nothing will occur to prevent your putting your intention to revisit old Scotland in spring into execution. You should bring all your family with you: it will be such a pleasure to us all."

CHAPTER XI.

At a public meeting held in January 1861, on the subject of labourers' dwellings, my father proposed a resolution—"That improved cultivation necessarily implies an increase in the amount and quality of the labour employed, and that it is the duty and interest of both landlords and tenants that a sufficiency of cottage accommodation be provided on every farm for the labourers so employed." He spoke of the striking improvement which had taken place in labourers' cottages within his recollection. Instead of being four bare walls covered with thatch, having a small hole twelve or fifteen inches square, with a fixed piece of glass, for a window, and a door covered with key-holes, made to suit the size of the lock of each successive occupant, on many estates they had been rebuilt in a commodious and comfortable manner. But much yet remained to be done. He sowed his grain and reaped it by machines, and threshed it by steam; yet he had abundance of work for the same number of horses and men to drive them that he had twenty-five years ago, when he had two threshing-machines drawn by horses; and his expense for other labourers had increased since then to more than four times the amount. The greater amount of labour now applied to land was one thing which constituted improved cultivation. The cleaner

and richer the soil, the more valuable would be the crops it was fitted to produce, and the greater the profit to both landlord and tenant. He disapproved of the bothy system, and also of labourers living at a distance from their employment; no man in Scotland wished his labourers to walk some miles to their work any more than he would permit his horses to do so. The working classes could do far more for themselves than could be done for them, but this building of comfortable cottages was a thing they could not do; it depended on the will of the wealthy. He concluded his speech as follows: "I would also say, treat your labourers with respect as men: encourage their self-respect. Never enter a poor man's house any more than a rich man's, unless invited, and then go not to find fault, but as a friend. If you can render him or his family a benefit, by advice or otherwise, let it be more delicately done than to your most intimate associate. Remember how hard it is for a poor man to respect himself. He hears the wealthy styled the respectable, and the poor the lower classes; but never call a man low. He derives a divine lineage from our common heavenly Father; his spirit possesses the same illimitable powers of expansion bestowed on the noblest of our race, and is of more worth than this whole material universe. Indeed, this being a man dwarfs and renders as nothing all the distinctions of an earthly estate. Christianity tells us mankind are brothers, then let us look on all human beings as Christ looked. Even the most degraded may recover and be again clothed and in his right mind. I am far from thinking lightly of the evils of poverty, and yet the lot that is humblest on earth may train spirits for the highest places in heaven.

A man may be ignorant in the eyes of the world, but if his conscience has been awakened, and a divine life begun, if he clings resolutely to duty, if he denies himself, and submits with filial resignation to God's will under the severest trials, though unable to tell the various strata of the earth's surface, he may be wiser than the geologist, for he can read his own soul, or than the astronomer who names the stars, for he sees God beyond them."

The elevation of the working classes (whom he never could endure to hear styled "the lower orders," or by any similarly contemptuous designation) was an object which my father had much at heart. He advocated an extension to them of the franchise, partly because he believed that the only hope of obtaining a compulsory Education Act lay in getting the suffrage extended to an uneducated class, and partly because of the educating power which he believed the suffrage itself to possess, as well as because he considered that the possession of the suffrage offers the only security which any class or section of the community can have for its interests being attended to.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"*April* 1861.

"I always feel grieved when I think of the United States. The blood and treasure spilling there will not be got the better of for many a day. The North are evidently going to win, and it is well they are stirring themselves in the affair of Slavery. Wickedness invariably brings punishment, and the States are now paying the price of blood."

My father was an enthusiastic partisan of the North.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, DREM,
27*th October* 1861.

"We spent ten days at Glencotho [a sheep-farm in Peeblesshire of 2000 acres in extent, which he had lately purchased] in the beginning of August. We enjoyed the hill-country very much, it was such a change from this. We fished for trout in the burn, and we wandered about the hills, and got to the top of Culter Fell, the highest hill in Lanarkshire—2456 feet. Glencotho extends up the side of the Fell to the height of about 1800 feet. Our visit took away the remains of the hooping-cough which H. and M. had both been suffering from. We are all anxious to return in May. I was amused myself at the assiduity I displayed in catching trout.

"You will have observed in the papers that I had a visit from Dr. Begg, previous to his addressing the Haddington Agricultural Club. I think his visit modified his ideas as to the actual state, moral and physical, of our rural population in this county. The meeting I hope will bear fruits by exciting a warmer interest in the obtaining of good and comfortable houses on every farm. I was pleased to see what an excellent Show you have had; I would have enjoyed being present, but it was impossible for me to leave home for so long, and I am somewhat of a coward for a sea-voyage. I do hope you will pay a visit to the Old Country in 1862, to see the Great Exhibition, if for nothing else. You should come in the spring, and Charles and his family later in the season. I often weary to see you both and recall old times."

"1*st June* 1862.

"I enclose this small note to say we are waiting anxiously to hear when we may expect to see you and J. here. I purpose going to London on the 16th; that is, leaving home on that day. . . . We expect to be at Fenton Barns again on the 1st July, and if we do not meet in London I shall expect to see you here early in July."

"24*th August* 1862.

"I received your kind letter this morning, and also J.'s interesting epistle, which gave us a graphic account of all your doings in London, and what you have seen. We are glad you have seen so much that you enjoy. Remember the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; you must devote a day to it.

"We were a very pleasant party at Glencotho: Mr. C. Beard, author of *Port-Royal*, Mr. Howard Blyth, Mr. J. Jamieson, and myself—the last three having guns. The weather was anything but favourable. We all left on Thursday, just as the weather got fine. . . . There was no want of birds, but we all shot ill, missing continually. What we wanted in game we made up for in fun and laughter. . . . We shall be delighted to see J. and you whenever you get sufficiently tired of sight-seeing in the 'great Wen,' as Cobbett used to call it."

"28*th October* 1862.

"We were very much pleased at receiving your letter from Halifax, letting us know that you had got safely across the great ocean, and again your letter from home, informing us of your arrival. I have sometimes thought it was worth while to go away for a few days to enjoy the happy sensation of returning to your own fireside.

After your comparatively long absence I can easily understand how glad you were to be home again, and how rejoiced all were to see you and dear J. I am sure both of you will be the better for your visit to the Old Country, and the complete change of scene. I know your visit here marks an epoch in our domestic history, and we frequently speak of you both, though (but it is not fair) we sometimes think you stayed too long in London, and that altogether your visit was too short. However, we will hope and believe that this meeting will not be our last in time, but that by and by, if I cannot muster courage to cross the sea to you, you will both come again.

"You will have seen by the *Scotsman* that Mr. Sadler got the first steam-plough in the county, and you will also have seen an account of its inauguration by a luncheon in the Castle garden, given by Mr. Nisbet Hamilton, and to which I took Mr. Cobden. His presence gave the meeting quite an éclât. I dined with Mr. Cobden at Mr. Duncan M'Laren's, and asked him to come and see me. I was very much pleased to see him again, looking much stronger than formerly. He came here to breakfast, and returned to Edinburgh by the last train. He was most cordially welcomed at Dirleton. There were no end of the people wanting to be introduced, and the cheering at the dinner was most hearty. He told me some curious stories in relation to our Government and the French Emperor. One about their terror at his building 100 flat-bottomed boats at Nantes, which turned out to be huge pill-boxes for carrying coals on canals. Another story was of new iron plates, of such superior quality that no cannon balls would pierce them, and which were reserved solely for the

French. The maker offered him 1000 tons for the British Government, and the Emperor should not have another till the order was executed. We had a visit on Saturday from another Manchester man, Mr. Ivy Mackie. He was lately Mayor of Manchester, and he was from 1822 to 1826 a mason in Edinburgh, when he wrought for 16s. a week. He has now a fine estate in Kirkcudbrightshire."

In the summer of 1863 my father had a good deal of trouble in connection with a Haddingtonshire Road Bill. He was in favour of this Bill in so far as it changed the toll system to an assessment, but it contained several clauses which he thought required amendment. The principal objection which he and other members of a committee of the East Lothian Agricultural Club had to the Bill, was regarding the representation of ratepayers. "This," he writes, "is confined to two elected ratepayers from each of the four districts into which it is proposed to divide the county. We think each parish should elect one representative. This would give twenty-five elected members as road trustees, and we do not think this number can be reasonably objected to, as there are about a hundred landed proprietors, and the latter are to pay less than one-fourth of the assessment, while the former class are to pay more than three-fourths." My father writes to Lord Elcho: "Surely the day has gone past for one class to levy and another to pay without voice in the matter." He met the County Road Committee to discuss the subject, but the members of this committee stated that they could not agree to any further representation of the tenants. "The landlords," said my

father, "seem to consider that tenants have nothing to do but pay, for not one of them has been consulted in the matter, and it has been with difficulty we have even obtained a sight of the proposed measure."

FROM MR. HOPE TO HIS DAUGHTER C.

"FENTON BARNS, 3*d May* 1863.

"MY DEAR C.,—. . . We hope to hear soon of your safe arrival in Canada, and that you and all friends with you had a good passage, stood the voyage well, and are now rejoicing on *terra firma.* Your mother would tell you I was at Glencotho last week. Last Thursday, unexpectedly, I had to go to Peebles to elect a Convener for the County. Though we lost our man, Mr. W. Chambers, we stirred up and astonished the sleepy magnates, who have been accustomed to have everything their own way. Yesterday I learned that I must start for London to-morrow, about our Road Bill, and I think we shall get tolls abolished at last. I hope to get back to Fenton Barns by Thursday or Friday, but I may be detained considerably longer. This has been quite a day of rejoicing with us, as it is dear wee M.'s birthday, which I am sure you will not have forgotten. The small wardrobe she has got, with all the drawers for her dolls' things, has never been out of her hands, except for an occasional look at a huge picture-book sent her by ——. But I must not trench on H.'s information. He has been busy writing you on his slate, and really a good letter he has written; he is to copy it over on paper, and I am to send it with this; and I see he details all this information. Birds' nests finding out is H.'s favourite employment just now: he discovered two nests in the garden to-day — one a robin-redbreast's

with four eggs. Of course M. had to go out immediately to see the treasure. The crops are all looking well, and everything thriving, except that we lost a fine horse a week ago. . . . By the way, when I was at Glencotho with H. and P. we had cold wet weather, but I had a drive from Mr. D. up the Talla Water. Talla Linn and Gameshope Water are very fine, and the scenery there is as wild as Glencoe. Give my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Y., and ever believe me, my dearest C., your loving father, GEORGE HOPE."

TO THE SAME.

"LONDON, 15*th May* 1863.

"MY OWN DEAR C.,—You may easily imagine the state we were in last Saturday. I had just returned from London by the night express, when about mid-day I got a telegram from A. L. with the words, 'The *Anglo-Saxon* lost—Hon. J. Young and family and party saved.' I despatched T. K. to Edinburgh that he might go to the *Scotsman* office and get all the particulars of what was known. We were truly glad when he returned and told us that your name, A.'s, and Miss J.'s were all given as amongst the saved. With a grateful heart I thank Almighty God for sparing to me my dearest daughter. . . . I almost blame myself for allowing you to cross the sea only for pleasure. How we long to get all the particulars from you of the sad event! The papers have been filled with it; almost all have had leaders, but they merely guess at the cause of the catastrophe. I feel most anxious to be home again, thinking there must be a letter from you soon. I hope to be examined about our Road Bill to-day, and to get away to-night. If not to-day, I shall have to stay till

Monday. On Monday last, when I was at home, we had callers all day, rejoicing with us at your safety. I am overcome yet whenever my mind dwells on it, and that is very frequently.—Adieu, my dearest C. Ever your loving and affectionate father, GEORGE HOPE."

[The *Anglo-Saxon* was wrecked near Cape Race, Newfoundland, and 238 of the passengers and crew perished. This being before the days of the Atlantic Cable, the news was telegraphed from Newfoundland to Canada and the United States, and thence sent by mail to England; but as no mail whatever left Newfoundland for a week after the arrival on that island of the shipwrecked passengers, it was long before any news was received direct from them.]

TO THE SAME.

"FENTON BARNS, DREM, 28*th May.*

"MY DEAREST C.,—How we have longed to hear from you, and to see again your handwriting, for the last week at least, is more than I can tell. When post after post came in, and still no letter, my heart began to sicken with hope deferred. I came home from London a week past yesterday (Wednesday), and I had been absent from Edinburgh market for two weeks before that, so I had much to do; yet I felt I could not go to the market unless I heard from you. So many people were asking for you on Friday last at Haddington, that I knew how it would be in Edinburgh; as it was, I was glad to shake hundreds by the hand and say you were well. I have written a great many letters, and I think there are still over twenty to write, telling the joyful news that we had really heard from you. I was so

pleased to get Mr. Young's letter, and also to see the letter from ——. Taking all the letters, I am more and more thankful for your wonderful escape. . . . How thankful we should be that your life has been spared! The loss of property is nothing, and yet you had one or two things you will be sorry to have lost, as they never can be replaced. . . .—I am ever your loving and affectionate father, GEORGE HOPE."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"28*th May* 1863.

"After some days of most anxious waiting, we were greatly relieved yesterday morning by letters both from C. and Mr. Y. . . . It is indeed wonderful that all our friends as well as C. were saved, and that they are all in such good plight as they profess to be. I have written to Mr. Y., asking him if there is anything I can do to show my gratitude for C.'s preservation. . . . There were two little children C. mentions whose father and mother were both lost (steerage passengers) that I would like to hear more of, and to know if I could do anything for them as a thank-offering to God for the life of my child. You will, I am sure, supply C. with whatever she wants without delay, and I will repay you with thanks added. I wish my C. to want for nothing; but if I once had her home again it would be difficult to get my consent to any more voyaging."

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

"FENTON BARNS, 9*th June* 1863.

"MY DEAR C.,—Why did you go and put in your letter that I was afraid of the sea? When I was in the market on Friday people never ceased asking me if I

was afraid of the sea. But, joking apart, my dear C., I thank God every day—many times a day—for having spared you to us, preserving you when so many were taken. . . . Yesterday was your mother's birthday, when we drank her health in sparkling Burgundy, and we had as usual our first early potatoes. . . . Wearying for another letter, I am your loving father,

"GEORGE HOPE."

TO THE SAME.

"*8th July* 1863.

"I have just returned from Edinburgh to dine here, as it is our wedding-day. It is just a *lease*, nineteen years, I have been telling your mother, that she has been here, and we have begun a new one; but if we are spared to see twenty-one years, I think that is the proper term, and we shall then be in the new lease. . . . I do not know what to say about your returning home: of course we are most anxious to see you safe back, but when you are there I think it is a pity you should not see the country under all its aspects; but do exactly what you prefer yourself. I am delighted to hear you are going to see Niagara. When I heard that, I said I almost envied you. I would do a good deal to see it. —In haste, my dearest C. I am ever your affectionate father, GEORGE HOPE."

TO THE SAME.

"*21st October.*

"MY DEAREST C.,—It is a week past since I got your kind letter; indeed, we have heard from you since, and yet I have never got time to write you a morsel. It took all my spare time getting my paper ready for the

Social Science meeting, which paper you would see in full in the *North British Agriculturist.* Then we had a visit of Mr. ——, and he also met me at Glencotho to try and shoot some black game; but we had no sport, the birds were too wild. I selected or draughted the ewes, and have now got them home. They are larger and better than formerly. We had a large party here on Monday to meet Mr. H. Amongst the visitors that day to see the steam-cultivator was the Marquis of Tweeddale, who, after a most minute inspection, declared his satisfaction. I am quite delighted with the steam-cultivator, it is so simple and easily managed. We are busy sowing wheat and lifting potatoes; this latter operation is more than half done. I am glad you are going to see something of the winter in Canada. We are all wearying for you back again, but at the same time we are glad, for your sake, that you are not on the sea in this stormy weather."

TO THE SAME.

"17*th December* 1863.

". . . I went to Edinburgh on Sunday; it was the half-yearly meeting of St. Mark's congregation. I stayed all night, and went to Dumfries on the Monday to settle a dispute about miscropping. I got back to Beattock at night, where I slept, and left by first train next morning for Broughton. I walked up to Glencotho [five miles] and as far as the Water Head [one and a half miles], and saw the stock there, and returned to Glencotho before sitting down. I always enjoy a solitary visit there, and the complete stillness and seclusion. I could scarcely come away. After getting some dinner, I walked down to the station, and reached Edin-

burgh at eight o'clock. I went to the market yesterday, and returned home by the four o'clock train. The first news I got was that a boy of seven years old, W. Brown, had lost his foot with the steam-plough that afternoon. It is very painful to think of, but nobody was to blame but the boy himself; he had been turned out of the field in the morning.—With love to all, I am ever your affectionate father, GEORGE HOPE."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"*8th December* 1863.

"You will see by the *Scotsman* or the *Daily Review* of last Thursday my address at Aberdeen as President of the Scottish Unitarian Association. . . . I thought I would try if the papers in Edinburgh would print what I said, and I found no objection. Russel said he was always glad to print any heresy I publicly uttered. It draws attention to our faith, and it seems to me we are always rather inclined to put our candle under a bushel. A great many people were speaking to me in Haddington market on Friday about my speech, and I was surprised they did not see where I differed from other people."

TO THE SAME.

"I send you a *Daily Review* that you may see my views on Education and a little dispute I had with a Mr. Walker. The report is fair on the whole, but Mr. Walker said deliberately he would pay for Catholic schools, but not for Unitarian ones. I said I was a Unitarian, and asked him if he knew anything of our body. He said no, and did not wish to know. Then, I said, he should never speak about what he did not understand."

FROM MR. HOPE TO HIS DAUGHTER C.

"FENTON BARNS, *24th January* 1864.

"MY DEAREST C.,—We had a letter this morning from Mr. Y., informing us of his intended visit to England next month, and of his having written to you about accompanying him. You may be sure we shall be delighted to see you once more safely home again. . . . Everything here goes on smoothly, and very much as usual. Auld Hansel Monday was distinguished for gymnastic sports at Dirleton, and it was the last day of our curling. The ice is now gone from all the ponds. We intend to set the steam-plough to work in a day or two on the Brig Shot Lee; the sheep will finish the turnips on it to-morrow. H. won two canaries and a cage in a raffle at Haddington on Old Hansel Monday, at which he is much pleased. . . .—With my best love to all our kith and kin, believe me ever, my dearest C., your loving and affectionate father,

"GEORGE HOPE."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"*5th April* 1864.

"C. told me she wrote to J. from Dublin last week, so you will likely have learnt long before this reaches you of the accident to the *City of New York* at Queenstown harbour, to the great alarm of the passengers and no little excitement to ourselves, until we had our dear daughter once more safely at Fenton Barns. It was this day week, about eleven A.M., when I was startled by a telegram from Mr. Y., telling me, 'C. was at Queenstown all well. The ship had gone ashore, but no lives lost.' We had not heard of C.'s intention to leave Montreal at any particular time, and my wife had gone

to stay for a few days in Edinburgh, so I went to town in the afternoon and learned all that was known by telegram regarding the vessel. As we did not know how our traveller would journey, whether to Liverpool direct, or to Dublin, or to Belfast, and then to Glasgow, we came home on Wednesday, when we found letters from Mr. Y. and C. I met C. at the Caledonian Station at Edinburgh on Thursday, at twenty minutes past nine, and we got to Fenton Barns at eleven o'clock. You can easily understand how glad we all are to have her with us again. I am sure my wife and I are deeply sensible of your and H.'s kindness to our child, who was so long in your family."

It was almost impossible for my father even to say that the weather was fine without some of his brother-farmers thinking that by saying so he would raise the rent of land, and blaming him accordingly. At a public dinner in Haddington in 1863 he ventured to remark that the last harvest had been good in his own neighbourhood, and thereupon three newspaper attacks were made upon him. The *North British Agriculturist* took him to task in a leading article, and a letter commenting upon his "mischievous speech" appeared in the same journal. A correspondent in the *Haddingtonshire Courier* also attacked him. To these onslaughts he replied as follows—first, in a letter to the *North British Agriculturist:*—

"*Can Wheat be grown at present prices?*

"SIR,—In your leader under this heading in the *Agriculturist* of the 23d, you notice the remarks I made at the dinner in Haddington of the East Lothian Agricultural Society. I am confident that if you had

been present, and had seen the way I was called on to speak, you would not have drawn the inferences you have done from my short speech. At these social meetings it is not permissible to discourse on topics regarding which there is a diversity of opinion. However, on the present occasion, the chairman (the Earl of Haddington) stated that he did not think the present year, or the one or two preceding, had been favourable for the agricultural interest, and he referred to the propriety of considering whether a change in rotation was desirable, as he did not think we could compete with foreigners in growing wheat. His Lordship not only publicly invited discussion, but privately he asked me what I thought of what he had said, and then he insisted on my rising and stating my opinion to the meeting. I did not consider Free-trade on its trial in the least. I never dreamt of defending its justice and policy. It is an accomplished fact, and its benefit to the whole community, farmers included, I conceive to be so obvious as to require no defence. What I said applied to the results of the last harvest in this county, nay, strictly limited to my own neighbourhood. Still your correspondent, 'Clay Land,' styles my speech as 'absurd, uncalled for, mischievous, and cruel.' How my stating the fact that the crops in this quarter were extraordinarily large can merit such epithets is to me incomprehensible. I repeat that crop 1863, in my own neighbourhood at least, was abundant, and that my own crops are all greater than I usually grow, and my wheat and oats exceed anything I ever grew before."

To the letter in the *Haddingtonshire Courier*, which was headed "Mr. Hope as an Arable Farmer," my

father replied: "In the last *Courier* there is a letter signed 'A Member of the Agricultural Society,' taking me to task for my conduct and remarks at the late dinner of the Society. I am stated to have 'interrupted the usual course of affairs to contradict, if not to snub, the chairman.' I am certain that this view of the matter never occurred to any person present at the dinner. The way I came to speak at all was this: Sitting near the chairman, I remarked to him that although crops 1861 and 1862 had been most disastrous to farmers, I thought that crop 1863 would prove much better, as it was the largest grain crop I had ever grown. The chairman insisted on my rising and saying so, and pointing out wherein I differed from him. At first I refused to do this, but he pressed it so much that I felt it would be a want of courtesy were I doggedly to keep my seat. I spoke only of the crops grown in my own neighbourhood, and how this should be 'intolerable to nine-tenths of the farmers of arable land in Scotland' I am at a loss to see. Again, I am told, 'he has no right to speak for the whole body of farmers in the way he has done,' the fact being that I never spoke for them at all. . . . If any farmer in this neighbourhood is unable to pay his rent from this year's crop, it is clear that his rent must be too high or his farm badly managed.—I am, etc., GEORGE HOPE."

At the meeting of the Social Science Association in Edinburgh in 1863, my father read a paper "On the Conditions of Agricultural Success." It was not his intention at present, he said, to prove that knowledge, capital, and energy were as necessary in farming as in other professions, but there were obstacles to success in

farming peculiar to it, and he wished rather to bring under the notice of the Association some of the customary conditions and laws with regard to the holding of land by tenant-farmers, which appear unjust in themselves, or which tend to prevent the investment of capital in the soil. A large proportion of the soil of Great Britain belonged to wealthy individuals, who let the same to tenant-farmers. The latter furnished the floating capital for stocking and cropping the land, and they expected, as the result of the skill, industry, and capital employed, to obtain a suitable remuneration for themselves, after paying the rent agreed on.

"It might be regarded as a truth in agriculture, that a certain security of tenure was necessary to induce farmers to develop the full capabilities of land, and yet, over a great part of England, land was occupied by tenants-at-will, liable at any moment to receive notice to quit at the caprice of the landlord. Instances might be found, even there, of good and successful farming, but as a rule it was inferior, under such circumstances, to what it was in districts where leases prevailed for nineteen or twenty-one years. Instances were not wanting where tenants who had ventured to improve their land had had their rents at once raised, while the sluggard continued to pay the same rent as formerly. In some parts of England tenants were paid for unexhausted improvements, and it appeared to him that such agreements, joined to leases with fixed terms of years, would be not more than an enlightened view of self-interest would prompt landlords to grant. In too many cases leases were filled with restrictive, absurd, and unworkable clauses, but the greatest defect of leases common in Scotland was the want of some agreement

by which tenants might be paid for improvements effected by them, and more particularly for the value of unexhausted manures purchased near the termination of the lease. As the law stood, whatever improvements a tenant might effect became the property of the landlord. With regard to buildings which a tenant had erected, some even asserted that he had not only no claim for compensation at the close of his lease, but was even bound to leave them in good repair. It would be unfair to compel landlords to purchase every building a tenant chose to erect, but it was only justice to allow the latter to remove any building he had himself erected, and which the landlord declined to purchase. It would be easy to appoint competent persons to estimate the state of the farm, and from the terms of the report made by them, payment would be made by the landlord to the tenant, or by the tenant to the landlord, as the farm was improved or deteriorated. My father then referred to the landlord's right of hypothec, the law which, in the case of the bankruptcy of a tenant-farmer, enabled his landlord's claims to be satisfied in full before his other creditors received a farthing. This law, he said, caused carelessness in the selection of tenants, while at the same time it had an undue effect in raising rents. Men of capital were proverbially cautious, while recklessness characterised those who traded on the capital of others. There had lately been some extraordinary revelations as to this matter before the district Bankruptcy Courts in Scotland. Men had taken large farms without a shilling of capital, and had failed in a short time for debts, in some cases exceeding £10,000. The landlords, however, lost nothing, they obtained their rents, and had their lands returned

to them improved at the expense of the creditors of the tenant. After referring to the Game Laws, my father spoke of remedies for the evils he had mentioned, by means of alterations in the laws; but, he said, one could not compel owners of property to make only such agreements as were just and reasonable; all he contended for was that the law should not encourage them in retaining, for example, the right of eating their tenants' crops with animals, wild or tame. The evils he had alluded to would vanish were occupiers generally the owners of the property they cultivated; but this could not be the case to any extent for a long time to come. By means of the entail laws and the right of primogeniture, large masses of property had been thrown together in the hands of single individuals. Amongst the many important measures carried through Parliament by the late Lord Advocate Rutherfurd, none was likely to prove more beneficial to posterity than the Act which practically abolished entails in Scotland, though we had still a few years to wait before even the earlier fruits of it began to ripen. But the right of primogeniture remained in full force: if a man died intestate, and left a landed estate, his eldest son succeeded to the whole; but if the property consisted of money or moveables, it was divided equally amongst all his children. He could not see what there was in land which should make its destination different from money. A man need not be prevented leaving the bulk of his property to one child, and leaving the others next to beggary if he saw fit, but certainly the law should not aid him in this nor do it for him. That this unnatural act was so frequently perpetrated must in some measure arise from the feeling that by doing otherwise

the eldest son was deprived of his legal rights. In speaking of another mode by which men's vanity might be gratified by having their names carried down to future ages, namely, by leaving their properties to found charities, my father condemned all permanent charities, on the grounds that they both "bred recipients, and freed future generations from duties which it would be beneficial for them to discharge. If the right of primogeniture were abolished, landed estates would in time be reduced to comparatively moderate dimensions, to the great benefit of agriculture and of the general prosperity of the country."

There was no law which my father regarded with greater horror than that of Primogeniture. He held that a man ought to leave his children "share and share alike" of his property, whatever it might consist of, and he considered it monstrous and unnatural that any one should leave more to one child than to another, merely on account of a difference in age or sex.

CHAPTER XII.

Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He 'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He 'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble.—BURNS.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, 22*d Jan.* 1865.

"I HAVE had more than enough to do in regard to the inquiry into the Hypothec Law. It takes me into town three days weekly, and I do not see any prospect of its coming to a close. It is a serious drain on my time. Last week I had three days' sitting on the Commission. On Wednesday we had the meeting of the Highland Society and the Inauguration of the Chamber of Agriculture and Scottish Farmers' Club. I have posted the *Scotsman* of Thursday last, that you and Charles may see my address as President. It is a great honour to be first President. Our meeting was certainly most successful. On Friday I was in the witness-box for 3¾ hours, in the jury trial Miller *v.* Hunter of Thurston, as to the value of 100 acres of potatoes which the tenant, Miller, was prevented taking. It is the case I was engaged in some years ago."

My father has given the following account of the commencement of the agitation for the abolition of the law of Hypothec:—

"On the 1st of June 1864 the case of Barns *v.* Allan, now known as the celebrated Ayrshire Oatmeal Case, was finally decided in the Court of Session. By this decision the law [of Hypothec] was carried out to its full length, and its injustice and absurdity were thus more exposed than by any argument. The defenders, Allan and Co., bought in the streets of Ayr a quantity of oatmeal which turned out to have been made from oats grown on a farm the rent of which had not been paid for the year these oats were grown. The defenders were found liable to repeat the price to the landlord, in order to pay such rent, with all the expenses of two jury trials. When this decision became known, public meetings were held throughout the country, which were largely attended by farmers, and particularly by those who either bought from or sold to them. . . . It is an interesting fact that at that time very few farmers asked for the total abolition of the law, almost all contending only for its modification. . . . The agitation was so great and so general that the Government was induced to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into and report on the working of the law. The Commissioners sat in Edinburgh from 12th December 1864 to 22d March 1865, and examined 121 witnesses, from all the classes interested. The evidence taken showed that hypothec was not required on well-managed properties; that there were cases, in one or two counties, of estates recklessly let to the highest bidders, on which almost every tenant was in a state of bankruptcy, and that similar instances with like

results were constantly occurring throughout Scotland."[1]

Previous to the sitting of this Commission, my father had been inclined to think that a modification of the law of Hypothec would be sufficient; but such were the revelations made, concerning its working, by the witnesses who were examined by the Commissioners, that he became convinced of the necessity for its total abolition.[2] The Commissioners reported unanimously in favour of the amendment of the law, so far as regarded the following of crops into the hands of purchasers. Two members of the Commission dissented from the report, on the ground that a larger change than any suggested therein might be made with advantage to the agricultural interests of the country. The two practical farmers on the Commission, my father and Mr. Curror, also dissented; and in a statement appended by them to the report, they pointed out their principal objections to the law, which, they considered, conferred an amount of preference in favour of landlords, which was in itself manifestly unjust. They stated that they were convinced that the total abolition of the law was imperatively demanded both by justice and expediency.

Several of the witnesses in favour of the law, who were examined by the Commissioners, declared that to abolish it would restrict the landlords' choice of tenants, and would do away with what they called "a healthy competition for land;" they declared also that the law enabled landlords to let their farms at a higher

[1] "Hindrances to Agriculture," by George Hope; in *Recess Studies*, edited by Sir Alex. Grant.

[2] See Appendix, p. 382.

rent, to tenants of inferior capital and credit, without risk to themselves. All this was stated chiefly by lawyers who were agents for estates, without their apparently being conscious that their arguments were at all unfair to tenants with capital. Towards the close of the inquiry, the witnesses in favour of the law became more cautious, some declaring it had no such effect.

In speaking on the law of Hypothec, my father says: —"The deficiency of capital amongst tenant-farmers is a universal complaint. It cannot be said that there is any want of capital in this country for any purpose which proves a fair return for the investment, and it cannot be said that farming is an unattractive pursuit. Then what is it that prevents the full flow of capital to the cultivation of the soil? I reply, it is the terms on which it is generally leased, and the laws of the land regulating the connection of landlord and tenant, and particularly the facilities enacted by law for securing payment of rent, which encourages the acceptance of tenants who at least promise to pay the highest rent. It is well known that cases have occurred of farmers purchasing large quantities of cattle and sheep which had not been on the ground a week, and were still unpaid for, when the sequestration took place, and thus the landlord was enabled to secure the whole of his arrears of rent, while the original owners did not receive a penny. Some persons might be wicked enough to suggest collusion betwixt the landlords and tenants in such cases, or to call them legal swindles, but doubtless such things are quite according to law. Seed merchants and manure merchants, without whose aid crops would be small enough, know to their cost

the miserable dividends that invariably accrue from the estate of a bankrupt farmer."

Some persons believed, or said they believed, that the law of Hypothec was beneficial to small tenants, and candidates for Parliamentary honours have before now been known to become quite pathetic while dilating on the advantages which that "worthy and industrious class" derived from that law. My father always held it to be "a pure delusion, that the law is of the least benefit to small tenants;" in fact he believed it rather to be a means by which they were lured to their ruin. He says: "For one agricultural labourer or foreman who has *at once* begun farming on his own account, and has succeeded, at least a dozen have failed. Many of these men, however, go to towns and commence trading in a small way; and without any special law for their assistance—with only a fair field and no favour—not a few have succeeded in becoming extensive and wealthy shopkeepers. Some of them, after realising a competency, have returned to the country and taken farms."[1]

On a Bill being passed which compelled the registration of agricultural sequestrations, the doctrine that the law of Hypothec was beneficial to small tenants was speedily proved to be very far from the truth, for out of 724 agricultural sequestrations, which took place in about a year and a half, no less than 528 were for rents not exceeding £100.

The working of the law was as follows: A man with insufficient capital took a farm which (tenants receiving no compensation for unexhausted improvements) had been allowed by the former tenant at the end of his

[1] "Hindrances to Agriculture."

lease to get into a state of manurial deficiency, and otherwise of low cultivation. The new tenant invested in this farm his own capital as well as the capital of his creditors. The first crops being unproductive—for it takes a number of years to restore land to its lost condition,—the tenant is unable to continue paying the high rent at which he took the farm. Although the law is now abolished, this phase of its working is not yet in the past. The tenant becomes bankrupt, and his lease therefore becomes void. His landlord (in the improvement of whose property his own and his creditors' capital have disappeared) "gets his rent in full, his farm returned to him much improved in value, and, over and above, property worth a large sum in the name of damages; while the other creditors of the tenant have to be contented with a small dividend."

Such was the law which was said to "enable landlords to help poor but industrious tenants to tide over their difficulties."

My father writes: "The knowledge that they are exposed to the undue competition created by the law of Hypothec causes many tenants to exhibit political subserviency, and still more frequently to agree to terms and conditions, styled the rules of the estate, by which they place themselves entirely at the mercy of their landlords,"[1]—for the tenants without capital, who undertook to pay almost any amount of rent, would also sign leases containing any conditions which the landlord chose to insert. This rendered it nearly impossible for any one to get a farm without agreeing to conditions which were usually objectionable, and often degrading; and agriculture has thus been driven to

[1] "Hindrances to Agriculture."

a great extent into the hands of a class of men who are ready to vote contrary to their convictions if it seems to them for their pecuniary interest to do so, or so devoid of any convictions at all as to vote with their landlords as a matter of course. A Bill for the abolition of Hypothec, not applicable to existing leases, was, on the eve of the dissolution of Parliament, in the present year of 1880, passed by a Tory Government, a majority of the members of which had in the previous year voted against its abolition. "Tory candidates," said Mr. Gladstone,[1] "have had to consent to the abolition of Hypothec as a condition of having so much as a chance of a seat for a Scotch county;[2] and the Government, not willing to dispense with the services of these gentlemen, wish to give them the best chance they can by now, in this hurried manner, in such haste that it is impossible to know what they are about, altering the law of Hypothec. The Bill is hurried on from day to day, and it is impossible to know what its exact effect will be."

Thirty years ago Mr. Cobden said of the farmers that they were "the only body of men in England who dare not stir without the bidding of their masters, even in self-defence," and that they appeared to him "to want the spirit and intelligence to save themselves from ruin." Perhaps these remarks are more applicable to England than to Scotland, but in the latter country sixteen years elapsed before the abolition of the law after the time when (from evidence given before the Royal Commissioners) the eyes of farmers were opened to its injustice; and, as the Bill for its abolition does

[1] Speech delivered at Ratho, 18th March 1880.
[2] East Lothian is the only exception to this rule.

not apply to existing leases, many more years must pass before the evil effects of the law cease to be felt. Probably reforms might be achieved with greater speed were farmers to cease from hugging their chains by returning their landlords to represent them in Parliament. "If tenants want justice done to them," said my father,[1] "they must send members to Parliament who practically understand the interests and requirements of agriculture, and not merely to represent the unjust privileges claimed and possessed by landowners."

[1] Speech delivered at a meeting of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture in July 1875.

CHAPTER XIII.

The pocket burgh of a clan.—*Punch.*

SINCE the failure of Sir David Baird's candidature in 1847, Lord Elcho had been permitted to retain his seat for East Lothian uncontested, for any attempt again to wrest the county from the hands of the Tories had been deemed hopeless. Lord Elcho at this time called himself "an Independent Liberal-Conservative," a thing which has been defined as "a man who, as a candidate, promises in guarded language to support a Conservative Government in doing what a Conservative Government will never attempt, who makes his creed as nearly Liberal as he decently can, and then when he is pressed, says he will vote independently, which always means that he will vote Tory."

In the beginning of July 1865 Lord Elcho wrote my father a letter, which he afterwards admitted to have been a trap. In this letter he says: "I want to consult you on a matter connected with the coming election. It unfortunately takes place at the same time as our Wimbledon Meeting. I would gladly have spent the time between the election and the dissolution in the county, and visited my friends and supporters. This you see I cannot do, but I want to know whether you think it would be necessary for me to appear in the

market before the election? The last thing I would wish to do would be to treat, or to appear to treat, my constituents cavalierly; but, if possible, I would gladly remain here, where I am wanted, unless you and my other friends think I ought to put in a prior appearance at Haddington."

Could any one perceive from this letter that it was addressed to one whom the writer knew to be a political opponent? Do people usually ask advice concerning election matters from their political opponents, and, in doing so, use such expressions as "you and my other friends"? But Lord Elcho had his own reasons for assuming this unwarrantable appearance of friendliness, and those reasons he afterwards stated upon the hustings. He had heard, he said, that if there was any opposition to him, it would be in the person of Mr. Hope; he therefore wrote to Mr. Hope, asking him to tell him the state of feeling in the county in regard to his not coming down, and he felt that if Mr. Hope wrote to him and stated nothing about standing for the county himself, he (Mr. Hope) would not be free afterwards to oppose him. Into this trap my father fell without a struggle, it never occurring to him that, although Lord Elcho's letter was written ostensibly to ask his opinion of the feeling of the county, it was written in reality for a very different purpose; so he answered it in perfect good faith, saying, what was the simple truth, that, so far as he knew, there would be no opposition, but that some people were expressing strong opinions in consequence of his Lordship not coming down. At the same time he reminded Lord Elcho that he must not look upon him as a friend or supporter.

On the day before the nomination my father was requested, by a number of friends, to stand for the county; it was, in fact, only on that day that he for the first time heard that he was to be requested to stand. He gives the following account of the matter: "On Friday morning, in coming to the market, some of my friends said to me they wished me to stand for the county. I said, 'Certainly not; I would not do.' I was then told there was to be a meeting at the George Inn, at two o'clock, and I went to the meeting for the express purpose of putting a stop to the proceedings. They insisted, however, and said that I could not refuse a requisition from them. I did not believe at that time that fifty names would be appended to any requisition to me in this county. In deference to their very strong wish, I said I would meet them [on the next day] at eleven o'clock, and that if they could then give me such a requisition as I could stand upon, it would alter the case. To make sure of my making no mistake in the matter, I asked two of my personal friends, who had asked me to stand, to go with me, and see if the requisition was sufficient to justify me in coming forward. I wanted to put myself in their hands, and not to appear discourteous to those gentlemen who wished to pay me the highest honour in their power."

Before going to Haddington next morning, and while it was yet undecided whether he would stand or not, my father wrote a note to Lord Elcho, which he sent off to his Lordship, who was by this time in the county. The note was as follows:—

"My Lord,—After our recent correspondence, you must feel somewhat surprised at the probability of my name being brought forward to-day at the hustings in

opposition to your Lordship. I only learned yesterday, when in the market, that the feeling was so strong on the subject, or I would have communicated with you sooner. Nothing could be further from my thoughts than the idea of taking any advantage of your absence. I do not even know at present if there is any occasion for sending you this note, but I should like you distinctly to understand that I have made no movement in the matter."

My father was much astonished, on going to the meeting at Haddington, to see such a large number of supporters, and to find the requisition to him so numerously signed. "I could not doubt then," he says, "that it was my duty to come forward on this occasion." He therefore stated his willingness to comply with the request of the requisition.

Lord Elcho endeavoured to make political capital out of having, as he called it, been "taken by surprise;" the fact being that, so far from having been taken by surprise, he and his agents had been aware that my father would be brought forward in opposition to him for some time before my father was aware of it himself.

On Saturday, the 15th of July, the nomination took place in Haddington, from the hustings erected near the Corn Exchange.

Sir David Baird, in proposing Lord Elcho, said he was one of the brightest ornaments of the House of Commons, and spoke of the opposition to him as "underhand proceedings." In reply to this allegation, Mr. Brodie, my father's proposer, stated that he had told Lord Elcho's agents, days before, that opposition was coming. Lord Elcho, in alluding to the matter, said that, "in love, in politics, and in war, everything

was said to be fair." He then called the opposition to him "a night attack," and contrived to imply that he disbelieved my father's statement that he had had no idea of standing for the county until the previous day. Speaking of Reform, he said he was in favour of government by what was called the aristocracy. Most men in the crowd, said his Lordship, knew that this word aristocracy was derived from the Greek word *aristos*, which meant the best. Now he was for the government of the best; the best of all classes, the upper, middle, and working classes. He then expressed his unwillingness to extend the suffrage to the latter. He spoke of the Game Laws, his opinions regarding which appeared to have undergone some alteration within the last few days. He waxed eloquent regarding tolls, saying they were "a restriction upon intercourse between man and man." The strength of England, he said, arose from "our great national Volunteer movement." This it was which "enabled England to defy the proudest potentates of Europe," and to encourage the movement in his native county he had given a Cup. (A voice,—"It was a copper one.") Lord Elcho, "True, it was an electro model, but it was only given till the other was manufactured." (Another voice,—"The silver cup was forced from you.") Lord Elcho protested that this was not the case, and went on to speak of the Elcho Challenge Shield.

My father next addressed the assemblage. He gave an account of the circumstances under which he had been induced to come forward as a candidate for the county, and said that as to the night attack, he knew nothing about it. Having been taken so suddenly

into the contest, he was unprepared to make a long address, but he wished to say that he thought the law of Hypothec was at the root of all the evils with which farmers had to contend. As long as it remained it was impossible for a tenant to make a fair bargain with his landlord. He then stated his views on the Game question and on general politics.

At the conclusion of my father's speech Lord Elcho said: "Mr. Hope is mistaken in supposing rabbits to be game. Rabbits are not in the Game Laws. Let that go clearly forth."

My father, in reply to this, said that some years ago a shepherd of his had fired a ball at a rabbit, and had been fined 30s.

The Sheriff called for a show of hands, and declared the majority to be in favour of my father. He then stated that the poll would take place at Haddington and Dunbar, on Tuesday, the 18th July, and that the declaration of the poll would be made on Wednesday.

The *Scotsman* alluded to the East Lothian election in the following terms:—"An unhappy, mistimed, and especially misplaced contest has arisen for the representation of East Lothian. It is not a contest between Tory and Liberal, but between landlord and tenant, with game-preserving and the law of Hypothec as the bones of contention." In an agricultural constituency those questions naturally came to the front, but they were very far from being the only questions on which the two candidates differed; and even if they had been so, it is surely possible to be as liberal or as conservative on those points as on any other political questions.

My father took no part in the election proceedings, beyond, on the Monday after the nomination, making

short speeches at Tranent and Prestonpans. He did not consider it the business of a candidate to canvass for votes. If people would not, as they ought, vote without being canvassed, he considered that it was for those electors who wished a certain candidate to represent them, to canvass, or to take any other fair means which they thought necessary to insure his return.

My father's landlord, Mr. Nisbet Hamilton, came to the county with headlong speed and in violent wrath, when he heard of the nomination of his tenant. It is said that he got out of his carriage for the purpose of tearing my father's election address off a wall, and that he then trampled it under foot with every demonstration of rage. He regarded it as a piece of presumption on the part of a tenant-farmer (who, he said, "might be able to grow turnips and potatoes") to permit himself to be brought forward as candidate to represent a county in Parliament, for in his eyes a tenant-farmer was

> "A creature of another kind,
> Some coarser substance unrefined,
> Placed for his lordly use, thus far, thus vile below."

On Tuesday, the 18th July, the polling took place, when there voted for Lord Elcho 285, and for my father 159, which gave Lord Elcho a majority of 126. On the following day the official declaration of the poll was made from the hustings at Haddington by the Sheriff.

Lord Elcho, who was received with cheers, groans, and hisses, spoke as follows :—". . . About ten days or a fortnight ago, at a meeting of the Haddington Agricultural Club, Mr. Sadler said that if Lord Elcho did not do certain things his shoes would be filled by another

man, and that the coming man was Mr. George Hope of Fenton Barns. Gentlemen, the coming man has come and gone, and, thanks to your kindness and support, Lord Elcho's shoes are still filled by his own feet. (Hisses.) Gentlemen, I think I may congratulate my friends upon this result. It was, as I ventured to say, a night attack, but we were not found wholly unprepared. Every one of my friends heartily and zealously did his duty. (A Voice,—"How muckle did it cost you?") There was no confusion, and the forlorn hope of the enemy has been hurled into the trenches. . . . The only man who has spoken disparagingly of me is my opponent's proposer. I think the gentleman to whom I am referring must have served in the militia. I say that the proposer of my late opponent, I cannot help thinking, has been in the militia (hisses and cheers), because from the way he took off his hat just now he certainly makes a very excellent fugleman. I would like to say about the proposer of my opponent, that had he lived at the time of the Israelites in Egypt, he would, I am confident, have found no difficulty in making bricks without straw, because he has an extraordinary facility, in his speeches, of making them without facts."

This remark was in allusion to Mr. Brodie's trade, which was that of a brickmaker.

Lord Elcho continued—"If my late opponent had been returned to Parliament he would have been found sitting with Mr. Duncan M'Laren. (Uproar, cheers, and hisses.) I say, if my opponent had been returned, he would have been found sitting with Mr. Duncan M'Laren on his right hand, and John Bright on his left. (Loud groans, hooting, yelling, and cheers.) I can conceive of no greater triumph to John Bright,

Duncan M'Laren, and Co., and the Radicals of Edinburgh, than to have succeeded in turning out the present member for this county, and putting in his place the friend of the right-hand man of Mr. Duncan M'Laren. (Renewed interruption and groans.) All I can say is, that I sympathise heartily with, and condole with, the Radicals of Edinburgh, on the melancholy circumstance that their triumvirate is as yet incomplete. Now, gentlemen, on what grounds have I been opposed? I have been opposed, nominally, on the grounds of the Game Laws and of the Law of Hypothec." Lord Elcho then tried to make out that the only difference between his opponent and himself on the Game question was, that his opponent wished to do away with the licence to kill hares and rabbits, while he wished to retain it. "If you take away this licence," he said, "all you gentlemen will be free to shoot; and I wish Mr. Hope joy of the pleasant visits he would receive from his friends here below the hustings, because, gentlemen, I think he would scarcely dare, if you go even into his garden in search of a hare, and tread down his strawberry-beds, which have enabled him to give such pleasant strawberry-feasts,—I say, were you to go into his very garden in search of hares and rabbits, and tread down his very strawberry-beds"—(a voice,—"Hoots, man, we know better than that," and cries of "Shame")—"he would hardly venture to have you taken up for trespass."

My father was as much at a loss as any one else to understand what could be meant by this repeated allusion to strawberries, but he afterwards recollected that he had bought, at a shop in Haddington, a quantity of strawberries, partly for preserving, and partly for giving a "strawberry-feast" to the children of his ploughmen.

The owner of the shop was the tenant of a market-garden on the Gosford estate (the property of the Earl of Wemyss, Lord Elcho's father), and he was said to have informed Lord Elcho, or his agents, of my father's purchase. It probably appeared to them an extraordinary circumstance that a tenant-farmer should buy strawberries, for they could find no other way of accounting for it than that of supposing that he had, when making the unheard-of purchase, cherished the design of becoming a candidate for the county, and had since been treating the electors to strawberry-feasts.

"Mr. Hope," continued Lord Elcho, "wishing to do away with the licence, stands before you as the friend of the poacher. That, gentlemen, is the distinction between him and me; and it is because he is the poacher's and I am the farmer's, friend, that the attempt has been made, by those who call themselves the farmer's friends, to turn me out of the representation of the county. . . ." His Lordship said that the question upon which he was opposed was the Law of Hypothec, which he was in favour of retaining, and he dwelt in the usual way upon the benefit which the law was to the small tenant (as whose friend he mentioned that he stood there), and he said that the agitation for its abolition was but the agitation of a small section of a class. "Now," continued he, "since I have had the honour to have a seat in Parliament, I have struggled against class legislation, and I shall ever struggle." It is almost incredible that any one should stand up in the face of day, and mention, as an instance of his struggles against class legislation, his desire to maintain a law which was one of the most undeniable pieces of class legislation that ever existed,—a law made by proprietors, for the sole

benefit of proprietors. No suspicion of class legislation can, of course, attach itself to the Game Laws, on which Lord Elcho had just been expressing his views. It is true they give to one class the sole right to the possession of wild animals, which are fed on the crops of another class; it is also true that these laws result in the creation of 10,000 convicts yearly, and that they serve no other purpose than that of giving what is called "sport" to one class, but doubtless they are maintained entirely for the sake of the welfare of the whole community. Class legislation!—Impossible!

"I do not know," said Lord Elcho, "how it will be when the triumvirate of Mr. Hope—the band of Hope, M'Laren, and Bright—have produced the change they so ably advocate, but happily at present in this great, this free country, there is no man, from the peasant that follows the plough—(interruption.) In order to provide against losing time, I have brought down with me a case of cigars. I ask you, Shall I smoke or shall I go on?" (The noble Lord here produced his cigar-case, amidst hissing, cheering, and interruption.) "As I was saying," he continued, "every man in this great and free country, from the peasant who follows the plough, or the weaver who plies his shuttle, can rise by thrift, by industry, and by intelligence from the humble station in which his lot has been cast. Well, I want to see the small farmer able to rise. An experiment has been tried on my poor body; . . . the experiment, I am happy to say, has failed; and I would congratulate these gentlemen, quite as much as I would congratulate those who stand by me, on the failure of the experiment. How was this experiment tried? Why, the *Scotsman* is a Liberal paper. (Groans, and a voice,—"No, it's

Tory.) The *Scotsman*, I say, is an ably-written paper. I happen to have brought the *Mercury* here, and why have I brought it here?" (His Lordship was brought to a pause by loud interruption, in the course of which he produced a cigar, lighted it, and appeared about to commence to smoke, when the uproar abated.) He then read an extract from a squib on the Edinburgh election, which had been published in the *Mercury*, after which he flung the paper into the crowd, where a scramble took place for it. He continued:—"Now, gentlemen, let me return to what the *Scotsman* said. The *Scotsman* said that the East Lothian struggle was a struggle between tenants and proprietors. Now then, let us be thankful that this experiment has failed,—I mean the experiment that has been tried on my vile body. Let us be thankful also on this account, because if this experiment had succeeded in East Lothian it would have been tried throughout the length and breadth of the country; it would perhaps have extended to England. If this experiment had succeeded, it would have been tried elsewhere, and what would have been the result? You would have had ranged in two classes a portion of the tenantry and of the proprietors, men whose interests are identical." If Lord Elcho believes that the interests of the tenantry and of the proprietors are identical, it is surprising that he should manifest such extreme terror at the idea of "the experiment" of returning a member of the former class to Parliament ever succeeding. "When people say," said Lord Elcho, "as I have been told during my canvass, that they want a representation of the tenantry, my reply was this, that, by wishing that, they wished the proprietors unrepresented, and also all other classes [!!!]. When I go

to Parliament, I do not go there as the representative of any section of the tenantry, I do not go there as the representative of the proprietors"—(a voice,—"You do") —"I go there as the representative of every trade and class and profession in this county, and I attend to their interests there, and Parliament attends to their interests there, and attends to the interests of all the people of this country equally, whether they are electors or non-electors." All history, it seems, is a delusion. If facts are at variance with Lord Elcho, so much the worse for facts. His Lordship continued to gloat over his victory. "I am glad," said he again, "that this experiment has failed. Let us all then, I repeat, be thankful that this experiment has failed, and instead of landlord and tenant being ranged in two hostile camps throughout the country, let us trust that these two classes will go on doing their respective duties in the stations in which it has pleased God to call them."

The chosen representative of Haddingtonshire, at the conclusion of this remarkable address, flung a number of cigars among the crowd, one of which was flung back at him.

My father, who, on coming forward, was received with loud and prolonged cheers, said :—"Electors and gentlemen, it has been Lord Elcho's duty to thank you for the victory he has achieved. It is now my turn to thank you, and I do so most sincerely. I return my most heartfelt thanks to those who tendered me their free, their unpurchased, ay, and their unasked-for votes. (Loud cheers.) I am proud to say, gentlemen, that I did not personally canvass one single individual. (Cheers and interruption.) I have not been upon these hustings in connection with the county election

since 1847. At that time I stood here as a supporter of the late Sir David Baird. Since then, Lord Elcho has made considerable progress in political knowledge, and I will say this for him, that I never heard a more liberal speech from him than that he made last Saturday. I must say that when I looked at some of the gentlemen behind him, I felt that their ears must have tingled at the sentiments of his Lordship. He states here that there is very little political difference in this contest, and I admit that the *Scotsman* says it has failed to discover it; but I venture to think that the staunch Conservative gentlemen in this county were much more quickly excited, and they rushed to the rescue. Lord Elcho says the majority of the tenantry have voted for him. I admit that this is the case, but not if you take off the tenants upon his vast estates. (Cheers and groans.) Ninety-nine tenants voted for his Lordship, and ninety for myself; but of these ninety-nine, twenty-three were tenants on the Gosford estate—(cheers and groans)—and, notwithstanding all that, upwards of sixty of them did not vote at all. I should like to say a few words regarding the letter I wrote to his Lordship, in which I stated that there was no chance of there being any opposition to him. I was rather astonished at getting his letter, but his Lordship tells me now that he had heard, what I had never heard myself, whispers that I was to oppose him, and that was the reason why he wrote me the letter. I certainly never once dreamed of standing for the county at the time I wrote the letter. (Lord Elcho, ironically, —"Hear, hear.) When my friends at last earnestly pressed that I should stand for the county, it was the greatest strain upon my patriotism to yield to their

request, and if I had not seen that it was an absolute duty incumbent upon me, I certainly would never have consented. I must say that Lord Elcho, in the use he has made of my letter to himself, has spoken in a very loose and unguarded way. . . . His Lordship has told you that it is a very extraordinary thing that a section, as he says, of the tenantry should set up a candidate of their own; what he wants is, that the proprietors should represent them, and he thinks it impossible that I should represent the proprietors and the whole community as well as the tenants. I trust I am just as able and as independent in doing whatever may be for the good of my countrymen as Lord Elcho. (Cheers and hisses.) There is one thing I have been very much surprised at, and that is the attempt to put me in the same boat with Mr. Duncan M'Laren and Mr. John Bright. They are my personal friends, and I am proud to say so—(cheers)—but I do not adhere to all that they may choose to say. I am as independent in forming an opinion upon matters as they are, and although I agree with them in many things I also differ from them in much. . . . For the life of me, I cannot understand why a farmer should not be fitted for a seat in Parliament, for I cannot fancy that being able to grow turnips and potatoes should be any disqualification for a seat there." After referring to the Game Laws, my father continued:—"In regard to the Hypothec Commission, and the Report given by the Commission, I can only say I differ from the sentence his Lordship read to you. I think it all downright nonsense. (Cheers and groans.) He says the continuance of the law is necessary for the sake of the poor man. Now, what I want is for you to say that there

shall be no such law at all. Is that class legislation, I ask, or is it possible to make it so by any construction of words? All I want is a fair field and no favour. . . . Our contest has done great good. Many of the supporters of the noble Lord have told me so themselves. Not only that, but several of the gentlemen who have recorded their votes for him have tendered money to help to pay my expenses. (Loud cheers.) I think our contest will have this further effect, that it will show that constituents are not to be overridden for aristocratic pleasure." (Loud and prolonged cheers and groans.)

Thus ended the East Lothian election of 1865, when an attempt was made, for, I believe, the first time in Scotland, to return a tenant-farmer to Parliament. It was, as has been seen, unsuccessful; for although the days of pocket-burghs have gone by, East Lothian may be said to be a pocket-county.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, 22*d Nov.* 1865.

"I feel thoroughly ashamed at having been so long in replying to your kind letter of August last, but I have been in a perfect whirl of business ever since the eventful election which caused so much talk at the time, and is yet spoken of as something which we East Lothian farmers are a little proud of. It has done my Lord Elcho a great deal of good, and the landlords throughout Scotland also. They have felt it as a warning. Some of them talk of farming all their own land and getting quit of these uppish big farmers. The total want of organisation that prevailed convinced me we had no chance; indeed, it was only half an hour

before the nomination that I saw it was inevitable that I must stand. That I polled above ninety of the pick of the tenant-farmers in the county was a great honour, of which I have reason to be proud. . . . My laird is said to have expressed himself thus,—'That it was most degrading to Lady Mary and himself that the opposition to Lord Elcho came from their estate.' Perhaps he may come to think better of it; for myself, I am quite indifferent; I could not breathe if I felt I was controlled in any way. If I recollect right, 98 tenants voted for Lord Elcho and 92 for me, but on his Lordship's list some 22 were his own tenants. Most of the large tenants voted for me; a number did not vote at all. . . . My committee assessed themselves £1 each, and that paid all the expenses."

FROM MR. ADAM HOPE TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

"Of course the East Lothian election to which you alluded was a subject of most absorbing interest to all the Hopes in Canada. Even in Chicago, that wonderful city of the west, a friend of mine who was there at the time told me it created a good deal of interest amongst the politicians there, from the fact of a tenant-farmer entering the lists against Lord Elcho. Everything considered, George made a splendid fight; with both sides of the aristocratic element against him, he polled more votes than Sir David Baird did, although backed by the whole influence of the Whig party."

CHAPTER XIV.

Does he insist on superior strength of body or mind?—Who of us has no superior in one or other of these endowments? Has nature conferred distinctions which tell us plainly who shall be owners and who owned?—Who of us can unblushingly lift his head and say that God has written Master there?—W. E. CHANNING.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

[22*d November* 1865.]

"The cattle-plague keeps us all in great anxiety. I am glad to say that both John and I have hitherto kept free of it, but it is the greatest calamity that has fallen on the farmers in my day. I have now got quit of the Presidency of the Chamber of Agriculture, and most of my arbitration business, so I look forward to having a little leisure. Did you notice I was at the Sheffield meeting of the Social Science, and read a paper on the Game Laws? I., C., P., and M. were all there; we were on a visit to Mr. Swanwick, Chesterfield. We were at Chatsworth, Hardwicke, and other places."

A single paragraph from the paper above alluded to I cannot resist quoting, although my father's views on the Game question are stated at sufficient length elsewhere in this volume. He said:—"I was lately shown a letter written by a proprietor to one of his tenants, dated only last month, and of which I took a copy, as a curious specimen of the light in which some proprietors

view their tenants, and the insolent conduct they sometimes unconsciously use towards them. In this letter the landlord complains that the son of the tenant had been seen shooting rabbits, and without the slightest excuse in the way of their damaging your crops, he says: 'Some time previously my keeper and gardener met your son and another person near —— having a greyhound with a loose rope round his neck; of course it is not difficult to conjecture what was intended. You are yourself, I believe, aware of an incident where your son, and I believe two other persons, were distinctly seen to course several hares. Whether this was on my ground or on that adjoining I am uncertain; however, I fancy it is very doubtful whether the proprietor's permission was given to such a proceeding.' Finally, he 'hopes he may have been misinformed, but does not think having him for a tenant a subject for congratulation.' Now there is not one word about game in this tenant's lease. Rabbits are by law game and not game; but they are not game to the tenant in this case, and he could shoot or trap them as he chose. The landlord in fact admits this, though he seems to think the rabbits should have first damaged the tenant's crops. I would ask, What did they live and multiply on but the tenant's crops? They could not be there at all without damaging them. Then the boy seen with the greyhound and the rope round its neck (a boy under nine years of age) on the public road—why, he was simply taking home the animal, that had strayed from a neighbouring farm, the same where the coursing took place. This story of the coursing is a beautiful illustration of the sort of tales carried by gamekeepers to their masters, and of the credulity of the latter; the

keepers had seen "distinctly" this tenant's son and two other persons course several hares, but were unable to say whether it was on this farm or that, though it was on an estate where the tenant had leave to course, and where the boy went by invitation. Mark also the view the landlord takes of what he styles 'such a proceeding' (the coursing of hares by a tenant): 'I fancy it is very doubtful whether the proprietor's permission was given.' The arrogance of this letter will be more apparent when I tell you that this tenant has spent several thousand pounds (not a penny of it made by farming) in bringing into cultivation some 200 acres, by trenching, liming, draining, and fencing with stone walls what was previously a barren heath. He was under no obligation to do so, and it is doubtful whether he will recover the whole of his capital; but one thing is certain, he will, at the close of his lease return the farm to the landlord worth a great increase of rent, the effect of these permanent improvements effected by him with his own capital. . . ."

The following is my father's opinion on the subject of deer forests. "It is almost ruin to a sheep-farmer," he writes, "to have the adjoining district converted into forest. The deer come down in the night from their fastnesses, sometimes hundreds in number, and graze with impunity on the grounds of the sheep-owners. They also make frequent raids for miles across the country, and in a single night destroy acres of the growing grain or root crops. There are thus grounds for the proposal of Mr. Loch . . . to make the owners of estates where game comes from liable for damages. . . . Another, and perhaps a better plan, has been suggested—namely, to compel by law the surrounding

of all deer-forests by a suitable wire-fence. . . . It is estimated by competent judges that the land already given over to deer is capable of grazing from 350,000 to 400,000 sheep. . . ."

The following letter from a farmer seems to bear out my father's statements: "My farm of —— is bounded for several miles by a deer-forest rented by Mr. H. It is a rental of only £115 a year, and I have been at the expense of upwards of £30 a year for an extra man to keep my sheep off the forest; and although it is well known to every man of *common* sense that it is next to an impossibility to keep sheep off clear ground, he commenced last summer, and continues, to poind every sheep he can get, and interdicted me from allowing sheep, men, or dogs on his forest, although his deer are in scores, sometimes hundreds, on my farm almost every day. I 'm certain but for that I could keep 200 more sheep.

"About rabbits, I 'm tormented and eaten up in an almost incredible way. . . . I have applied for a wire fence between —— deer-forest and me, but have been refused although I offered to pay interest on it. . . . So far from deer being afraid of 'the foul smearing-mixtures of the sheep-farmer,' I for one can assure —— that I 'm surrounded by deer-forests on three or four different farms, and the deer are in all my covers, too many of them, nearly all the year round."

Speaking at a public meeting in Haddington (I think in 1865 or 1866), my father (after arguing in favour of an extension of the franchise in burghs, and a redistribution of seats), said:—"The proposal to include £10 householders in the voters for counties is such a very moderate demand that I cannot conceive any rational

objection to it. An agricultural tenant paying £50 a year of rent, working harder and enjoying less of the fruits of his labour than the majority of hinds in this county, has at present a vote, and yet it is denied to a man who lives in a house and pays a rent of £30 or £40, or even £49, a year. I will tell you the reason why this has been the case hitherto. Men who live in such houses will not 'thole a factor's snash,' which many poor tenant-farmers have still to do, as they did in the days of our glorious national poet. But I go further. I want every *bona fide* owner of property in counties to the value of 40s. per annum to have a vote. This is the law of England, and why should it not be so in Scotland also? Property, however small, is as precious to the owner as if it were a large estate, and the security of a country may be said to increase in proportion to the number of those who have a stake in it. But, in my opinion, too much stress is laid on the argument that the possession of wealth is necessary before a man can take any direct share in the government of the country. Many also hold that it is the duty or privilege of the rich to think for their poorer brethren; but I do not know a mere pernicious doctrine. No man can think for another, though great minds can and do enable others to think for themselves. This thinking for himself is the highest privilege of a human being, and one which the possession of the suffrage is calculated to quicken and excite. I consider, therefore, that a great wrong is perpetrated on all excluded from the suffrage, a wrong which can only be justified by a clear demonstration that it is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the whole community. . . . But I religiously believe in the progress of the human race, and

I do firmly hope and trust that when the franchise is extended, as it soon must be, it will be used by the possessors in the way their consciences dictate so as best to promote the glory of God and the welfare of man."

Holding the views which he did on the subject of the franchise, he was, as may be supposed, in favour of its extension to women householders. His was not that spurious Liberalism which, while professing to be in favour of representative government, can yet declare to a large class of tax-payers that the laws by which they are bound, which affect them in every relation of life, by which they can be deprived of their property, and even of their children, are no concern of theirs and are "beyond their sphere." True to the principles of Free-trade, which he had ever upheld, he was also in favour of the opening of all professions to women, perceiving that their exclusion from the labour market (unless in the case of a few ill-paid trades) was the upholding of a monopoly as unjustifiable as any of those against which he had been wont to do battle.

At a public meeting in favour of Women's Suffrage, held at Haddington in 1873, he moved the first resolution :—

"That all women who are owners or occupiers of lands or houses in their own right should be entitled to vote for members of Parliament in the same circumstances as men who are owners or occupiers of lands or houses of the same description and value." "This," he said, "appears to me a very modest and just resolution. It is modest, for you must recollect that women constitute at least one-half of the population of the country,

and yet they do not ask for womanhood suffrage as men have asked for manhood suffrage, but only when they occupy houses or lands in their own right. If these houses and lands would qualify men, they should also qualify women, to vote for Parliamentary representatives. The resolution is also just, for is it not an acknowledged axiom that taxation without representation is tyranny? And yet many women, both spinsters and widows, earn their own bread in a most creditable manner, and pay every rate and tax to which men are liable; yet men have votes, and they have none. Women are also subject to the general laws of the realm, and any infringement of these laws (even game laws) by women renders them liable to punishment at least as heavy as if the crime had been committed by men. Besides, there are laws which affect women exclusively, such as the power possessed by their husbands over their purses, and what is still more serious, over their persons and children. . . . Under the feudal system, which is not yet extinct, it was quite common to entail estates on heirs-male only. The large Hopetoun estates in this county and elsewhere were succeeded to by Earl John, whose monument stands on the Garleton Hills, though his predecessor, Earl James, left a family of daughters. Owing to the notions which prevailed when might made right, instances of this treatment of women frequently occurred. The longer I consider this question, the more certain I feel that to give women votes, at least under the circumstances stated, is sound policy, and certain to be productive of good results. I have been asked—'Would you have women engage in the turmoil of a contested election, and venture to the polling-booth, exposed to the rough jokes, if not to the

insults, or perhaps personal violence, of an excited mob?' I have replied—'The very presence of women makes men more manly, and all gatherings are more restrained and better behaved when women are present, whether at public meetings or at the dinner-table, than is often the case when only men meet together.' But the Ballot Bill is now law, and you have seen its effects at the last election of your Town-Councillors, and read in the newspapers the accounts of its working in the voting for members of Parliament in various places since the Bill became law; and I fearlessly ask you, Is there the slightest risk in the most delicate lady walking to the polling-booth and dropping her vote into the ballot-box? It often takes a long time before a bad law can be repealed, or a good measure enacted, but if right we have only to persevere. I have been a keen advocate of the ballot for the last forty years. In 1837, that is thirty-six years ago, Mr. Steuart, then M.P. for the burgh, first voted for the Ballot. I at once bought property here for the sake of votes to my father and myself, that we might support him and the Liberal cause. Having soon to remove beyond the statutory distance from your burgh, I shall lose my vote here, but I rejoice that the main object for which I obtained it has been attained, although taking a long time to come, for now, without fear of worldly interest, all may act as their consciences dictate. Again, it has been said that women cannot understand politics, and that such questions are beyond their sphere. This I utterly deny, from personal knowledge of many women. Let us take public examples. Where will you find men of keener intellect than Harriet Martineau? or than the late Mary Somerville in science? or where is there a

clearer or more subtle mind than that of Mrs. Lewes, the accomplished authoress of *Middlemarch*, a work for which she has received £8000, and which has been the book of the past year? . . ."

My father spoke at several public meetings on this subject.

CHAPTER XV.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents.—BURNS.

General rebellions and revolts of a whole people never were *encouraged*, now or at any time; they are always *provoked*.—EDMUND BURKE.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK KEPT BY MR. HOPE DURING A VISIT TO IRELAND IN 1868.

"30*th April* 1868.—Arrived at Belfast this morning with Mr. Robert Russell, after a not unpleasant voyage, although it was windy, and for some time the vessel laboured. After breakfasting with Mr. and Mrs. F., we took rail to Clomber, and visited Mr. B. He has leases of twenty-five and thirty years, and he paid tenant-right for his land—for some of it £10 per acre. . . . He thinks something should be done about tenant-right, as it exhausts the capital of the tenant, and is in an insecure position, depending wholly on the will of the landlord. He would not farm as he does with tenant-right unless he had a lease. He seldom heard of landlords evicting tenants without allowing them something, though it had been occasionally done, and he heard last Saturday of a landlord having 'given notice' to two tenants who refused to prosecute poachers. . . . The

contrast between Mr. B.'s land and some adjoining small farms was striking. . . . A good deal of flax sown between Belfast and Clomber: the smaller the farm the larger the proportion of flax.

"1*st May.*—Took rail to Lisburne. . . . Called on Mr. M., farmer and cattle-dealer. He farms under four landlords. Tenant-right worth £20 or £25 an acre, and he held under a lease of thirty years, at 20s. an acre of rent. Oats the great crop,—fair land. . . . Dined in the evening at Dr. R.'s. The Doctor being in London, we were entertained by Mrs. R.; a company of fifteen at dinner. Talked of the death of Mr. Featherstone. He had proposed to raise the rents of his tenants some £34 a year: some of them paid, others did not, but tendered him the old rent. He gave these notice to quit, and was shot.

"Captain Bolton built two houses on Lord Hertford's estate. The Captain voted against John Inglis when Lord Advocate, and was deprived of his houses. Next election he voted for the candidate, and his houses were returned to him. He died, and left his money for charitable purposes,—the rent of the houses to be applied for school purposes. Lord Hertford had brought an action of ejectment, but failed on technical grounds; thought he would succeed next time. Excuse given for this—that the houses were to be given to a sister of the Captain's.

"2*d May.*—Came to County Tyrone, to see Mr. Burgess of Parkacour. . . . Walked over a large part of estate; saw a police-barrack,—a national school, plenty of maps. Schoolmaster taught a night-school for older children. Looked into Catholic Chapel; two or three good pictures, and a handsome image of the

Virgin, finely dressed. Called on the priest, a shrewd little man. He had two good pictures. Called on a number of Mr. Burgess's tenants. Size of farms from five to thirty acres. Some have leases; others not: all would like leases. One without a lease building a stable and barn at a cost of £40. . . . House very dirty, but large quantities of bacon in the kitchen. . . . All about planting potatoes; people working hard. One or two tenants' houses good, others very small. Mr. Russell says the houses are very similar to those in the west of Scotland.

"Parkacour is a large house, built in the castellated form. There is in one room a great collection of china, said to be valuable, in glass cases, which cover all the walls. The wood of which they are made is alder, grown on the estate, and made by a country wright. There is a fine hall, with an organ in a gallery. Here there is evidently great interest taken in the welfare of the people, who are wonderfully comfortable, considering the smallness of the holdings. No difference is made whether they are Catholics, Presbyterians, or Church people. The land in the owner's hands is well farmed.

"*3d May, Sunday.*—Went to parish church and heard the Rev. Mr. —— preach a charity sermon for the education of Protestant orphan children in families in place of the workhouse. In the afternoon took a long walk, and called on a number of the tenants. Their farms averaged about twelve acres; most of them, or rather all, very comfortable, and some of them very clean and tidy. All expressed their pleasure at seeing us, and spoke frankly of the great encouragement received from their landlord.

"Extract from *Orders and Conditions for the Planters of Ulster:*—

" 'His Majesty is pleased to grant estates in fee-farm to them and their heirs.

" 'The said undertakers shall not demise any part of their lands at will only, but shall make certain estates for years, for life in taile, or a fee-simple.

" 'No uncertain rent shall be reserved by the said undertaker, but the same shall be expressly set down without reference to the custom of the country, and a proviso shall be inserted in their letters-patent against *cuttings, carteries,* and other *Irish* exactions.

" 'Every undertaker of 2000 acres within two years to build a castle and strong court or Bourie; 1500 acres, to build a stone or brick house with a strong court; 1000 acres, a strong court; and all the said undertakers shall draw their tenants to build houses for themselves and their families near the principal castle or house or Bourie, for the mutual defence and strength.'

"*4th May.*—Returned to Belfast. . . . Drove to Carrickfergus; along the shore and over to Magee Island; saw Scotland, Ailsa Craig, etc. Land about Carrickfergus very fine. In the immediate neighbourhood much of it let at £4 an acre (no tenant-right on the town lands). . . . Had a long chat with a farmer who farmed some 50 acres, and another who farmed 150 acres. The first said his tenant-right was worth more than £600; the latter said his was worth more than £2000. The rents paid were 30s. an acre. They were both clear-headed men, and yet they did not get a newspaper unless when at market; they did not read the *Whig,* as, they said, 'it was rather a Popish paper.' Saw Dean Swift's church. The views

of the opposite shore—Holyhead, Bangor, etc.,—very fine.

"*5th May.*—Got up early and went by rail to Newtownards, and then drove to Grey Abbey. Saw Mr. Hall and his wife; breakfasted with them. Mr. Hall said his father took a small farm, built a house, and improved it: rent was raised 10s. an acre. Rent of other tenants was not raised, as they had not improved. Tenants always afraid of the rents being raised. Landlords despotic. Lord Londonderry ordered the tenants in *winter* to repair their cottages, or he would turn them out at once, and they had to do it.

"Took rail to Londonderry; saw Scotland after leaving Belfast. At Antrim there is one of the old round towers. After leaving Ballymena the land got bleaker until we came to Ballymoney, where there had been a large cattle-fair. The people busily trucking the cattle, and an immense number of people at the station travelling by rail—farmers, their wives and daughters, and labourers. From there the land improves. We went along the shore of Lough Neagh. The large reclamation from the loch does not seem very successful; most of it was wet-looking. There are several steam-engines for pumping off the water at different places. . . .

"*6th May.*—Spent most of the day in seeing Derry. . . . Saw Mr. Caiscaden, an extensive dealer and farmer, who told various stories of hardship of tenants' property being confiscated. . . . Saw Mr. Gardner, a Scotchman, who farmed about 600 acres of the reclaimed land: was in favour of leases, but he said the tenants would not take them, as they thought when leases closed rents might be raised.

"*7th May.*—Left Ballyshannon; drove by car to

Sligo; saw Lord Palmerston's estate. Left Sligo at 3.25; passed Carrick-on-Shannon, Longford, Edgeworthstown. Saw the residence of Miss Edgeworth.

"*Saturday, 9th May.*—Left Lismore. At several stations emigrants leaving; the same melancholy farewells at all. The people leaving seemed comfortably dressed, but amongst those bidding them farewell were numerous specimens in a very ragged condition. Near Dublin, vegetation more advanced than further west. Our visit to Mr. P. very interesting. Drove about a good deal, and saw much."

It may be mentioned that wherever my father went when in Ireland he was of opinion that the people were working uncommonly hard; and although he was told that this was only because they were planting potatoes, such a reason scarcely seems sufficient entirely to account for the contrast between what he saw and what is frequently said of the idleness of the Irish peasantry. In a review, written by my father, I think in 1850, of a work on Ireland, he says:—"The failure of the potato crop completed the ruin of a country naturally possessing a fine climate and a rich soil; and a numerous population, whose sole business was the production of food, died by thousands from sheer want. . . . We desire to recall to the recollection of our readers that Ireland was long held as a conquered country, the soil of which was parcelled out to English nobles, whose fortunes were not bound up in its welfare. The amalgamation of the races was forbidden by law. In the fourteenth century intermarriage was declared high treason, and for which, in the fifteenth century, an Earl of Desmond lost his head. After the Reformation it was not so much *race* as *creed* that was

the object of British hatred. Because the Bible declared, 'The righteous shall inherit the earth,' native heretics were expelled from their homes to make room for British Protestants: this was known as the Plantation system of those days. In 1698, when it was rumoured that the Irish had the audacity to make coats for soldiers, a bill was brought into the British House of Commons to prevent this interference with the staple trade of England. This, it is true, was changed into an address to the King, who promised, in his answer, that he would do all that in him lay to promote the trade of England and to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland. It was only in 1782 that the most obnoxious of the penal laws were repealed —laws which prohibited the education of Catholics, prevented them from pursuing any profession, or owning land, or even renting it for longer than thirty years; which ordained that, should they happen to realise profits equal to one-third of their rent, the lease was to be transferred to any Protestant who might make the discovery. Neither could a Catholic hold a mortgage above the value of £5 without a Protestant being able to seize the same on tendering that sum; and, to complete the picture, a Catholic child pretending to turn Protestant could seize on all his father's property, and if he did so after his father's death, he could disinherit all the other children.

"We must bear in mind that it was under such laws as these that the Irish mind has been formed, for though the laws have passed away, their effects have not been obliterated; and now the Episcopal Church, in an essentially Catholic country, remains as a monument of the degradation of the people. The mass of the

population had no alternative but each to cultivate his potato patch at any rent the landlord chose to name compatible with the *existence* of the tenant. It is no wonder, then, that landlords, with the power of England at their back to enforce every claim, however morally unjust, should have forgotten that property has its duties as well as its rights. . . ."

Ardently as my father ever supported the principle of religious equality, he felt that even the disestablishment of the Irish Church was of but secondary importance compared with a satisfactory settlement of the Irish Land question. His journey to Ireland in 1868 was undertaken solely with the view of seeing for himself the working of the system of land tenure there. That he believed that system to be bad, even in Ulster, and saw its results to be deplorable, is, I think, indicated in his notes. Both in Ireland and elsewhere, he disliked a system of small farms, believing that the small farmer worked harder, and enjoyed less of the fruits of his labour, than many farm-servants; and when the small farmer was a tenant-at-will, he looked upon his condition as little better than that of a serf. He greatly preferred to any other a system of land tenure in which the occupiers were also the owners of the land. "I would rather," he said, "farm fifty acres of my own land than occupy five hundred as a tenant." It was to some reform of the Land Laws, and not to coercive measures, that he looked to improve the state of Ireland. He took the deepest interest in the passing of the Irish Land Act of 1870, and hoped that it might do something to lessen Irish distress. At the present crisis, seeing how useless the Land Act has proved, he

would, I am sure, have had greater sympathy with those who think that some more radical reform of the system of land tenure is imperatively called for, than with those who, ignoring the fact that landlordism in Ireland was originally the result of spoliation, and that for generations the tenant's property has been confiscated, talk of the sacred rights of property, and would "improve the state of Ireland" by such measures as a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and an increased police force; and he certainly would not have agreed with those who can see no remedy for Irish distress but emigration—emigration which, being undertaken in order to avoid something approaching to death by starvation, may be said to be compulsory, and to be therefore simply exile. The occurrence of a famine, or the subsistence of the greater part of the agricultural population upon charity, are the alternatives brought about by one or two bad seasons; and at all times the great bulk of the population dependent on the land lives in a state of the most abject poverty which it is possible to conceive. A system of land tenure which has produced these results surely stands condemned.

My father, I think, would now have agreed with the words of John Stuart Mill: "Nothing can be done for Ireland without transforming her rural population from cottier tenants to something else. . . . The object should be their transformation, as far as circumstances admit, into landed proprietors."[1] "No accommodation is henceforth possible which does not give the Irish peasant all that he could gain by a revolution—permanent possession of the land, subject to fixed burdens. . . . An

[1] *Principles of Political Economy.*

equivalent ought to be given for the bare pecuniary value of all mischievous rights which landlords or any others are required to part with. But no mercy ought to be shown to the mischievous rights themselves; no scruples of purely English birth ought to stay our hands from effecting, since it has come to that, a real revolution in the economical and social constitution of Ireland."[1]

[1] *England and Ireland.* J. S. Mill.

CHAPTER XVI.

Both [Forest and Game Laws] alike were founded upon the same unreasonable notions of property in wild creatures, and both were productive of the same tyranny to the commons.—BLACKSTONE.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, 16*th April* 1868.

"I HAVE felt no such interest in any debate in Parliament since 1832 as I have done in the late great debates on Ireland. The Irish Church is doomed; its days are numbered. Scotland may almost be said to be unanimous on this great question. The Free Church here has wonderfully improved the political atmosphere. There is, I hear, a meeting to be held at Haddington next week in favour of Gladstone's resolutions. I will send you a paper, as I may have to say a few words.

"P. met H. and me at Glencotho on Wednesday evening. He had never before seen the new house there, or my purchase at Biggar of 90 imp. acres."

"FENTON BARNS, 27*th July* 1868.

"Some days we have had the thermometer in the shade at 80° and 85°. We are not accustomed to such heat as this, and we have had no rain for a couple of months beyond a few drops. We begin harvest tomorrow with all our strength, all the barley being ripe. It is long since we began 'shearing' in July before.

The wheat crop will be the best we have had for years. . . . Potatoes look wonderful, considering the drought. All mine are closed in the drills, and are perhaps the best in the county,—certainly so, when the extent (105 imp. acres) is taken into consideration. My beans are light in straw, but remarkably well podded. I hear some people say they have no pods. I never saw a year when deep cultivation and plenty of manure made such a difference in the crop. That is the way in which I account for Fenton Barns coming out so well this year, though of course some people say it is the land. Even my turnips are better than the general run, though one-fourth of the whole have not brairded yet. All pastures are completely burnt up; not a green blade is to be seen. I am feeding some fifty cattle on hay and cake, and also 300 sheep.

"We are in the midst of a great election canvass in this county. Lord William Hay made an excellent speech at Haddington on Friday. I am going to meetings at Tranent and Prestonpans to-morrow."

At the general election of 1868 my father was invited to contest more than one constituency. Many of his friends were desirous that he should again stand for Haddingtonshire, but he thought Lord William Hay's chance of success was better than his own. Still, he was aware that in any case it was but a forlorn hope. He writes to Lord William Hay:—"As far as I can ascertain, the poll would stand thus: for Lord Elcho 317, and for you 287."

I may here mention that some years after this time my father was twice over invited to dinner for the express purpose of being "set upon" by his hosts and

others, who endeavoured to extract from him a promise not to come forward for a certain constituency which they thought he entertained an idea of standing for. Those hospitalities were exercised on behalf of two different persons, at least one of whom (an Edinburgh gentleman since deceased) expressed for the occasion so extraordinary an amount of zeal for the reform of the Game Laws and the abolition of Hypothec that even my father could not help doubting its genuineness. The constituency not being vacant, my father was of opinion that these gentlemen were premature in arranging their plans concerning it, and he therefore carefully abstained from giving them any information as to whether or not he entertained any idea of standing for it.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"26*th August* 1868.

"It is a pity the wheat crop has been somewhat damaged by the late frequent rains, as I never cut such quality. I am terribly concerned about the potato crop. Throughout the whole kingdom the young tubers have sent out shoots and stems which will prevent their further growth, and ruin their quality. I don't know what to do or what to think about it. I valued my potato crop lately at £2500 at least. I doubt now if it is worth the half of that sum, but I try to hope it may not prove so bad after all; only I never saw the like of it before."

"15*th October* 1868.

"I am glad to say the second growth of the potatoes has not done so much harm as I at first thought it

must inevitably do. The crop is a fair one, and prices are high.

"We shall expect to hear when Mr. W. and your daughter C. propose to leave. I daresay P. will be very glad to have the chance of bringing C. here from Liverpool."

"*3d December* 1868.

"We were all very glad when C. arrived in safety and health at the old homestead. I met her and P. at the N.B. Station in Edinburgh, being on my way to the Peeblesshire election. I also voted for Major Hamilton, the Liberal M.P. for Lanarkshire, next morning before returning to Haddington, which I arrived at before half-past eleven. We were beat [in Haddingtonshire], notwithstanding the excellence of our candidate. Of course I was much disappointed, but it is not easy for poor men in the county to vote against the proprietors. I sent the Haddington paper, that you might see an account of the proceedings. [My father seconded Lord William Hay's nomination.]

"P. left us this morning for Liverpool, which he prefers much to Glasgow, but I daresay he will ultimately take to farming. I would certainly like him to do so, particularly if I thought I could arrange for a new lease of F. B.

"I need hardly say we are all delighted with C., and I hope she will soon find herself quite at home here."

"*1st September* 1869.

"We have had a very delightful visit from Charles and J., and also R. and A. It has been to us all a source of great enjoyment, and I am very sorry to think they leave us next week to return to the *Dominion.*

There have been no end of the old stories and reminiscences Charles and I have talked over. . . . And what shall I say of your dear daughter C.? She won all our affections long ago, and the whole household will mourn her departure. We would fain lay a strong hand on her and keep her here. . . . We can only hope she will soon reach you safe and sound, and that her visit to the old home will be a source of pleasure to her in after years."

In April 1869 my father was examined as a witness by a "Select Committee of the House of Lords" upon the Law of Hypothec. A Committee of the House of Lords upon Hypothec can scarcely be looked upon as other than a farce, when it is considered that it is the interest of every member of it to bolster up, by every means in his power, a law for the protection of landlords. It was perhaps too much to expect that any witness who presumed to differ from their Lordships should be treated with common civility, and at least one noble Lord addressed my father in a manner which he might have been expected to adopt towards a poacher whom he had caught in the act of shooting his pheasants. The printed report of the proceedings did not, my father said, convey any idea of the behaviour of this "gentleman."[1]

The following remarks on Education were read by my father about this time at a meeting of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture:—"The question of Education has of late attracted much public attention, and I understand that the present Government has engaged to introduce into the Parliament about to assemble a

[1] The late Earl of Dalhousie, formerly Lord Panmure, and originally Fox Maule.

Bill to establish a truly national system of education. Of course we cannot yet tell what the proposed measure may be, or how it may affect the several districts; still I think it is one of those questions that this Chamber is bound to discuss, and I hope the influence it possesses may be thrown into the right scale. To my mind there is no question that can be compared in interest to national education. Mr. Lowe has caustically remarked, 'We must teach our future masters to read and write,' and Mr. Samuelson and others say that unless technology is taught to our workmen, we shall lose our superiority in manufactures. . . . Without scrutinising any motives urged for an increased and higher education, I am glad there is a prospect of an education of some sort being speedily put within the reach, I hope, of every child in Great Britain. I feel painfully conscious that the so-called education of the middle class is most inadequate to the requirements of the age, and that there is almost as great a deficiency in higher and more advanced schools as there is admitted to be in primary ones. I would beg you to recollect that being able to read and write is not so much education as the key to it; and even the acquirement of Latin and Greek is merely a knowledge of words. By education I understand being taught to observe and to think, by the cultivation of all those intellectual, moral, and religious faculties which distinguish our nature. Reading only places us in communication with the ideas and minds of others—it may be with the good and great of past ages and of the present time, but it may be with the mistaken and the vicious; while writing simply enables us to preserve our own thoughts and to communicate them to others.

Surely no human being should be left without the chance of knowing something of their own bodies and the laws which regulate health. There are laws also which regulate the production of wealth, which can no more be infringed without pain and suffering by the body politic than can the laws of health without producing disease in our bodily frame. Political Economy, then, must be studied by all. It has been proved over and over again that the great majority of the criminal class is composed of those to whom the blessing of education has been denied. Certainly the man who comprehends (it may be very inadequately) the power and wisdom of God in the formation of the heavens, or the wonderful preparation of this earth for the habitation of man as revealed by geology, or who sees the beneficence of the Deity in every flower,—the man that does so possesses within himself a life and a happiness far beyond what can be enjoyed by him who knows nothing beyond the indulgence of the passions he possesses in common with the brutes. Education therefore is not only a motive power enabling us to rise in the scale of creation, but it also enables us to restrain our appetites and passions, to do justice, and to walk in harmony with our fellow-men. I have heard it remarked that people should be educated according to their station. This proves to me that the makers of such a speech, implying restriction of a great blessing, required themselves much additional instruction. Of course, in Scotland, we will retain and supplement our excellent parish schools, but they must no longer remain under the exclusive management of qualified heritors and the ministers of the Established Church. The schoolmaster's salary must be aided by a compulsory

rate on every householder, and the government of the school should be under a committee elected by the rate-payers. One-half, or at least one-third, of the expense should be defrayed out of the general taxation of the country. . . . One great objection to this system has hitherto been the religious difficulty. I can see no reason for longer dispute about this. I consider it a religious duty to see that all children are taught to read and write, and every one admits that even what is styled secular knowledge should be taught in a religious spirit. Of course, if any teacher, or the governing body of a School receiving State aid, should consider it a duty to indoctrinate children with those theological dogmas which perplex and puzzle older heads, objecting parents must be allowed to withdraw their children from such teaching, without detriment or loss to the children in their standing in other classes, or in any other way. I now come to what with many is still a most difficult point, viz., Should education be compulsory? I do not believe that any compulsion would be requisite in this country; let us only get the schools, and the schools made free to all, and moral suasion will do the rest. I think it would be well to make the Factory Acts applicable to farming and all other trades, so as to prevent the removal from school of children under a certain age. The small additional wages that may be earned by a child for behoof of the household must be a great temptation to a labouring man with a numerous family. But, let me ask, what is the price too often paid for it? Is it not frequently the stunting of the growth of the child in soul and body? Is it not an early preparation for a pauper life, for which society pays the penalty of increased poor-rates for the neglect or want of super-

vision? Were all children under twelve or thirteen years of age banished from our fields for nine months of the year, it might be against our immediate interests as employers of labour; but there would be a greater demand and increased wages for older people to do the work, which would more than compensate the labouring class as a whole. Should it be found that children still haunt the streets, and are growing up in heathen ignorance and idleness, then I think the State would have a fair right to step in and say, Such a thing shall not be. There is compulsory cleanliness, and we are not permitted to live so as to breed a pestilence amongst our neighbours. We have compulsory vaccination to protect us from a loathsome disease. Again, every child born in Britain has a right, by our poor laws, to food and clothing from birth till death. Society then has an undoubted right to insist that every child shall be so trained as best to fit him to earn his own livelihood. I should strongly recommend that whenever the Government measure is produced, this Chamber should discuss the question, and insist not only on additional primary schools, but on the establishment of others for the teaching of literature, history, and science to advanced pupils."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, *6th Jan.* 1870.

"I have been busy of late, but last night finished a paper which may be published in a collection of Essays which are shortly to appear, to be styled *Recess Studies.* My paper is on 'Hindrances to Agriculture.' I have also within the last few days bought the farm of Sunwick, in Berwickshire [680 acres]. I am about to sell

Glencotho and every other thing I hold, to try and have it free of debt. It is in a nice country, near the Tweed, and two-thirds at least of the land is as good as Fenton Barns. The other parts can be made good, but it has never been farmed. . . . I am afraid my anxiety about Sunwick has been decidedly against my paper."

TO MR. CHARLES HOPE.

"2*d February* 1870.

"I told Adam in my last about the purchase of Sunwick. I have not been able to get my price for Glencotho, so have made up my mind to borrow almost all the money to pay for Sunwick. In fact, I have already done so. I consider Sunwick a great bargain in the way of land. The great drawback is the present lease, which has nearly sixteen years to run.

"I have this day sent to Adam, per book post, a pamphlet which I have contributed to a a volume called *Recess Studies*, in which there are ten essays, by different people, the whole being edited by Sir Alex. Grant. It was only published yesterday, and I have not yet read the other papers."

In a criticism of my father's paper which appeared in the *Scotsman*, it was stated that he "quietly assumed, without even attempting to prove,"[1] something or other about the Game question. My father called upon Mr. Russel (then editor of the *Scotsman*), the writer of the critique, and asked him what he meant by saying this, as he had written two pages and a half in which he had at least attempted to prove his statement. "To tell

[1] I quote from memory, but if these are not the words, they were to the same effect.

you the truth," said Mr. Russel, "I never read your paper; I just glanced at some passages that were marked for me: but write to the *Scotsman* and tell me where I 'm wrong." This, however, my father declined to do, saying he was satisfied with Mr. Russel's admission that he had not read his paper before writing a criticism of it.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"23*d May* 1870.

"I am very sorry to tell you I consider that our brother John has been seriously ill, and is still very weak. . . . I was at Elphinstone twice last week, and I. and P. each once. The difficulty now is for him to take food. . . .

"If nothing comes in the way, we propose going to Glencotho next week, to stay at least three weeks, leaving P. here to look after the farming operations."

"16*th June* 1870.

"I have no doubt you will all be anxious about poor John, as we have been here, and still are in a smaller degree, for I am glad to say we now consider him in the way of improvement. I saw him on Saturday last, and he seemed to me much stronger, and suffering comparatively little pain. A., however, did not report so favourably of him on Sunday. I. went to Elphinstone on Monday, and remained till Tuesday afternoon. She thinks John is very weak, and will require long and careful nursing. I am going to see him this afternoon. If you do not hear next week, you may consider him going on favourably."

TO MRS. HOPE.

"*25th June.*

"I am glad to tell you John said this morning he thought he had passed the most natural night since his illness commenced. He had had no pain, had slept and felt cheerful. . . . John said to me yesterday did I think you would come and stay with him for a week, *for one week*, if I could spare you for that time? I feel it is throwing a heavy burden on you, which you have no call to bear; but I am satisfied that John is now to be either better or worse, and that much may depend on careful watching, and we are entitled to hope for the best. I write this to give you a chance of getting it in the morning before you leave."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"*27th June* 1870.

"I got your letter of the 16th last night, but poor John did not live to hear of your sympathy. I left him yesterday at two o'clock, when I. took my place. *She* saw at once that the dampness of death was on him; but I had gone on by the train, from Tranent to Drem, by which she arrived. After great and long-continued suffering, he passed away as calmly and quietly as a sleeping child. . . . I should mention, we all thought him so much better that we went to Glencotho. I. saw him a week past on Monday, and took his son with her to see his father. She came with him [his son] to Glencotho, where I had gone on the Saturday. But on Friday last John had a relapse; I was telegraphed for on Saturday, and was with him all Sunday, Monday, and on Tuesday till two o'clock. On Sunday he asked

me if I could spare I. for one week—just *one week*—when I replied I would write at once, and I knew there was none she would nurse with greater zeal; he squeezed my hand and said—'Oh, write for her!' On the Monday evening he was very ill; on Tuesday I thought him better, and when I left I thought him in a dangerous position certainly, but that the end was so near I did not dream. I. will stay with A. till the funeral is over."

"18*th July* 1870.

"Since my last sad note I have never had the nerve to write again to your side of the Atlantic. I so fondly hoped our dear brother was recovering, I must have shut my eyes to the sad reality. The doctors said his case was a grave one, but they also said they did not despair of his ultimate recovery. I am confident that a purer spirit than that of poor John never appeared before its Maker. The sympathy for him in his neighbourhood was very great. I had no idea of the extent of his influence in his parish and neighbourhood until after his death. . . . There is a short notice of him in the *Farmer*. I send this paper by post to Charles, and the *Haddington Courier* to you. There is a curious paper by Patrick Sheriff, also in the *Courier;* of course I treat it with perfect contempt. If he lost a prize, I lost two. It is a perfect illustration of the man's character.—But to return to poor John. He was buried on the 2d July at Tranent. . . . I took his poor little son by the hand. The funeral was very large; everybody came, and some without a formal invitation."

"18*th Jan.* 1871.

"Your sad letter of the 31st December and 1st and 2d of this month came to hand last night. What could

we do but mourn with you and H., and the children still spared to you? . . . It is indeed a sore, sore trial, as we know by much experience. May our Heavenly Father comfort you all, as He only can! It is easy to say, Be comforted, but we know how difficult it is to say at first without reservation, 'Thou dost all things well.' Time, and time only, can heal the torn affections so suddenly wrenched asunder. Our holy faith does not forbid us to sorrow when our loved ones are taken from us. We know they have passed to a higher and nobler existence, which we hope also to attain, and to which we never cease to aspire. Time heals all wounds. I have thought that I never could smile again, and that all interest in this life was over for me, and now, when I think of those departed ones, the memory of them makes me glad, and I thank God for having bestowed them on me even for a short period. We could not be otherwise than full of anxiety since the receipt of your former letter. We have been much interested in all you say regarding E."

"*2d Feb.* 1871.

"We were all happy to receive yours of the 15th January, telling us that R. and G. may be looked for in England by the close of this week. I suppose we can hardly expect to see them here for a week or two yet, as from what you say they will have something to do before visiting us. I need not say how glad we shall be to welcome them. I hope you have granted both the young men such leave of absence as will enable them to stay a few weeks with us—the longer the better; but I sometimes think you are a little impatient if every one is not hard at work.

"You may notice by the papers that I spoke a week

past yesterday on the Game question. Some praise, others blame. I am satisfied that, as a Chamber of Agriculture, we did quite right."

"*13th Feb.* 1871.

"I was in town last Wednesday, and had to remain all night, so I was much astonished on my return home on Thursday morning to find that my two nephews had arrived the previous evening. I should have liked to have been at home when they arrived, but P. met them at the station. I was delighted to see your son, and to renew my acquaintance with G. After I came home we took a turn to Dirleton and the sea, as they had already been over the farm. On Friday we went to Haddington, and on Saturday to Elphinstone. Sunday was a very stormy day, so we were not much out, and on Monday morning (yesterday) they left by first train to Liverpool. We expect them back in a fortnight or so."

In my father's speech, above referred to, at a meeting of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, he alluded to the former agitation for the total abolition of the Game Laws. He had for some years, he said, shared in this labour, but it became obvious that the great majority of farmers did not approve of that remedy. They merely wished to obtain a joint right with the landlord to the game on their farms. In England the game by law belonged at present to the occupant of the land unless he chose to let it back to the owner, but as almost all landlords insisted on making this a part of the arrangements when letting farms, practically the farmers were no better off than they were previously. It was evident from this that a joint-right with land-

lords to the game would have the same result. Members of Parliament might be entitled to say, "First agree amongst yourselves before coming to us." He more than suspected that only a very few Members of Parliament were really in earnest on this question: but however that might be, so long as that Chamber itself was divided into two nearly equal hostile factions, besides representatives of the extremes on both sides, all insisting on their own views, it was obvious that matters would remain pretty much as they were. The directors had held a meeting to consider whether an agreement could not be arrived at on which farmers could unite, though it might not be theoretically the best possible remedy. They had met with an earnest desire to arrive at some such conclusion, and for the sake of agreement had all yielded somewhat of their own opinions. They had resolved:—1*st*, "That the legislative reform now to be sought should be confined to hares and rabbits; 2*d*, That hares and rabbits should be dealt with by removing them from the game list, and giving the occupier of the land, or any one resident on the farm having his authority, the inalienable right to kill the hares and rabbits on the land occupied by him." This resolution was an amalgamation of Mr. M'Lagan's and Mr. Loch's bills. With respect to Mr. Loch's bill some of them had doubts if it was consistent with good morals to allow tenants to break with impunity engagements binding themselves to preserve hares and rabbits. He was one of those who looked with extreme distrust upon all laws which free persons from bargains voluntarily entered into; still we had a few such laws, and this was one perhaps as necessary as any already on the Statute-book. No sane man

would ever enter into an engagement to preserve hares, or agree never to claim damages for crops destroyed by game, unless he was first privately assured that such a thing would never be allowed to take place. Hitherto many tenants had trusted their whole fortunes to the good faith of their landlords; if their resolution became law, landlords would only have to trust to the honesty of tenants whether a few hares, less or more, be found on their estates. The resolutions were certainly moderate enough, and yet if they became law he believed that the evils of the Game Laws, so far as tenant-farmers were concerned, would be substantially redressed. But it would not do simply to pass resolutions: they must be ready to seize every opportunity of choosing their Parliamentary representatives, and to select those and those only who were at one with them. Farmers had hitherto been a rope of sand, but if they could only obtain unity amongst themselves there was no necessity for them suffering under any grievance.

My father never ceased to think the total abolition of the Game Laws desirable, and was here endeavouring to obtain this small modification of these laws only because he knew that to obtain their abolition was at present hopeless.

CHAPTER XVII.

The feudal system of land-tenure has been tried in almost every European country, and it has been found wanting everywhere.—C. S. PARNELL, M.P.

It is bad when one *can* be robbed in due course of law, but it is greatly worse when one actually is.—J. S. MILL.

IN 1869 or 1870 my father had made an offer for a new lease of Fenton Barns, to commence at that date. He had offered a higher rent than he had hitherto paid, as, from the improvements he had made on the land since obtaining the last lease, he was aware that it would not be got at the same rent as formerly. The reply which he received was to the effect that he would be informed a year before the expiry of his lease whether or not Lady Mary and Mr. Nisbet Hamilton intended to renew it. After the election of 1865 my father was aware that it was improbable that the lease of Fenton Barns would be renewed, but if any doubt on the subject had still existed in his mind, it was pretty nearly dispelled when he received the note containing this announcement. In March 1872 Mr. Nisbet Hamilton tried to pick a quarrel with my father, probably in the vain endeavour to give an appearance of justification to the act which had long been resolved upon. A year previously there had been published in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England an article entitled "Some Features of Scottish Agriculture,"

wherein it was stated, upon my father's authority, that only a small proportion of tenants in East Lothian contrived to renew their leases. At a meeting of the United East Lothian Agricultural Society, Mr. Nisbet Hamilton, in a violent speech, said that this statement was "a downright libel, and nothing else." Several people whispered to my father to sit still and take no notice, but it was not his way to refrain from speaking for fear of what any man could do. He got up and calmly said that every word he had told the writer of the article was quite true. There were only about twenty farms in the county which had been in the hands of the same families within his recollection. The information he had given to the gentleman was thoroughly consistent with fact.

Three days afterwards he writes :—

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, DREM, 12*th March* 1872.

"I write to tell you that yesterday I received a letter from our factor, intimating that Mr. Hamilton and Lady Mary did not intend to renew my lease here, or of the lands at Dirleton; so the reign of the Hopes at Fenton Barns will speedily expire. They have an undoubted right to choose their own tenants, and if they think I have devoted too much time to public matters, all I can say is, Where are the lands that have been better managed, or are in higher condition? They will get this farm in as rich a manurial condition as any farm was ever given up to a new tenant. I am sorry for it, solely on the ground that it will remove me from many old associations which are hard to break; however, we all take it with great good-humour. We shall require

to look out for a farm for P., but I will not again engage in business; I can live comfortably without it. I am afraid Charles and you will feel this more than we do, but there is no occasion for your annoying yourselves that there cannot be two independent men on the Dirleton estate. I could not have acted otherwise than I have done and retained my own self-respect. It occurs to me that H. has never seen Fenton Barns. Could you not come this summer, and bring her with you? Surely you could spare a few weeks to visit for the last time the old homestead. Do try; it would give us all such pleasure."

He writes to a friend in reply to an expression of sympathy:—

"FENTON BARNS, 17*th March* 1872.

"I thank you sincerely for your warm sympathy in the pain I feel in being compelled to leave Fenton Barns. It is true I have for years expected that this would be the result of my public conduct, which was simply unavoidable. Sometimes I thought it possible that having, like *the Northern Farmer*, "done my duty by the land," my other sins might be overlooked, but it has not had that effect, and the associations of a lifetime, intensified through two previous generations, are now to be severed. Still I cannot forget the great kindness of Lady Mary's mother, the late Mrs. Ferguson, when struggling to get my head above water, and the still greater kindness of Mr. Nisbet to my father. I am quite indifferent to my dismissal except as a matter of feeling, and there is nothing I have ever said or done which I in the slightest degree repent of, or would consent to change if offered the fee-simple of this parish."

FROM MR. ADAM HOPE.

"HAMILTON, ONT., 31*st March* 1872.

"MY DEAR GEORGE, — Yesterday's English mail brought us your letter of the 12th inst., informing us that Mr. Hamilton and Lady Mary did not intend to renew your lease for Fenton Barns or the lands at Dirleton. . . . I am glad they have put it in the way they have done. It was not that their rent was not paid regularly, nor that it was too low, nor that the farm was not well managed, nor that you refused to accept any particular conditions as to the holding of the lands. It is simply put on the ground that they won't have you as a tenant, and there let the matter rest. As to your having devoted too much time to public matters, that is none of their business. Their interests as landlords were in no way compromised by what you did. Your rent was punctually paid. Your farm was well managed, and was well known to have been so, both on your and on this side of the Atlantic. You have made money out of the place; but you have your own skill and attention to your business to thank for that; and where you made money, others in similar circumstances might have lost it. . . . I hold it to be no vanity when I say that your tenancy of Fenton Barns has made the name of the Dirleton estate known far and wide, where formerly it was unknown and unheard of.

". . . Of course the breaking up of so many time-hallowed associations as are linked around the old home and the parish churchyard cannot fail to leave a pang behind in the minds of both Charles and myself. . . .

But, after all, it is perhaps just as well as it is. I would have regretted if you had sacrificed in any way an atom of your own self-respect, if it had brought in return, not only the lease of Fenton Barns, but a lease of the whole Dirleton estate."

The "eviction," as it was generally termed, was commented upon in nearly every newspaper in the kingdom, and in many beyond it, and was universally condemned by the Liberal press; even some Tory newspapers admitted that it was unjustifiable.

The following letter from the President of the Royal Danish Agricultural Society appeared in the columns of the *North British Agriculturist:*—"In the long list of celebrated English and Scottish farmers there is a name known by the great number of continental farmers who have looked out for information, in their doings, to Great Britain. It is that of Mr. George Hope at Fenton Barns. Mr. Hope is in every respect a European man. He has a claim to be honoured by us continental people more even than by your English and Scottish men; for we are foreigners to him—strangers whom he sees once in his life, and never more, and who never have the opportunity of showing him a single mark of gratitude after having left his hospitable home. . . . In 1869, during a short stay in Scotland, I wished to have some questions thoroughly answered in a brief time. I could only then obtain a few words of introduction from a gentleman who knew Mr. Hope very little. I went out to Fenton Barns . . . and though entirely a stranger, met with one of those receptions which it is impossible to forget. . . .

"I was told that there were some rumours that Mr.

Hope had cause to fear that the lease of Fenton Barns would not be renewed on account of the different views held by the landlord, Mr. Nisbet Hamilton, and Mr. Hope, chiefly upon political questions. I could but answer: 'My dear sir, it will be impossible for Mr. Nisbet Hamilton not to renew the lease, after what we know of Mr. Hope on the Continent for more than thirty years. No Scottish landlord would be able to turn this man out in defiance of public opinion. . . . I still venture to say, it is impossible that in the year 1872 Mr. Nisbet Hamilton can turn out Mr. George Hope; it would be an insult more to the landlords than to the farmers that Mr. George Hope, the man whom I call your and our benefactor, should not be allowed to have his own views with regard to the management of the properties in your beautiful country, nor openly to express them. . . . I should have neglected my duty if, in the name of that legion of continental farmers who look up to Mr. George Hope with feelings of the highest esteem and gratitude, I had not protested against treatment which is very different indeed to what we are accustomed to hear from Old England.—
I am yours truly, E. TESDORPF,

Ourupgaard, on the island of
Falster, Denmark."

"If Mr. Nisbet Hamilton had wished to do you an honour," writes one, "and give effect to your liberal views, he could not have acted more wisely for those purposes. I look upon you as upon one who has won a victory, not suffered a defeat."

"It was to me no surprise," writes another; "for Mr. Dundas would have stopped the Reform Bill of Lord Grey, like Mrs. Partington, with his broom. . . . Like

the Bourbons, he has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing in the long space of more than forty years, but still thinks, as he did then, that the world was made for him and such as he."

"It is to be regretted," writes another, "that there are so many real sycophants among the farmers. These men mislead the lairds as to the state of public feeling; and when, for example, you see Lord Dalhousie's tenants giving him a dinner, it is less marvellous, though not less indecent, to find him taking that opportunity of lecturing them on the Game Laws. That is the sort of thing that makes the existence in this century of Nisbet Hamiltons possible."

"My wrath at Mr. Hamilton is passing away," writes another, "in the rejoicing I now have at the richly-merited laudation of Mr. Hope that his tyranny is educing. Our valued friend appears to me like a conqueror receiving an ovation,—what he is enduring calling forth the open expression of admiration and respect which all who knew him felt; while his landlord is like a contemptible captive dragged into prominence only to enhance the triumph."

But there were not wanting those who approved of Mr. Nisbet Hamilton's action. This is an example of the sort of thing they wrote:—"There does not seem to be much hardship in asking Mr. Hope to leave, seeing that he has made so much money on Fenton Barns that he has lately purchased a large landed estate for himself. We don't see why he should object to go and live on his own estate in order that some other equally good man may get a turn at the apparently money-making farm of Fenton Barns. He may be a very good farmer—we have no doubt he is so—

but his landlord will get a hundred in Scotland as good as he, and if he desires a change he is in every sense entitled to have it." Mr. Nisbet Hamilton's apologists usually sneered at the "good bargain" which my father was supposed to have had in Fenton Barns, and their remarks were apparently based upon the notion that a farmer has no right to make money, and that what he makes is so much robbed from his landlord. It has been indicated in these pages that the lands at different times purchased by my father were speculations rather than investments of his clear gains, and it appears to me that what money he did make out of Fenton Barns was earned hardly enough. "The apparently money-making farm" had wellnigh ruined the two preceding generations. When my great-grandfather entered it a great part of it had actually been waste land, "a moorish sand covered by furze bushes," in reclaiming which the money made by him elsewhere was swallowed up. My grandfather laboured at the "apparently money-making farm" all his life, and, as my father often said, "he never made a sixpence." For the first ten years that my father farmed it, it had seemed to him to be almost hopeless that he should ever make anything of it, and for twenty years he had patiently laboured at it with very little success. He says:—"Had I not got a new lease in 1852, I should have left without making a sixpence, and the landlord would have reaped the benefit of all my expenditure during the previous twenty years." It has been seen that he drained the farm at his own expense, making and selling tiles to enable him to do so; he had also limed it at the cost of about £7 an acre, and for many years his annual expenditure on manures and feeding-stuffs

had been from £2200 to £2500 per annum (on a farm of 670 acres). Certainly if there was any "good bargain" in the case, the owners of Fenton Barns did not come off second-best; they received back their farm of a very different value from what it had been, I do not say when first a Hope entered it, but when my father himself entered it. He had, by his own labour during five-and-forty years, transformed it from something little better than a moor into one of the best farms in a county famous for its agriculture. Yet there were those who thought that "if Mr. Nisbet Hamilton desired a change he was in every sense entitled to have it," and it was "not in the bond" that my father was to be permitted to spend the few remaining years of his life in the place for which he and his had done so much.

In the autumn of 1872 my father purchased the estate of Bordlands (480 acres), in the county of Peebles.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"FENTON BARNS, *Dec.* 17*th*, 1872.

"C., P., and I were at Bordlands last week for a couple of nights, and I got a good look over it, and came home quite pleased. Our crop (on Fenton Barns) is turning out very badly, and my loss will be heavy, but it cannot be helped. You will see Mr. Barclay has been elected M.P. for Forfarshire. I was asked to stand, but declined. I thought I would be too late in the field; but Mr. Barclay came after, and has won easily. However, I do not regret it; there is much to do here before Whitsunday, and last crop being so bad, I am indifferent at present as to going into Parliament."

On the 28th of April 1873, a few days before leaving Fenton Barns, my father was entertained at dinner in the George Hotel, Haddington. The applications for tickets were numerous, but there was accommodation only for 120 gentlemen. Captain Kinloch, younger of Gilmerton, presided on the occasion. In proposing my father's health, the chairman said he might briefly state why it was that they were there that evening—what it was they so highly honoured in Mr. Hope. "It was, in a word, his honest independence in matters social, ecclesiastical, and political. . . . Throughout Scotland, and very much farther afield, Mr. Hope was regarded, and with justice, as a true representative of the Scottish tenant-farmer—so much so, that it was very generally felt that when Parliament set itself seriously to consider the Land question as affecting Scotland, the great practical knowledge, the personal experience, and the earnest advocacy of Mr. Hope would be invaluable in the discussions which would arise upon that complicated subject. . . . Whether it might be the immediate cause or not, it was the fact that, since public attention had been directed to the case, public attention had settled itself down in such a manner on certain phases of the Land question as to have secured for them a thorough investigation. . . ." Turning to Mr. Hope, the chairman then said: "On behalf of this meeting, and on behalf of many absent friends, allow me to tender you our heartfelt sympathy. In completing that sacrifice—for it is nothing else—which you are called upon to make, you no doubt enjoy the supreme satisfaction of an approving conscience; and it may be gratifying to you to be assured that your friends and neighbours, amongst whom you have passed your life,

would not have one single public act of yours undone, or one public utterance unsaid, if only upon such consideration you could remain amongst them. We must always regard you as one of ourselves, for you are bound to us by ties which mere change of residence can never sever. We hope and expect to see you frequently amongst us as of yore, and to benefit, as we have hitherto done, by that kind and judicious counsel which has always been put so freely at our disposal. Great as they are, I have purposely avoided alluding to your hereditary claims upon the sympathy of your neighbours, preferring to base my argument upon considerations personal to yourself. I do not speak of the admiration of your intimate friends, nor of the affection of those who have been admitted within your social circle; but I would ask you to rest assured that, by your honest and independent life, and your genuine probity, you have, as you deserve, won for yourself the regard, the respect, and the esteem of all classes in the community of this your native county of East Lothian, —in token of which I have now formally to intimate to you that it is our intention to present you with your portrait. We know that you will never require to be reminded of East Lothian, or of the friends you leave behind you; but it may be a drop of comfort in the cup to reflect that the forthcoming portrait, and an accompanying present which we hope to add to it, will be, to those who come after you, mementos of Fenton Barns which, for your sake, they must always regard with as much satisfaction as if it had been the oldest and most noble title in the land."

My father, who was received with prolonged cheers, replied as follows: "I am quite at a loss for words to

express my deep sense of the great compliment you have now paid me. I can only thank you, Captain Kinloch, for the honour you have done me in presiding on this occasion, for your able and eloquent speech, and for the kind things you have been pleased to say of me. And to you, Messrs. croupiers and gentlemen, for the very cordial reception you have given to the toast, I can only say from the bottom of my heart I thank you; and what can I say more to the numerous subscribers who have so generously united to present my family with my portrait? . . . When I think of all these unmerited kindnesses I am lost in amazement. The idea that I should ever live to see such honours heaped upon me never once crossed my brain. If I did not feel that it would be great presumption on my part, I should say at once you are quite mistaken, and that I am not deserving of these great marks of your respect. I can only admit I have tried to the best of my humble abilities to discharge all the duties that have fallen to my lot, which I am confident every one round this table has also done. . . . I believe your kindness has chiefly been excited by your sympathy with me in having to leave Fenton Barns. . . . I can honestly affirm I have tried to farm Fenton Barns as if it had been my own property, sparing neither labour nor expense to increase its fertility; and I think it will not be denied I have added somewhat to its value, and that it now compares favourably with many farms formerly considered much superior to it. (Cheers.) Perhaps I have had too much pride and pleasure in the place, and my own doings in it, and events have shown I was wrong in fondly anticipating that I might be permitted to die where I was born, and have spent

what must prove to be by much the greater part of my life, and around which so many heartfelt associations were clustered. I had thought this might possibly be, seeing I have never had the slightest difference with landlord, factor, or any one else. You may easily imagine then that when I got notice that my lease was not to be renewed, I at first painfully felt the blow. . . . I have never been out of the county so long as a month but once in my life, and no other absence has exceeded a fortnight. My life, therefore, has been before you, and you may believe this token of your approbation is very pleasing to me. . . . The extraordinary sympathy I have received, not only from my personal friends, but from many others I have never seen or even heard of previously—I may say the discovery of such a host of friends whom I never otherwise should have known—has revealed to me that my life cannot have been altogether useless, and this almost fully compensates me for having to leave you all. (Cheers.) If politics have had anything to do with it (but recollect I do not say they have), I beg to remark that I have taken a deep interest in all political questions since I was a boy, and, in fact, I was for years objector-general against all fictitious votes in the Registration Courts of this county. I became so shortly after I attained manhood, and a very grave offence this was to many, though it has long been forgotten, and happily such an office is not now required. The truth is, I consider it a solemn duty, incumbent on every one in this constitutional kingdom, to consider all public questions, and conscientiously to act on such opinions as he may form, never for a moment listening to either private friendship or interest. (Cheers.) If I had not done so I could

not have retained my own self-respect, neither, I am sure, should I have seen round this table so many friends whose political opinions differ widely from my own. I am sure you all believe I have at least endeavoured to take a broad view on all public questions, and if satisfied that these were founded on sound principles, and that their adoption was for the public good, I have unhesitatingly given them all the support in my power, it being nothing to me who was opposed to them. I trust that the liberty I have claimed for myself I have always been ready to give to others, never dreaming that I alone was infallible, or that wisdom was to die with me. Our Father in Heaven is the only Lord of the conscience, let us all then be loyal to his voice within us, be the consequences what they may. (Cheers.) In closing, I trust you will excuse me saying a word to my agricultural friends. I have suffered with you in the disastrous harvest of 1872. Nothing like it has occurred in my experience. . . . I sincerely trust that more fruitful seasons are in store for you, and that you may soon be able to look back on your great losses as on a great calamity which you have been able to survive. Another crop will sever my connection with this county, and I may say with arable husbandry; but I firmly believe a new era is about to open to practical agriculture. The laws regulating the connection between landlord and tenant require amendment, and they must speedily be changed, alike for the interests of landlords, tenants, and the general community. When your property meets with the full recognition it is entitled to, and your capital, whether in or on the heritable property of others, shall be no longer liable to confiscation, either at the natural or enforced conclusion

of tenancies—then, but not till then, I take the liberty of advising you to spare no expense in making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. I again thank you very warmly for all your kindness, and beg to wish each and all health, happiness, and many prosperous days." (Loud cheers.)

On the 1st of May 1873, my father and his family left Fenton Barns.

A few weeks afterwards my father was entertained at luncheon in the Merchants' Hall, Edinburgh, and presented with a testimonial to which 350 persons had subscribed. On one of the articles comprised in the testimonial there was inscribed: "This service of plate is presented to George Hope, Esquire, on his removal from Fenton Barns, by a large number of friends in all parts of the kingdom, as a testimonial to his eminence as an agriculturist, his high personal character, and his varied and long-continued public services."

Mr. M'Neel Caird occupied the chair at the presentation, and about 150 ladies and gentlemen were present.

The Chairman said that by Mr George Hope's skill and enterprise he had made Fenton Barns a familiar name, and a place of pilgrimage for men of all nations who desired to see the best practice of modern agriculture. . . . Nor had he been a mere silent worker. He had been the outspoken advocate of progress all his life. Sound and accurate in his views, clear in statement, temperate in expression, he was one of the best models of an agricultural writer. Firm as a rock when truth and principle were involved, he was never dogmatic, never offensive, and withal was one of the most modest of men. . . . He had in truth won and kept the love of all, save possibly of one, who, instead of being proud to

have such a man on his domains, might have felt overshadowed by the world-wide reputation of his tenant. . . . If a just share were given to agriculture of those distinctions which were chiefly reserved for other services less essential to the best interests of the State, it would not have been left for private citizens thus to supply the honours which were justly due by the nation at large. There was still in this country a great respect for hereditary claims, even when they rest on opinion alone; and the heart of the country was profoundly stirred when these claims were set aside in the case of a tenant-farmer so eminent and meritorious, without any ground or pretext that could bear to be avowed. The confiscation, by the landlord, of tenant's improvements was, in this case, on a scale of such magnitude as to shock the conscience of the country. Besides the great value of Mr. Hope's permanent improvements, for which not one farthing was allowed him, his expenditure on manures and feeding-stuffs alone, which every farmer knows to be the best enrichments of the soil, was more than £9000 during the last five years of his possession. This event, too, came at a critical time. Although thousands of humbler men had suffered under the land-tenancy laws, there was a disposition to deny that these laws were as bad in action as in theory. Just then Mr. Nisbet Hamilton leapt into public notice to supply a flagrant illustration of the iniquity of these laws. He brought before the public in a concrete and intelligible form the inevitable tendency of these laws to hinder the best cultivation and restrict the growth of food. . . . At last the head of the Conservative party assembled the representatives of the English counties, and counselled them to

acquiesce in the principle of compensation for tenants' unexhausted improvements, and to take their stand on freedom of contract. The ground which has been thus taken up by Mr. Disraeli had been chosen with consummate skill, but this was not the time or the place to discuss it. Enough for our present purpose that the seed sown by the martyrdom of Fenton Barns thus promised a not distant harvest. The chairman concluded by presenting the testimonial.

My father said: "Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—Would I were capable of thanking you in something like adequate terms for this magnificent testimonial. From the bottom of my heart I can assure you I feel deeply grateful. . . . We certainly do sometimes meet with very unexpected experiences in life. . . . My friends in East Lothian paid me a very great compliment on my leaving the county,—a compliment of which I am proud, and which I shall remember as long as I live, and, I doubt not, my children after me, but for this I considered myself mainly indebted to long personal intercourse with most of the donors, and the mutual kindly feelings generated thereby, coupled, it might be, with feelings of regret for the circumstances under which I had to leave my old home. But this strong ebullition of feeling for and sympathy with me, by some hundreds of persons, many of whom I am totally unacquainted with, is to me much more surprising, and for which I am at a loss to account. . . .

"I am glad to tell you that the pain of the snapping of the bonds which bound me to Fenton Barns is gone, or almost gone. I have got a pleasant residence and a nice farm within nineteen miles of Edinburgh; and I find there is something so enjoyable in farming my own

land, that if it were not for my removal from old friends, I should consider it the best possible thing that could have happened to me. When I add to this your unexampled kindness, and the extraordinary sympathy I have received from so many in every quarter of the globe, I cannot for a moment admit that I am the least of a martyr. . . . I only regret for my landlord's own sake his attempting to fix a stigma on me at a public dinner at Haddington, when I believe my dismissal had been long previously resolved upon. After his indignant denials as to the changes of tenantry which I said had taken place in East Lothian within my recollection, I certainly hoped such changes would have become matters of history. But since that, less than eighteen months ago, at least eighteen changes have occurred, or are occurring. No one can regret more than I do this painful corroboration of the truth of the statement made. Doubtless many poor tenants who could not well afford it have been turned out of their farms simply on the score of their honest difference of opinion from their landlords on political questions, while others, for the sake of bread, have betrayed their principles. While I hope the Ballot will cure this, I strongly reprobate such conduct, and affirm that whoever is guilty of causing it is guilty of a crime. I do not care who the defender may be,—he has no right to endeavour to sear the conscience and degrade a brother by either bribery or violence. Men who have been so treated, and who have remained true to their convictions, are real martyrs, and are far more entitled to sympathy than I am. I conclude by again warmly thanking you for your great kindness. I shall ever cherish these marks of it, and when I shall have 'passed on' there will be a beautiful

piece of plate to each member of my family to keep them in remembrance of the honour done this day to their father. . . ."

Some months afterwards my father was presented with his portrait at a luncheon in Haddington. On it there was inscribed: "Presented to George Hope, on his leaving Fenton Barns, by his brother farmers and friends, as a token of the high esteem in which he was held in the county of Haddington."

The following statement appeared in the *Graphic* some time after my father had got notice to leave Fenton Barns: "It was because Mr. Nisbet Hamilton's views on the tenure and occupation of land are so opposed to those entertained by Mr. Hope, and the conditions of his lease are imperative, that the landlord thought it would be a mockery to ask Mr. Hope to adhibit his signature to the document." "A mockery it certainly would have been," writes a brother farmer, "if the document were tyrannical or unjust; but if the form of contract were just and reasonable, Mr. Hamilton could have no reason for concluding that his tenant would refuse to accept it. . . . In my opinion the excuse put forward for the landlord makes his case somewhat worse than it was before."

Lady Mary and Mr. Nisbet Hamilton did not probably imagine that, by turning my father out of Fenton Barns, they were doing their utmost to hasten a time when it will cease to be in the power of landlords legally to confiscate the property of their tenants.

Although the Agricultural Holdings Act, since passed, is practically useless, the principle that a tenant has a moral claim to any property he may leave behind him has been conceded by a Tory Government,

and some measure to secure him such may be hoped for at no very distant date.

Fenton Barns was re-let at a great increase of rent, in consequence of the improvements which my father had made on it. In a letter from him which appeared in the *Times* in December 1874 he writes: "I have known three adjoining farms on the same estate where the leases expired in the same year, and two were re-let to the old tenants, one at a little above, the other at a little below, the old rents; but the third [this was Fenton Barns] was let to a new tenant at an increased rent of fifty per cent., and this large increase was mainly due to the expenditure of the former occupier, and to his keeping up its condition to the last. . . . It is my decided conviction that a measure of tenant-right, based on the principle of the Lincolnshire custom, is imperatively called for in the interest of practical agriculture, and that it would prove alike beneficial to landlords, tenants, and the great consuming masses of the kingdom."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Why do they oppose us in our meetings in Aberdeen and elsewhere, and curse, and swear, and use all manner of filthy communication, and are ready to stone us in the streets? And none more found so doing than that young fry and spawn of the priesthood who are bred at your nurseries of learning. ROBERT BARCLAY *of Urie.*

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"BORDLANDS, NOBLEHOUSE, 21*st Sept.* 1873.

"I am quite ashamed to see that your graphic letter of the 20th July is still unacknowledged. Somehow I have not yet quite settled down here; at least I feel a strong reluctance to write letters that can by any possibility be avoided. I think if I was once quit of the bother and anxiety of the crops at Fenton Barns and Dirleton, I would have both time and inclination to write friendly letters. It has been painful to leave Fenton Barns, and yet I am delighted with this place, and the country about it, and, on the whole, I am satisfied it is the best thing that could have happened. There is a freedom in living on your own land that I never before experienced, and a feeling that I had strong as a boy has come back to me, viz., I would rather farm fifty acres of my own land than occupy five hundred as a tenant. The people here all want to be very friendly. . . . I was much pleased by your vivid description of

Hugh Bertram's visit to you and to George Brown's farm. Hugh is right about manure. It is the first requisite in farming; as Demosthenes said of action in oratory—it is first, second, and third. . . . P. and H. came back from Fenton Barns last night. There are still three days' 'leading in' there and at Dirleton. We have had a long tedious harvest—rain almost every day; but still the crops have been got in in fair condition after all, and though there is a little, there is not much, sprout. I think the wheat is a poor crop; barley and oats good, and potatoes also good, if the disease does not spread. I have advertised all my potatoes to be sold by auction on the 4th October, on the fields as they stand, together with the grain crops at Dirleton. I will write and tell you the prices, and the amount of the roup-roll. . . . By the way, Mr. Reid, the artist, has been staying here, busy on my portrait, for the last three weeks, and it is not nearly done yet. He is bestowing an immensity of work on it. As he says, he does not believe in simply giving a likeness, but it must be a work of art to last for ages. He certainly puts on plenty of paint. . . . A. H. will probably have told you of the silver plate and timepiece I got at Edinburgh. The different pieces are very handsome. . . . There is still some £300 to be laid out. It was wished to present me with a portrait of my wife. She has hitherto firmly resisted this; but I have some hopes that she may relent at last."

"BORDLANDS, *Jan.* 1874.

"We are now in the middle of the first month of the new year, and I have never yet written to wish you a Happy New Year and many returns of the season, which I now heartily do to H. and you, and your chil-

dren and grandchildren. We are all, I am glad to say, in good health here, living quietly and happily. I find there is a great deal to be done here in the way of improvements on the property. We have built two cottages, costing (with the carriages and stones) each £200, or £400 for the pair, and I shall require to build another this spring. Then I must make a considerable change in the offices, which I intend to do this summer; also the fences require a very considerable outlay, but we are cutting and using our own wood for that purpose. Then there are 20 or 30 acres of wood which should be planted up with Scotch firs and spruces. I intend also to plant a lot of willows, besides an acre or two of new plantation. There are several fields requiring drainage to make them complete, and we have several men busy at this as well as at the fences. A considerable number of fields also require lime; at least I think they would pay to lime, and I will try this as soon as we can get at it. To get funds for all this I have sold the land I had at Biggar. The season hitherto has been singularly mild and open.

". . . When the Edinburgh Exhibition opens I shall send you any paper that has a criticism on my portrait. I shall be disappointed if it is not considered first-rate as a work of art.

"It is singular, after having spent so many years of my life going every Friday to Haddington, that I don't miss the accustomed day at all, but, on the whole, am quite pleased at the change. It is to me a great relief that I am under no obligation to any man for a farm.

". . . I have been reading with great pleasure the Life of Mary Somerville. You should read it. She was staying at Archerfield with Mrs. Ferguson in the spring

of 1844, and she came to Fenton Barns and called on me; I remember her well. [My father always regretted that he had not known, when she called on him, that she was *the* Mrs. Somerville; she had introduced herself as a friend of Mrs. Ferguson's.] I sent you a paper with a speech I made when in Aberdeen, in November, attending the meeting of the Scottish Unitarian Association. I enjoyed my visit very much, and met a number of Aberdeen celebrities."

In his speech in Aberdeen he said:—". . . I make bold to say that, in the pulpit and the press, if our opinions are not more openly advocated, that at least the leading principles of Calvinism, and what are known as orthodox or evangelical doctrines, are each succeeding year kept more and more in the background. I am not at all surprised that those should be in despair who really believe that the future fate of mankind—their eternal bliss or eternal woe—depends not on the faithful discharge of every duty in this world, but on a correct intellectual apprehension and acceptance of what they denominate the great scheme of salvation. I am not so much astonished that good Mr. Baird should devote half a million of pounds sterling to propagate his belief, as that any professing to believe in the awful fate awaiting such an immense majority of his brothers and sisters can refrain from spending his substance and his life in trying to save some of them from what they consider certain doom. For my own part, nothing gives me so much joy, and makes me ever live in sunshine, as my firm conviction of the goodness and Fatherhood of God, that the human race are all His children, destined to a continued and everlasting increase of virtue and happiness, and an ever

nearer and nearer approach to the excellencies of our heavenly Parent. Doubtless we all, more or less, require to be purified by contrition from the stains of sin, arising from our unfaithfulness to conscience and our better nature, in our passage through this lower world. To what greater work can we devote ourselves than that of endeavouring to spread these noble ideas, so well fitted to produce an elevated religious character here, and the bright hopes of a future with the good and true of every name and nation? It may be said that the orthodox doctrines are the teachings of the Bible; but I affirm that they are not, and I am amazed how any one carefully perusing the Scriptures can profess to find them there. Even when I believed in the plenary inspiration of the Bible, it was because I found the doctrines of Unitarianism there that I became what I am. It was only after that that I found, from reading Evans's *Sketches of Religious Denominations*, that there were people in the world with whom I could sympathise. I shall never forget the pain and distress I felt before making up my mind that it was my duty to sever myself from the Church of Scotland, though forty years have now elapsed since that took place. Now I rejoice that I am ever more and more able to contemplate God as a Being of infinite love, and not as an object of terror and perplexity."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"BORDLANDS, 18*th May* 1874.

"What has interested us most in your letter is the hope you express of being able, during this summer, to run across with a view to business, as well as to see us all once more. I do sincerely trust nothing will occur

to prevent you, and that we shall have the great happiness of seeing you, and welcoming you to our new abode, which somehow I am quite delighted with, and scarcely ever think of Fenton Barns at all, and certainly not with regret. I suppose it is in vain to speak about it again; but you know how very glad indeed we should be if you could prevail on H. to come with you.

". . . . The sheep stock never did better on the hills than they have done this year. Here we have kept fifty score with only 25 acres of turnips, having besides seventeen cows and cattle; but we have used a large quantity of cake, besides from eight to ten tons of draff from Edinburgh weekly. The people here think this is extravagant, but already the good effects are evident from the greater greenness and growth of the grass. We are now quit of Fenton Barns. . . . The potatoes I kept have paid me much better than those sold by auction. We sold off the remainder of our stock at Haddington on the 8th current. The steam-plough and engine sold for an old song; the whole apparatus only fetching £120. As it cost fully £800 I expected £400; however, it cannot be helped now. The horses averaged £63 each; other things sold fairly.

" On Saturday last my portrait came home from the Exhibition. It has been much admired there as a work of art, and I think, and all my family think, it is an admirable likeness, though a number of my friends say I am looking too serious, and that I should have had something else than an old greatcoat on. In this respect it differed much from the other portraits in the Exhibition, where all were in their best. My portrait is simply myself, and not a new coat that has been

painted. . . . After next week I intend taking my wife, C., and M., with me in the dog-cart, and driving them to Innerleithen, Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso, staying a day here or there on the road as it pleases us. I expect to enjoy it."

The projected driving tour took place early in June. My father and the members of his family who accompanied him spent a week in driving through the counties of Peebles, Roxburgh, and Selkirk, and were favoured with the most perfect weather that heart could desire. Whin, broom, and hawthorn were all in bloom, and the country could not have looked more beautiful. The travellers drove down the Tweed as far as Kelso, making acquaintance with that river from its source to within a few miles of where it falls into the sea. They visited the Abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Jedburgh; and, returning by way of Selkirk, explored the banks of the Yarrow. They carried with them an Ordnance Survey map; and as my father liked to know the name of every farm-house which he passed, frequent stoppages were made in order to consult this oracle. This drive will ever be amongst the brightest recollections of those who participated in it.

In the autumn of this year my father had the great pleasure of a visit of a few days from his brother Mr. Adam Hope. After his departure he writes to him:—

"BORDLANDS, 26*th Oct.* 1874.

"When you left on the 22d I felt very melancholy, thinking the chances were at least equal that we might never again meet in the body. However, your visit, though short, has been to me an intense enjoyment,

and it has recalled to memory many events of long bypast years, some glad, some sorrowful, but the latter softened by the lapse of time."

TO MRS. HOPE.

"BORDLANDS, NOBLEHOUSE, 13*th Dec.* 1874.

"This winter weather still continues. Last night the fall of snow was more than an inch, and again this forenoon it was snowing heavily. It takes all the time of the people here to feed the sheep with turnips, cake, etc. I am afraid the stock at Glencotho must be very ill off, unless the wind has cleared the snow from part of the hills. Here the roads are partly drifted up, but over all the ground the snow is six or eight inches deep. It is very wintry, and we miss you sorely. P. got home nicely yesterday. He says C. is much better. I wish the weather would moderate a little, and let her, and all of you, get home unharmed. P. says your portrait is done, but he does not know how often M. is expected to sit or stand. If the weather is at all favourable I shall be in town to-morrow about 12.15 as usual, and shall at once make for your house. You know I am to dine at Mr. B.'s in the evening, and if nothing prevents I shall accompany you home at 10.55 next day. If you think, either on M.'s account or on account of the weather, you had better remain until the end of the week, then let it be so. Doubtless we are very anxious to see you all at home again; but that must not be considered if Mr. Cameron is not finished with M.'s portrait, and particularly if you think the exposure would, or might, be detrimental to C. . . . I have nothing to say, but felt I must write, as

I am wearying to see you again. Best love to C. and M."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"BORDLANDS, *30th Dec.* 1874.

"We have had a decidedly old-fashioned winter hitherto. It began on the 6th current. Yesterday morning the thermometer stood at $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below zero, which is the lowest point we have yet had. This weather is much against the sheep stock, particularly at Glencotho. The snow fell quietly at first to the depth of six inches; then a slight thaw succeeded by severe frost hardened the top, so that the sheep were unable to break it to get down to the heather. However, on Friday, the 11th, there was a high wind, which cleared the hill-tops, and portions exposed to the wind, so the sheep got a bite. P. was at Glencotho on the 14th, and found the stock could live, so we have done nothing more, and the shepherd has not written again, at which I am thankful, as we have little food to send, and it is almost impossible to get it through the drifted roads. We have had more snow here than at Glencotho, and the sheep cannot get to the grass; our turnips are being rapidly consumed in spite of the draff we use (eight tons weekly). The people here say it is the most severe storm that has been for forty years. [The snow was drifted to the depth of twelve feet in the roads in the neighbourhood of Bordlands, and for four days the district was cut off from all railway or postal communication.]

"I have written a letter to the *Times* on Tenant Right, in reply to the Earl of Airlie. It might have been in yesterday's paper, but I have not heard whether

it has been printed. It is likely to be in the *North British Agriculturist* of this evening, or else next week."

"10*th March* 1875.

"I send you a *Scotsman*, which shows what I was doing in London. Our interview with the Duke of Richmond was on the whole satisfactory. Next day we again saw the Lord Advocate; but I infer from what he said that the Government will only propose payment for unexhausted manures to tenants quitting their farms. We shall know to-day or to-morrow. On Friday evening I was in the House of Commons, below the gallery, for two or three hours, and saw a number of Members. . . . On Saturday I left London for Bolton, to see the Hon. John Young, who has been over in this country getting an engineer to deepen the river betwixt Montreal and Quebec. . . . I left Bolton on Sunday at three o'clock, . . . and remained all night at Carlisle. On Monday I got to Edinburgh just in time for business I had there, and then home by the 4.20 train. I never left home more reluctantly, and glad I was when again in my own house, though after all I had enjoyed myself very much."

Letter to the Scotsman on the Agricultural Holdings (England) Bill.

"Bordlands, by Noblehouse,
April 8th, 1875.

"In your leader of yesterday on the Agricultural Holdings (England) Bill, you state various reasons why the farmers of the kingdom regard it with indifference, aversion, or contempt; but in doing so you wholly omit

what, it appears to me, must be their strongest reasons for so doing. You give two provisions of the Bill —the first stating that where a tenant executes on his holding an improvement adding to the letting value, he shall be entitled to compensation in respect to the improvement; and secondly, where a tenant commits or permits waste diminishing the letting value of the holding, the landlord shall be entitled to compensation in respect of the waste. It appears to me that if the Bill simply contained these two clauses, or carried them both out with something like equal fairness, farmers would readily accept the measure as the greatest boon that could be conferred on them, even under the somewhat complicated machinery provided in the Bill for ascertaining the amounts due to both landlords and tenants. You say: 'If the tenant leaves the land he occupied in better condition, and of more value than when he got it, he is entitled to compensation; and if the landlord gets back his land in worse condition, and of lower value than when he parted with it, is he not equally entitled to compensation?' Undoubtedly this last is quite right, and I never heard a single tenant object to pay for dilapidations. In fact, this is not only the law at present on the subject, but tenants are bound in their leases in Scotland to pay for repairs of houses, fences, and ditches, and also according to a stated course of rotation of cropping, and according to the rules of good husbandry, under heavy penalties, which are not unfrequently exacted to the last penny with regard to cropping, and invariably so as to houses and fences. My great objection to the measure is that the compensation first promised to the tenant is evidently not intended to be given, but is

altogether a delusion, a mockery, and a snare; in fact, the Bill carefully provides that tenants shall not obtain above a mere tithe of their outlay for improvements, while payment for waste or dilapidation is rendered certain to the landlord. Notwithstanding that thirteen articles are enumerated as waste, the landlord's imagination is excited to find other claims by the clause you have also alluded to—viz., 'Nothing in this Act shall prevent any act or thing not specified in this section from being deemed waste diminishing the letting value of the holding.' How differently have our legislators looked at the tenants' side of the question! It is true there are eighteen things enumerated for which the tenant is to be compensated, but the question is—How compensated? Certainly not according to their adding to the letting value of the holding. Nine, or one half of the whole, are considered first-class improvements, but for which the tenant shall not be entitled to compensation 'unless executed with the previous consent, in writing, of the landlord:' and again, it is provided that for the purpose of this Act these improvements shall be deemed exhausted at the end of twenty years, though contained amongst them are drainage of land, erection of buildings, reclamation of waste land, etc. etc., which may not be exhausted for a century. Seven articles are enumerated under second-class improvements,—viz., boning of pasture land with undissolved bones, chalking land, clay-burning, claying, liming, and marling land, and planting of hops. I can only speak from experience of claying and liming land, but I am confident, with regard to them, that if the term had been doubled, or fourteen years instead of seven, before being deemed exhausted, still the tenant

would have been entitled to some compensation. The third class contains the two remaining articles for which tenants may obtain compensation,—viz., application to land of purchased, artificial, or other manures; and consumption by cattle, sheep, or pigs, of corn, cake, or other feeding-stuffs, and these shall be deemed exhausted in two years. . . . I know from repeated experiments with Peruvian and Ichaboe guano that the effects on the crops after them are as visible as after farm-yard manure for four years at least; and I have seen the effects of undissolved bones on arable land for ten or twelve years. It takes nearly a lease to bring land into really profitable working order, and this can only be done by a steady yearly application of large quantities of manure; and yet the proposed *compensation* is limited to what may have been applied to the last crop, as the whole is deemed exhausted after two years, and even this is carefully guarded by the enactment 'that there shall not be taken into account any larger outlay during the last year of the tenancy than the average amount of the outlay during the three next preceding years of the tenancy, or other less number of years through which the tenancy has endured.' I certainly do not consider this proposed 'compensation' for any one of these eighteen enumerated articles in the Bill as otherwise than a mockery, and there is nothing else in the Act in favour of tenants, or tending to give a just or fair rendering of the 5th clause, which explicitly states that 'where a tenant executes on his holding an improvement adding to the letting value thereof he shall be entitled to compensation,' which ought to be in the same measure, or full value, as landlords are entitled to for waste from tenants.

"I think, on the whole, tenants may regard it as a matter of thankfulness that, such as the Bill is, it is only permissive, but if the scales of justice were held equally betwixt landlord and tenant, then unquestionably I consider it ought to be compulsory in the interests of the whole nation, including landowners and occupiers. . . . Land is so far different from every other description of property, that the public have an undoubted interest in its management and in the uses to which it is put. Under our present laws (made by landowners), whatever operations a tenant performs, whether building, draining, or manuring, becomes the property of the landowner; and at the conclusion of the tenancy, as agreed on, tenants must leave their property without compensation. It is the decided opinion of many practical men, that if an Act were passed in substitution of our present Land laws, by which tenants were really and truly entitled to compensation for all improvements effected by them which added to the letting value of their holdings, the crops grown would be so increased as to render this country almost independent of foreign aid in agricultural produce, which it at present requires to nearly one-third of the total consumption of the kingdom. Until this shall be done, the farmers are right to keep their money in their pockets, and farm as far as they can on the 'hand-to-mouth' system, which is all they can possibly do with safety to themselves.—I am, etc.,

"GEORGE HOPE."

On the 22d of May 1875 my father laid the foundation-stone of a second Unitarian Church in Glasgow. Speaking on this occasion he said: ". . . It is said

that we make small progress in Scotland, but, even since I remember, the preaching in the greater part of the orthodox churches has undergone an almost total revolution. The old Calvinism is greatly toned down; verbal inspiration of the Bible and the creation of the world in six days are quietly ignored by the more sensible of the clergy. You must remember the slow progress of public opinion in all questions, and particularly on religion. It is only since I was born that the cruel penal laws against Unitarians were repealed in this country. Until the year 1813, professed Unitarians were liable to have their goods confiscated, themselves banished from the country, or, it might be, hanged by the neck until dead. It is true these laws had fallen into desuetude for some time before their final repeal, but it is not 200 years since Thomas Aikenhead, an Edinburgh medical student, was hanged for denying the Deity of Christ (though libelled for cursing the Deity, this was not proved). He recanted on his trial, but this did not save him. . . . We object to creeds, and shall demand of all who may be appointed to minister in this place, to search into every question without fearing results, except the missing of the truth. We are different from other churches in that we have no infallible old gentleman on whom the Deity of this mighty Universe has bestowed unerring knowledge of divine things, nor yet have we periodic Synods or General Assemblies to regulate our faith by creed and confessions drawn up 300 years ago by men who believed in witchcraft, and, still more wonderful, in a curious being called the Devil, who has, they say, struggled with the One Omnipotent since the creation of mankind, and hitherto with such success that he has

at least torn from the loving Father's hands the immense majority of the human race. The whole thing is alike monstrous and incredible, and I do hope that, by means of teaching from this place, many citizens of Glasgow may be redeemed from such degrading superstitions, alike derogatory to God and man. We know that unless the Lord do build the house, they labour in vain who build it. We therefore pray for God's blessing on it, that it may be finished without loss of life or limb, and be crowned with all the benefits we anticipate."

I think it was a gratification to my father to have laid the foundation-stone of this church. He hoped that the silver trowel and mallet then presented to him would be valued by his family at least as highly as any other relic of him.

After making the above speech, he, as usual on such occasions, received several letters, the writers of which remonstrated with him on the iniquity of his beliefs; his non-belief in the devil usually exciting greater horror in their minds than any other of his opinions. After saying in public (as an example of the advance of liberalism in theology) that "few people now believed in the devil," a number of correspondents assured him that he was entirely mistaken in supposing so, and that they at least believed firmly in that personage.

In this summer, my father, accompanied by his wife and daughter, paid his first visit to the English Lakes, with which he was greatly delighted. At a meeting of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, held at Perth in the month of July, he referred to this visit, and to an argument which he had with an English proprietor whom he met at Keswick. He said: "I returned last week from a short tour in England by the west coast,

and then to the more midland counties. Having passed the border, I was satisfied that the English crops were generally inferior to those adjoining them in Scotland. I met a Cumberland proprietor, who not only admitted this to be the fact, but said he saw it every time he went to the north, and that he knew the Scotch tenants paid much higher rents in proportion to the natural value of the soil. I replied: The Scotch tenants have the security of leases, which your farmers have not. He said he never would grant a lease, as then he would have no interest whatever in his land, and his tenants might defy him. To this I replied: You see the penalty you pay that you may hold your tenants in subjection, for your land is badly farmed, and is let for at least one-third less than it otherwise would be. He afterwards told me that, by agreement, he gave his tenants compensation for unexhausted improvements, and that he paid for lime if it had been applied within five years, which I consider, if liberally applied, should last for twenty years. After this, I did not consider it necessary to inquire further into the management of his estate."

In this same speech my father also said: "I have twice visited and inspected a farm in England which gladdened my heart, as I considered it one of the best —if not the best—managed farms I had ever seen. The leases lately again came to a close, and a valuator was once more sent over the estate. He stated in his report that my friend's farm would stand 50 per cent. of additional rent, while the other farms were dear enough at the old rents. My friend at once refused the farm on the terms offered, and said that if there was anything in the condition of the country that had increased the

value of land, he was willing to pay this increase; but that he was determined not to pay a penny for the value of improvements produced by his own capital. . . . The landlord ultimately behaved as he ought to have done, and renewed all the leases at the old rents. . . . But what a position was this for a man to be placed in! Here the tenant had added 50 per cent. to the value of the farm, trusting to the character his landlord and his forefathers had always maintained for liberality in dealing with their tenants, and it was entirely in the landlord's power to have confiscated the whole of these improvements, there being neither law nor custom to prevent him—nay, the law was entirely on the landlord's side, empowering him to do so. If this had taken place in Scotland, with a lawyer for a factor, I doubt whether the termination would have been equally satisfactory. . . . I regret much that we have not yet carried the abolition of the law of Hypothec, about which there are not two opinions amongst tenant-farmers. The power it bestows on landlords annihilates every chance of tenants meeting them on equal terms. How can there be freedom of contract when capital is so handicapped by this Hypothec law that the landlord's rent is safe should he let his farm to a tenant with perhaps only a fourth of the necessary capital? So long as this continues I am not surprised that farmers are looked upon as 'serfs,' or the 'puir bodies that labour the soil.' . . ."

In December 1875, on a vacancy having occurred in the representation of East Aberdeenshire, my father was invited by a sub-committee of the General Liberal Committee to become a candidate for that constituency.

From the Aberdeen Free Press of December 4th, 1875.

"The business of the market yesterday seemed to be chiefly discussing, not so much the claims of the candidates that have come into the field, as the claims of other candidates more likely to secure the support of farmers. Mr. Hope seemed to be the universal favourite. . . . When it was known that the Liberal Committee had determined on inviting Mr. Hope to come forward, the feeling of the market became quite enthusiastic in his favour. . . . Arrangements are being made for Mr. Hope addressing the electors at Ellon on Monday, and it is only in the event of being cordially accepted by the Ellon meeting that Mr. Hope will come forward as a candidate."

In speaking at Ellon my father said: "I did not come here without being asked, and, moreover, I hope, if you are not pleased, that you will simply tell me so at once, and I will be much better pleased to go home than to stay."

At this meeting, as at all the others which he addressed in the course of the three following weeks, my father was most cordially received by the great majority of those present.

Two other candidates were then in the field, namely, Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Gordon (uncle of the Earl of Aberdeen), Conservative; and Mr. Ainslie Douglas Ainslie of Delgaty Castle, Liberal,—so much so, that for three years past no less than two tenants out of forty-three on his estate had been permitted to shoot RABBITS! The reason which Mr. Ainslie gave for the remaining forty-one tenants not having enjoyed this privilege was, that he had hitherto been a private

individual, but he declared that he would now give all his tenants liberty to shoot. Although proposing to represent an agricultural constituency, he confessed, in reply to a question concerning tenant-right, that he did not profess to understand the details of agricultural questions. He mentioned as one of his great recommendations that he was a "resident proprietor."

It was said that General Sir Alexander Gordon had more than once, when addressing meetings, expressed opinions at variance with those in his printed address, and on being interrogated on the subject of the county franchise (being evidently anxious to avoid falling again into the same error) he declined to give an answer until he had perused his address, of which he begged the audience to lend him a copy, but no one appeared to possess the document.

GENERAL GORDON AT TURRIFF.—*Report of Proceedings from Aberdeen Free Press of December* 13*th*, 1875.

". . . *General Gordon.*—'I don't remember what I said, really. (Hisses.) I think I stated in my address that I approve of the assimilation of the county and burgh franchise. I said nothing about supporting any measure. I approve of that. Can any one lend me a copy of my address?'

"For some time the General vainly appealed to the electors for a copy of his address, but at length a newspaper containing the address was forthcoming from the reporters' table, and the General proceeded, amid great merriment, to peruse that document in order to find out what his opinions on the matter were. This proceeding occupied some considerable length of time, and the

chairman, thinking that he could more readily 'spot' the place, took the paper from the General, and began to search, the audience all the while hissing, howling, and laughing with might and main. For some time the chairman, reinforced by the General, tried to 'find the place,' but the task appeared to be an unexpectedly difficult one, and Mr. Ferguson of Kinmundy was about to go to their assistance, when

"The Chairman and the General together exclaimed —'Oh! here it is'—(laughter.)

"*General Gordon* (taking the newspaper).—'Allow me —Oh, I can manage it without spectacles—(laughter.) [Reads to himself the clause in his address.] That's very clear, I think'—(laughter and cheers)."

The General afterwards excused himself for having appealed to the audience for a copy of his address, explaining that he had been forced to do so because he had not his own copy with him.

Armies of paid canvassers scoured the county on behalf of General Gordon and of Mr. Ainslie. My father employed no paid canvassers. Tory landed influence was unscrupulous as ever. By order of a Mr. Urquhart of Meldrum, a Tory, and owner of the town-hall of Old Meldrum, the use of that building (which was empty) was, at the last moment, and after it had been granted by the lessee of the hall, refused to the Liberal candidates. My father therefore addressed a meeting in the open air during a fall of snow, when the thermometer was below the freezing-point, and snow to the depth of several inches was on the ground.

A handle was made against my father of the following facts. When he bought his farm of Sunwick it was

let upon a lease which had still sixteen years to run. By this lease, which had of course been drawn up by the former proprietor, and not by my father, the game, including rabbits, was reserved to the owner, but on coming into possession, my father at once gave the tenant leave to shoot game of all kinds without reservation. Two or three years afterwards the tenant died, and his farm was then carried on by his widow. It not being customary for ladies to shoot, it did not occur to my father that, under the circumstances, there could be any harm in letting the game on Sunwick. He accordingly let it, with the exception of the rabbits, which he left to the tenant to let if she pleased. Great was the outcry made by the Tory newspapers when they discovered this, and my father was stigmatised by them as an oppressor of the widow and orphan. That the tenant did not consider herself to be greatly oppressed is shown by the fact that when, some time afterwards, she was offered, for herself and her friends, the joint right of shooting with the owners, she declined it, preferring to keep to the former arrangement. Had the tenant been in the habit of shooting, or had she had a son old enough to carry a gun, or had my father been able to go himself to shoot, he would never have thought of letting the game. He was quite aware that his doing so would render him liable to much misconstruction, and would in all probability be brought to bear against him if he ever stood as a candidate to represent any constituency in Parliament, but he never went a step out of his way for any consideration of this kind.

Some of his friends blamed him for answering the questions which he was asked at the different meetings "as if he had been on oath," and also for bringing his

opinions on Disestablishment too prominently forward, but it would have been impossible for him to have done otherwise than he did. The sentence regarding Disestablishment in his printed address to the electors is in marked contrast to the long and vague statements by many so-called Liberal candidates of their opinions on this subject. He said in his address: "I have long been in favour of the separation of Church and State, and I hope Disestablishment will soon be accomplished, if possible with general consent." This declaration roused the Established Church clergy in the county to fury. They canvassed night and day, descanting to the terror-stricken electors on the abominable wickedness of the Radical candidate's theological opinions, the iniquity of his desire to see museums opened on Sunday, and the blasphemy of his disbelief in the devil. They prayed with their parishioners, the "free and independent" electors of East Aberdeenshire, for the return of General Gordon. "The religious hatred," writes my father, "was something awful. They came and shook their fists in my face as if they would twist my neck."

A friend of my father's wrote: "I look not at all on Mr. Hope merely as a tenant, or late tenant-farmer—that would be a small matter to stand by,—but I look upon him simply as a man, in the truest sense which that word may convey,—a man truly in his great integrity and high moral purpose; of luminous and vigorous mind; capable of dealing with great questions in the light of the principles involved; capable, though a farmer, of perceiving that the Protective Corn Laws, prior to their abolition, were little else than a stalking falsehood, crushing down, among others,

those whom they were meant to protect. It would be a signal honour to East Aberdeenshire to be the first constituency in Scotland that practically recognised one of her most worthy sons, and would follow up with fine effect what she has had the courage to initiate and undertake. Another point wherein a needed example would be given in Mr. Hope's triumphant return, would be that it would form the commencement of a period over which narrow religious bigotry will cease to have sway. But for narrow clerics and their poor dupes, long ago would the man have been in the place he now aspires to. And what is more to be pitied in such bigotry as that, is, that though adhering to a different letter or form, he is in the highest sense religious, living and moving in the purest spirit of what he believes."

I do not think that my father's religious opinions stood in his way when contesting East Lothian in 1865, he being there personally known to the electors, and until the East Aberdeenshire election he did not himself think that these opinions had in any way damaged his worldly prospects.

Mr. Ainslie Douglas Ainslie, after being several times requested by meetings of Liberal electors to retire from the contest, ultimately did so a few days before the polling took place.

Mr. M'Combie—then M.P. for West Aberdeenshire—wrote: "There is not a man living who has done so much for the independence and well-being of the tenant-farmer as Mr. Hope." Nevertheless, in a constituency *in which four-fifths of the electors were tenant-farmers,* the result of the poll was that there voted for Sir Alexander Gordon 1903, and for my father 1568—the majority for Sir Alexander Gordon being 345.

There is no doubt that several different causes contributed to bring about this result. The whole of both Whig and Tory landed influence was against my father, and probably Sir Alexander Gordon's connection with the Earl of Aberdeen weighed for more with many farmers than all that my father had done for the "independence and well-being" of their class. His unpopular theological opinions were against him, and perhaps still more so was his uncompromising advocacy of Disestablishment; but possibly the scale might have been turned in his favour had he carted his supporters to the poll, as his opponent did.

From the Scotsman of December 23*d*, 1875.

"The Conservatives were all along making tremendous efforts, sparing neither pains nor expense to carry their man. . . . In accordance with the resolution come to at the outset by Mr. Hope's committee, no canvassing agents were employed during the whole election on behalf of that gentleman, and no vehicles were engaged, or means of conveyance provided yesterday, while the supporters of General Gordon had busses, wagonettes, and other vehicles running in all directions. Neither of the candidates attempted a personal canvass; but in the way of addressing meetings neither of them was idle. Mr. Hope spoke at twenty meetings, while General Gordon addressed no fewer than about thirty. The excitement in the division during the whole contest was intense."

TO MR. SADLER, FORMERLY OF FERRYGATE, EAST LOTHIAN.

"BORDLANDS, 30*th Jany.* 1876.

"I should have replied to your kind letter by return of post, but I was four days in Edinburgh last week, which is much longer than usual for me to be from home, and I am taking the first spare minute to have a talk with you. In the first place, I must say after the first ten minutes I did not feel at all disappointed at my defeat in Aberdeenshire. It was about one o'clock on the Thursday morning before I heard the news. I went to bed, and in five minutes was sound asleep, and heard nothing till rapped up in the morning. I had made up my mind to go home that day whatever was the result. My supporters had canvassed hard for eight or ten days and then stopped; they were far too confident, saying I was to get in by *two* to *one;* nothing less would serve them. I did not believe this, and felt vexed at their disappointment more than for myself. If Ainslie had not retired I would have won, for though he himself voted for me, his supporters went over in a body to Gordon, and then when you think that Gordon was a son of Lord Aberdeen, who was once Prime Minister, and is the uncle of the present Earl, who has very large estates in the county, and the family have always been kind to all their tenants, and consequently very popular, the odds against me were very heavy; while I did not know half-a-dozen people in the district before I went there. I think it rather astonishing that I polled 1558 voters. The lairds and factors and the Established clergy were all against me to a man. The latter took to praying for me with the small farmers. Their personal insolence besides was often as much as

I could bear.—But I must be done with this topic, and will only add that I do not regret having gone north. I believe it will ultimately do good. I have no great desire to go to Parliament, but at this time, when the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill is to be settled, I thought I might be useful from my knowledge of agriculture, but I have no personal interest in the matter."

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"BORDLANDS, 31*st March* 1876.

". . . You allude to the fight in East Aberdeenshire. I daresay you are partly right. I could easily have set aside the question about the Coronation Oath, and also others. . . . I did not know half-a-dozen voters in the county. . . . Mr. Ainslie was too long in the course; I only wished he had gone to the poll. Though he himself and a dozen or so of his supporters voted for me, yet the great bulk of them voted for Sir Alex. Gordon. However, I have forgotten the most of it. . . .

"You will have heard that P. has taken Oxwell Mains. It is certainly one of the best farms in East Lothian, and I think it will do, if potatoes pay as they have done for the last twenty or thirty years. The potatoes grown there, being on the famous red soil, were always worth £1 or £1, 10s. per ton more than I could get for them at Fenton Barns."

My father had always had a great longing after the red land in the neighbourhood of Dunbar. He always talked of it as "the land of Goshen;" and he had once looked at a few acres which were for sale there, with a strong desire to buy them, but he had not then been able to do so. When, therefore, the farm of Oxwell

Mains was advertised to let, he strongly advised his son to make an offer for it, and no doubt it was a great gratification to him that a son of his should be the selected though by no means the highest offerer for what he considered one of the finest pieces of land in Great Britain. He was only three times at Oxwell Mains after his son became tenant of it. On the occasion of his first visit, when passing Fenton Barns in the train, he was amused by a fellow-passenger pointing it out to him, and informing him that that was the farm from which Mr. Hope had been evicted by his landlord!

CHAPTER XIX.

> Never yet
> Share of Truth was vainly set
> In the world's wide fallow,
> After hands shall sow the seed,
> After hands from hill and mead
> Reap the harvest yellow.
>
> J. G. WHITTIER.

IN the spring of 1876 my father was much occupied with agricultural arbitrations, valuing land, estimating damage done to land by mining, etc. His family had for some years been desirous that he should give up all business of this kind, and he himself also wished to do so, but his services in such matters were much in request, notwithstanding that he did not (as is generally done) confine himself to trying to secure the interests of his own clients, but always endeavoured to do what he thought was simple justice. "I never met his equal in consultation," writes one, "and in the mastery of all the details connected with agricultural arbitration he stood alone."

The last piece of work he did in any public question was in April 1876, to write a letter to the *Scotsman* on Mr. M'Lagan's Game Bill, which was then before the House of Commons. His labours for the reform of the Game Laws extended over a period of more than forty years (from 1835 till 1876), and anything contained in this volume gives but a very faint indication of what they were.

The time was drawing very near now when he was to rest from all his labours. All his life long, whatever his hand had found to do he had done it with all his might, and now the heat and burden of the day were past, and very soon was he to enter into his rest.

In his latter years my father has often said that he thought few could have had so happy a life as he had had. In boyhood and early youth he had not felt existence to be a great delight, it was then more of a pain to him than a pleasure; but although he had, to the full, as many anxieties, disappointments, and trials as ordinarily fall to the lot of mortals, yet, with increasing years, his happiness also increased.

"In regard to Mr. Hope," writes one, "I think sincerity was his strongest feature; next, I would say, charity." I think all who came in contact with him, even those whose acquaintance with him was of the slightest, felt the same. There was one trait of his character which was probably unsuspected by many of his friends, being united as it was with other qualities which are commonly regarded as incompatible with it. This was a strong vein of romance. Nothing made him so indignant as to hear any one speak of "a good marriage," meaning thereby a marriage by which rank or wealth had been secured; and on some one once consulting him concerning a young man's property on behalf of a young lady, he replied that if she could not take him with the coat on his back she had better have nothing to do with him.

There were some customs of my father's which seem almost too trifling to mention, and yet which were too characteristic entirely to omit mention of:—The confused state in which he kept his letters and papers,

and his utter incapacity ever to find, unassisted, any document of which he once lost sight; his practice of examining every morning and evening numerous thermometers and barometers, and of marking down the results of these observations; his great interest in the arrival of the post, more especially when anything was stirring in the political world. During the general election of 1874 he would watch at the window for the arrival of the post, when it was expected to bring news of the result of any election in which he was specially interested; he would sometimes open the window and call to have the letters brought there, and great would be his surprise and dismay when defeat after defeat of Liberal candidates was announced, for he had still something of the hopeful spirit of his youth, and just as intense an interest in all that was going on as he could ever have had.

No sketch of my father's life would be complete in which mention was not made of his enthusiastic admiration for Robert Collyer, formerly minister of Unity Church, Chicago, now of New York. Mr. Collyer's two volumes of sermons, "Nature and Life," and "The Life that now is," were read and re-read by him very many times. The former of these, in a sermon entitled "Root and Flower," contains a page or two upon Robert Burns, which my father considered the finest thing that had ever been written upon Burns.

It has been supposed that the East Aberdeenshire election injured my father's health, but to all outward appearance this was not the case. For fully two months after its termination he was not only perfectly well, but was more vigorous than he had been for long. Rheumatism, with which he had been troubled in the

previous summer and autumn, had been gradually disappearing during the first part of the winter, and entirely left him after his return from Aberdeenshire. In the middle of April he was one day, when out fishing, seized with a pain in his side, which became so violent that it was with difficulty he reached home. Two or three times afterwards in the course of the summer, when he had taken an unusually long walk, there were threatenings of a return of this, and he was now more easily fatigued than he was accustomed to be.

TO MR. ADAM HOPE.

"BORDLANDS, 28*th June* 1876.

"I have yours of 8th June. . . . I heartily congratulate C. . . . I only wish I was able to be present on the occasion, but prudence says No. I do not find I am able for the fatigue. . . .

" . . . I intend to sell Glencotho and reduce the amount of money I had borrowed, if I do not sell Bordlands also and retire from all active business, for which I find I am not able; any walking seems to cut me up. . . .

"I intend going to Oxwell Mains soon, and staying some days, to make myself thoroughly versant with it. P. is to enter his house there to-day. . . ."

He attended an Agricultural Show at Haddington early in July, and when on his way to Haddington Station, after being all day on his feet in the showyard, he had a return of the pain in his side, and had great difficulty in walking to the station. A week or so after this, on being again in Haddington, he was surprised by almost every one whom he met shaking hands with

him, and expressing themselves as being delighted to see him. He was some time in Haddington before he discovered what was the reason of the very warm reception he met with from all his friends, and from many who were almost strangers to him: it turned out that a paragraph stating that he was seriously ill had on that same morning appeared in a newspaper. The statement was contradicted on the following week, but it was only too true. This was his last visit to Haddington.

His family were now very unwilling to allow him to go anywhere alone, but it was not always possible to prevent this.

He wrote one more letter to his brother before his long correspondence with him came to an end:—

"BORDLANDS, 30*th August* 1876.

"I have been thinking for some time that I ought to write you, if only to reply to what you told me in your last about dear C. . . . I should wish to give her something as a token of our love. . . . Pray her to accept this, and buy whatever she fancies herself, with our best and warmest wishes for her lifelong success and happiness.[1] . . . We have had rather variable weather this summer. P. however says that at Oxwell Mains the crop is heavier than he expected. I shall go east either this week or next, and see myself how things look. He came here last Thursday, and went to Glencotho on Friday afternoon. . . . My wife and I, with C. and M., will go on Wednesday, and may remain for a week. I daresay you have seen I have advertised Glencotho. . . . I shall stick to my price, but I may

[1] The niece of whom he here speaks died on October 19, 1877.

be disappointed. . . . Our crop here is the best I have seen on this place. Our oats are rather too good—[There was one field of oats of which he was very proud, thinking that it 'beat anything in East Lothian;' he took every one who came to Bordlands to see it]—our potatoes and turnips first-rate, and we have had plenty of grass, and our hay is a good crop . . .—With best love to H. and all your family, believe me yours affectionately, GEORGE HOPE.

"Very little walking now knocks me up, but if I keep my seat I can still do business; however, I find I must retire. Let H. return as soon as you can."

On the 15th of August he took the last of many pleasant drives to his sheep-farm of Glencotho. Since coming to Peeblesshire his visits there had been much more frequent than formerly, Glencotho being within thirteen miles of Bordlands. He would often drive over with friends who were visiting him to spend a few hours there, or would go, with his wife and daughters, and remain for some days. At Glencotho it not unfrequently rained for a week at a time, but when no one was there to whom they felt responsible for the weather my father and his family enjoyed it in spite of the rain. My father would go out fishing, or sit absorbed in a book, or play backgammon with his youngest daughter, and a tremendous noise they made over it, with shouts of "fives," "sixes," etc., and rattling of the dice with great vigour, regardless of all entreaties to rattle them more gently—for my father entered into games, as into everything else, with all his heart. In his opinion Glencotho had only one fault, which was its deficiency of postal communication with the rest of the world.

But when the post did arrive it was quite an event. It came at no particular hour, and not even every day, for a messenger had to be sent four miles for it, which could not always be done.

On the morning after his arrival at Glencotho, on this his last visit there, my father walked a mile and a half up the glen to a spot where he had not been for two years, rheumatism having prevented him walking much on the previous summer. Never had the glen looked more beautiful than it did then under the morning sunshine; the heather had just burst into bloom, and the hillsides were a blaze of purple. He went as far as a small waterfall, which had been the limit of many walks, and stood for long looking at it, as though he did not expect ever again to be on that spot. Having advertised the place for sale he was very desirous to see it all once more, and all the anxious care with which he was surrounded could not prevent him from greatly over-wearying himself in taking fatiguing walks to different parts of it. The weather was oppressively hot, and every day during his stay there he became more worn out. In about a week he returned home, and from thence went for a few days to his son's farm in East Lothian.

Between the middle of July and the end of September his health varied a good deal; occasionally he was tolerably well, and something like his old self, but upon the whole he gradually lost strength. Until after the middle of September he still drove or walked about the farm as usual. Those around him tried their best to take every care of him without making their great anxiety apparent to him, but they could as yet do little. He did not like to be taken too much care of, nor to do

in any way differently from usual. All the month of October he was very ill—suffering no pain, but just seeming to waste away. He was almost never entirely confined to bed, unless for a day occasionally, and day after day he sat at the window very quiet and patient. He was always able to enjoy being read aloud to, but he ceased to read to himself. The newspapers, which had all his life been of such intense interest to him, he cared for no longer. Meetings of Chambers of Agriculture, or speeches on the Game Laws, or other public questions, were no more anything to him. His great interest in letters had been quite a byword in his household; not satisfied with hearing a letter read, he liked to see it for himself; now the only letters he cared to see were those of absent members of his family. In the beginning of November he began to gain a little strength; very slowly, and at first almost imperceptibly, but steadily, his health improved, and in the latter part of the month the improvement was very marked. He was out several times for short drives, and for turns on the gravel in front of the house. He never now inquired nor cared to see what was being done in the way of farm-work, but always seemed interested in seeing a school which was then being erected on one corner of his property, and concerning the securing of a good site for which he had taken an immense amount of trouble. Sometimes during the summer he had appeared depressed to feel himself so much less strong than formerly, and he had been particularly so when, early in October, he felt himself completely laid aside; but after the middle of October the depression entirely passed away, and he was during the few remaining weeks of his life very cheerful and happy.

On Sunday the 26th of November he was very anxious to walk as far as the entrance to Bordlands from the public road (about half a mile from the house), and he went nearly as far, appearing to enjoy the walk and the fresh air and the sunshine extremely. He was persuaded to turn before going quite as far as he wished, but by the time he reached home he was very much exhausted. After resting an hour or two he appeared quite restored, and was not the worse for his walk. On the three following days, the weather having become cold and wintry, it was not thought advisable for him to venture out either walking or driving, but he continued slowly to gain strength. On the morning of Thursday the 30th of November he was not quite so well. During the day he seemed better, took his meals, and enjoyed being read to as usual, but was languid, and contented to lie still. At eight o'clock in the evening he became suddenly worse, and was in great pain for a few minutes, but this quickly passed. He continued all night very restless and uncomfortable, although suffering no acute pain. At five in the morning of the 1st December the end came, and he passed away out of reach of all love and care.

It has been said that "it is the mark of the highest kind of union between sagacious, firm, and clear-sighted intelligence and a warm and steadfast glow of social feeling, when a man has learnt how little the efforts of the individual can do either to hasten or direct the current of human destiny, and yet finds in effort his purest pleasure and his most constant duty. If we owe honour to that social endeavour which is stimulated and sustained by an enthusiastic confidence in

speedy and full fruition, we surely owe it still more to those who, knowing how remote, and precarious, and far beyond their own days, is the hour of fruit, yet need no other spur nor sustenance than bare hope, and in this strife and endeavour, and still endeavour." My father was well aware that not himself but others would reap the result of his efforts, but no disappointments or discouragements had power to move him in his life-long battle against tyranny and injustice; he "found in effort his purest pleasure and his most constant duty." There are not a few to whom the world will be a colder place from the day he left it, but what the loss is in his own home even those who enjoyed his friendship can scarcely judge.

He was carried to the churchyard at Dirleton, where lay his children and his fathers; passing once again by the fields of Fenton Barns—by the old home which had been bound so closely to his heart by the associations which had gathered round it in a lifetime. On a bright, spring-like December day, when not a cloud was in the sky, he was laid to rest in the long familiar spot, within sight of the sea, amidst all the beautiful sights and sounds of nature, to which his eyes were now closed and his ears were deaf for ever.

Over him there is written:—

TO THE MEMORY

OF

GEORGE HOPE,

FOR MANY YEARS TENANT OF FENTON BARNS.

BORN 2ND JANY. 1811—DIED 1ST DECR. 1876.

HE WAS THE DEVOTED SUPPORTER OF EVERY MOVEMENT WHICH TENDED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, AND TO THE MORAL AND SOCIAL ELEVATION OF MANKIND.

Very many expressions of sympathy reached my father's family, both from individuals and from public bodies. The Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, in expressing their sense of the loss sustained by liberal Christianity, say: "True to the loftiest principles and purest aims of human life, Mr. Hope was the supporter of every movement which tended to the public good. . . . He followed the religion which he believed Christ to have taught, and upheld its grand and simple truth in a difficult and trying position. Pressed on every hand by social influences adverse to honesty of religious profession, he has been long and justly regarded as a steadfast and faithful light-bearer in dark places. His excellent judgment, the extensive knowledge and enlightened views which enabled him to render great services to his countrymen, his dignified gentleness of temper, and simplicity and nobleness of character, added value to his frank and fearless confession of an unpopular faith, and won for himself . . . wide-felt respect and sympathy, when he was made to suffer in his dearest interests under the tyranny of illiberal prejudice and wrong. But his work seemed hardly done, and the Committee feel, in common with all who knew his singular abilities and worth, the disappointment of well-founded expectations of future service in the support of truth and right from one who every year stood higher in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. . . ."

"His love to God and his fellow-men," writes one, "will bear fruit many days hence. His unselfishness, honesty of purpose, truthfulness, and fair dealing with his fellow-men, and his unswerving love of freedom for all, will mark his name with honour, and will be a

grander legacy to you and his family than untold gold."

One who had been for, I suppose, nearly fifty years in my father's and grandfather's employment writes: "I take up my pen with very much sorrow for the loss of my very dear friend, who is now taken from us all,—for he was very dear to me, and I must say, now he is no more, he had a place in my heart which will not be easily filled up. . . . Although I was sorry to hear of my dear Mr. Hope being unwell, never did I think he was so soon to be taken from us. The loss of such a husband and such a father is very very great, but your sorrow is not as those that have no hope, for he will now be at rest—no more pain, no more sorrow,—and the day will come when there shall be no more parting.

"Many is the time since I came to Canada that I have looked forward to the time that I could again see you all; but there is now one wanting. Oh, how much I should have liked to have been with you in your time of distress, if I could have been of any service; but such could not be. . . . I will now stop, for I cannot express my feelings; only great sympathy with you and your family at this time."

The Rev. John Gordon of Kenilworth, formerly minister of St. Mark's Chapel, Edinburgh, in a sermon or lecture delivered at this time, spoke of my father as follows:—

". . . His strong sense, his honest straightforwardness, and his practical sagacity, made him a power to be felt in whatever movement he joined.

"As to his personal bearing, he was scrupulously careful in the conduct of all affairs of business, but generous and open-hearted in the distribution of his

gains. He was acute and far-sighted in all worldly matters, but his religious feeling might, from its singleness of scope, have belonged to the most unworldly of men. His reserve of manner and modesty of demeanour did but hide from general view the tender affection which drew close to his the hearts of all whom he trusted. . . . The honour he obtained seemed but to deepen his humility; and the love of his home was rendered stronger by his intercourse with general society. . . . What he did for the cause of free Christianity in Scotland no one can justly estimate. He gave it a reputation which it otherwise could not have possessed. He was never ashamed to confess his belief. He was always prepared to defend what he affirmed; and men of all shades of opinion came to understand that the heresy they had dreaded or hated was reconcilable with all that was clear in conception, and reverent in feeling, and high in aspiration. In that creed-bound country this was a great thing to do. And it was done in the instance before us with a contemptuous repudiation of those dishonourable compromises which are, in the South as in the North, so commonly made. He was accustomed to regard with stronger dislike that spurious liberality which could submit to orthodox compliances than he did the narrowest dogmatism of orthodoxy itself."

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. R. B. DRUMMOND, IN ST. MARK'S CHAPEL, EDINBURGH, ON DECEMBER 10, 1876.

"If there is any single sentence of Scripture in which the character of George Hope may be summed up, that

sentence is—'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!' A man of higher principle, of more sterling integrity, of greater generosity of mind and heart, of a stronger sense of right, and determination at all costs to do right, or of greater practical talent in relation to the proper work of his life, it would not be easy to find; but the one quality which will stand out to the memory of those who had the privilege of knowing him, as crowning all these, and as giving them additional lustre, will be, if I mistake not, the guilelessness of his character, and in that of course is included that independence of spirit which never made a compromise with wrong, that frankness of speech which never paltered with falsehood. Will it be said that this quality stood him on more than one occasion in bad stead, that with less of it he might have been a more prosperous man, and might have succeeded in some things in which, though possessing it, he failed? It may have been so. I am not prepared to contend that it was not so, or that there is not a sense in which he might have been more successful had he been a little more practised in those temporising arts which enable one to be all things to all men. At the East Aberdeenshire election, about this time last year, there can be no doubt that Mr. Hope's frank avowal of his religious opinions, and the position which he took up in relation to the Established Church of the country, exercised a disastrous influence on his prospects. . . . The damaging questions put to the candidate, and answered by him with characteristic boldness and plainness of speech, created a prejudice which neither worth of character, nor the possession of precisely the knowledge and the ability which were most likely to be of service, could overcome, and the

consequence was his defeat. . . . Should we honour him as highly, had he won a place for himself in the Legislature by the usual arts of the politician, as we are able to do now, remembering that he was simply an honest man, and that as such he came before his countrymen, reserving nothing and concealing nothing, and asking them either to take him exactly as he was, or not at all? Surely it was something which the world should not soon forget—a man thus bravely planting himself on the simple worth of his character, on the pure integrity of his principles, and that in circumstances in which equivocation and sophistry are usually deemed venial sins if not absolute merits. . . .

". . . I know not why we should speak of the dead as lost, when it is often only after death, or through it, that a man attains the greatest fulness of his life and exerts his most real influence. The life of such a man should be to all who knew him and loved him a possession for ever, a new proof of the worth of our nature, a new motive to virtue."

The Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago writes: "The death of George Hope casts a long shadow; so many knew him outside his own land and yours, and loved him. It has been my habit, as I have met educated Scotchmen since 1871, to ask them if they knew George Hope. Some could speak of him directly, others from what they had heard and read; they were all of one mind,—that you would have to seek far and wide, even in Scotland, to find his match. It was my good fortune to be his guest on my last visit to the old home; it is now one of my sunniest memories. He had written over here that I should come to Fenton Barns when I took the journey I had dreamed about ever since I was

a lad. There was such a pure persuasion of hospitality in his letter, that had I not been glad of any chance to see a real Scotch farmer's home, I should still have gone in answer to such an invitation; and, ever since, I have cherished the hope—done with now for ever—that I should find him again under the new roof-tree over there, and possibly some day over here under my own. . . .

". . . I did not wonder when I heard he had been turned out of the old nest; the presence of such a man was a standing menace to injustice and class tyranny. I think he had made up his mind he would have to go; all the same, wrenching up the deep old roots tapped the springs of his life. He wrote me a cheerful letter after he had gone through it all, as he thought; was very proud of the demonstration of affection the event drew from his old neighbours and friends. . . . He knew not then, in the good brave heart of him, that the roots could never strike down again, or the sap mount and run through the far-reaching branches; his work was done, and the 'Well done!' was waiting for him within the veil."

And whether or not there is in truth a life "within the veil," may that which is quoted in this volume, from what has been said and written of him, bear testimony that my father's life on earth has not been lived in vain.

APPENDIX.

MEMORANDUM BY GEORGE HOPE.

"17*th April* 1865.—I make this memorandum of my recollection of what passed this day at the meeting of the Hypothec Commission. Mr. Campbell Swinton, Chairman, read out a draft report, prepared by him and Mr. Berry, giving an outline of the law and the general tenor of the evidence on both sides, on the whole very fairly done. The Chairman then said he had got from Mr. Fleming a note of the points (shortly written out) that required our decision, and on which he would take our opinions *seriatim*. The first question put was: Should the law be modified, or should it be wholly abrogated? I was the only person who said I was in favour of total abolition. Some time after this the Solicitor-General [G. Young] came in, and he said he was in favour of total abolition, but he thought it was not practicable to carry such a measure. Mr. Curror stated his opinion to the same effect at another part of the discussion. The following of grain was the next point. It was unanimously agreed to recommend *bona fide* sales, with delivery and payment, to be free from challenge. The next point was whether the owner of cattle grazing, or sheep feeding on turnips, should be liable to pay a second time. Mr. Carnegie recommended that the turnips or grass consumed should be held as grain delivered and paid for. The Lord Provost [C. Lawson] proposed that the owner should remain liable, even after the stock was removed from the ground, if the rent was unpaid in the value of the

grass and turnips. This motion of his Lordship's (to extend the law) was not seconded, and the Commissioners divided, when six voted for the power of the landlord to exact repayment of what the stock had consumed on the ground, but not otherwise. I voted for Mr. Carnegie's motion. Then it was proposed that implements of husbandry and household furniture, said not to be liable at present, should be exempted from hypothec, together with drain-tiles, lime, and manure, and anything brought on the farm and not incorporated with it. Mr. M'Lagan objected, on the ground that landlords of farms near Edinburgh and other towns, when the stock consisted of only a few horses, would have inadequate security. However, it was ultimately unanimously declared that the articles noted above should be declared free from hypothecation. The Lord Provost here proposed that manure-merchants, seed-merchants, and others who had contributed to the growth of the crop, should have some preference. I opposed this on the ground that the landlord's preference should be diminished, and not others added to the list. The next and most important point—Was the landlord to be entitled to one and a half year's rent on a tenant's bankruptcy, but no more? which was proposed by Mr. Fleming. Mr. Carnegie proposed one year's. I voted for Mr. Carnegie's proposal, which was negatived by six to four. Then Mr. Fleming's proposal was also negatived by six to five, so the law on this point is to remain as it is. Mr. M'Lagan then proposed that, to make the landlord's claim effectual, sequestration must take place within three months of each term of payment of rent. Sir William Gibson-Craig, Mr. Dundas, and the Lord Provost opposed this, but it was supported by Mr. Murray and Mr. Fleming, in addition to the Solicitor-General, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Curror, and myself. I stated that I would give in reasons of dissent. Mr. Carnegie proposed that reasons should be written by the Solicitor-General, and we, the dissentients, might all sign them. I am determined to write them out for myself. Mr. Murray produced written clauses for the various altera-

tions carried; and Mr. Fleming's paper also had evidently been seen by the Tory party, so I am sure the whole thing was made up before the meeting, so far as Mr. Campbell Swinton, Mr. Dundas, Sir William Gibson-Craig, and Mr. Murray, if not also Mr. M'Lagan and the Lord Provost, were concerned."

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